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Heinrich Heine

HEINRICH HEINE'S MEMOIRS

FROM HIS WORKS, LETTERS, AND CONVERSATIONS

EDITED BY GUSTAV KARPELES

ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
GILBERT CANNAN

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

WITH PORTRAIT

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LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN
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BOOK IV

IN EXILE

(1831–1848)

(*continued*)

CHAPTER VII

ON GERMANY

Victor Bohain was one of the people whom I saw soon after my arrival in Paris, and I remember with joy the jovial, witty character who by his kindly suggestions helped much to remove the clouds from the brow of the German dreamer and to initiate his embittered heart into the cheerfulness of French life. He had at that time founded the *Europe Littéraire*, and as its director he came to me to ask me to write some articles on Germany in the manner of Madame de Staël for his paper. I promised to supply the articles with the express observation that I should write them in a manner entirely different from that. "It is all the same to me," was the laughing answer—"except for the *genre ennuyeux*, like Voltaire, I can do with any *genre*." In order that I, poor German that I was, might not fall into the *genre ennuyeux* my friend Bohain used to invite me to dinner and feed my mind with champagne. No one knew better than he how to arrange a dinner, at which one enjoyed not only the best cooking but the most precious conversation; no one knew so well as he how to do the honours as host, and no one ever presided so well as Victor Bohain—and certainly he was quite right in accounting for 100,000 francs to his shareholders in the *Europe Littéraire* as expenses of representation. His wife was very pretty and she had

an Italian greyhound, called Ji-ji. The man's wooden leg contributed to his humour, and when steeplechasing round the table to give his guests champagne, he looked like Vulcan performing Hebe's office in the assembly of rejoicing gods. Where is he now? I have not heard of him for a long time. I saw him last ten years ago, at an hotel at Granville; he had come over from England for the day where he was staying to study the colossal English National Debt, and to forget his own private ones, to the little port of Lower Normandy, and I found him sitting at a table with a bottle of champagne and a cit with a low forehead and gaping mouth, to whom he was setting out the project of a business in which, as Bohain showed conclusively by figures, there was a million to be made. Bohain's speculative genius was always considerable, and whenever he thought of a business, he always reckoned on gaining a million, never less than a million. His friends used to call him *Messer Millione*, as once Marco Polo was called at Venice, when on his return from the East he told his gaping fellow countrymen under the arcades of the *Piazza di San Marco* of the hundred hundred millions of inhabitants that he had seen in the countries through which he had travelled, in China, in Tartary, India, &c. Modern geography has restored to honour the renowned Venetian who was long thought a braggart, and we may say of our Parisian *Messer Millione* that his industrial projects were always splendidly and accurately thought out, and only failed of execution through circumstances; many of them produced great fortunes when they came into the hands of persons who did not know so well how to do the honours of a business or how to represent it so gorgeously as Victor Bohain. The *Europe Littéraire* was an excellent conception; its

success seemed assured and I have never understood why it came to grief. On the evening of the very day before it ceased publication, Victor Bohain gave a splendid ball in the offices of the paper, and danced with his three hundred shareholders like Leonidas with his three hundred Spartans the day before the battle of Thermopylæ. Every time I see in the Louvre the picture of David which represents that heroic scene of ancient days I think of the last dance of Victor Bohain; just like the doomed king of David's picture, he stood on one leg, it was the same classic pose. Wanderer! When you stroll down the *Chaussée d'Antin* to the Boulevards, and find yourself at the end by a dirty alley which is called the *Rue basse des remparts*, then know that you stand before the Thermopylæ of the *Europe Littéraire*, where Victor Bohain fell heroically with his three hundred shareholders. . . .

The essays which, as I have said, I had to write for that journal, and were published in it, gave me a reason for expressing myself more fully than I had yet done on the subject of Germany, and I was glad also to receive from the editor of the *Revue des deux Mondes* a request to write for his journal a series of papers on the intellectual development of my fatherland. This editor was very far from being a jolly companion like *Messer Millione*, his fault was rather too much earnestness. He has succeeded by conscientious and honest work in making his journal in truth a review of the two worlds, that is, a review which is circulated in every civilised country, where it represents the spirit and the features of French literature. In this Review I published my studies of the intellectual and social history of my Fatherland. The great noise that these essays made gave me courage to collect and amplify them.

I want not only to make clear the aims, tendencies and its most secret purpose, but also the genesis of the book, so that the reader can find out for himself how much belief and confidence my statements deserve. I did not write in the manner of Madame de Staël, and if I have tried to be as little tiresome as possible, I have waived every effort of style and phrase which is found so highly developed in Madame de Staël, the greatest author of France during the Empire. Yes, in my opinion the author of "Corinna" overtops all her contemporaries, and I cannot admire enough the coruscating fireworks of her style, but her fireworks unfortunately leave an evil smelling dankness and we must confess that her genius is not so sexless as it used to be said that the genius of Madame de Staël was: her genius is a woman, with all the faults and caprices of a woman and it was my duty as a man to counteract the brilliant *cancan* of her genius. It was the more necessary as the statements of the book "De l'Allemagne" referred to circumstances of which the French knew nothing and which therefore possessed the charm of novelty; for example, everything which she wrote concerning German philosophy and the romantic school. I believe that I have given most honest information concerning German philosophy in my book, and time has confirmed what was, when I wrote, unheard of and incredible. . . .

I did this in a series of articles which I published almost at once in book form with the title "De l'Allemagne." I had no idea in making a choice of title of entering into literary rivalry with the famous lady. I am one of the greatest admirers of her intellectual capacities; she has genius, but alas! her genius has sex, and is feminine. It was my duty as a man to contradict that brilliant

cancan, which was the more dangerous in its results, as she brought forward in her statements concerning Germany, a number of things which were unknown in France, and bemused men's minds with the charm of novelty. I have not dealt with isolated mistakes and falsehoods, but have limited myself to showing the French the meaning of that romantic school which Madame de Staël praised and glorified so much. . . .

Then it was my desire to give accurate information concerning German philosophy. I have made a plain statement of the secret of the schools, which was known only to the pupils of the first class, and in this country, this revelation made no little stir. I remember meeting Pierre Leroux, who confessed frankly that he had always thought that German philosophy was a sort of mystic vapour, and that German philosophers were a sort of devout seers, who only breathed the fear of God. I have not been able to give the French a thorough account of our various systems—I loved the French too much to wish to bore them with it—but I have betrayed to them the ultimate idea which underlies all these systems, and is the very opposite of that which we have up to now called the fear of God. Philosophy in Germany has waged the same war against Christianity, as once in Greece it waged against the older mythology, and once again philosophy is victorious.

Since the appearance of that book I have given the public nothing dealing with Germany. . . . I cannot too much press the point that I had no intention of giving a complete picture of Germany. I only wished in various places to pierce the veil which hitherto has clothed that mysterious country; and if the reader has not seen all or has seen only a small part of it, he has at least seen

that small part as in itself it really is; on the other hand he will have learned little or nothing from the books in which he is promised thorough instruction, and is given no more than enumerations and a catalogue of names, dry and without idea, though accurate and conscientious withal. As for German Literature, my book only embraces the history of the so-called romantic school, and as I undertook to give the most accurate information concerning the writers who belong to it, I was compelled to deal with them more in detail than I have done with the German poets of the first rank, who are endowed with far more talent, but do not belong to the romantic school. I have even passed over in silence many great writers who are sometimes counted as members of that school, but in my view do not belong to it at all, such as Heinrich von Kleist and my late friends Karl Immermann and Christian Grabbe, all three poets of great genius. They are giants in comparison with the writers of the romantic school of whom I have spoken in my book, and they may be regarded as indisputably the most distinguished poets of Germany during the Goethe period. In any case they have not been surpassed since, although the German theatre has at present two poets of the most rare merit—my friends Friedrich Hebbel, the author of *Judith*, and Alfred Meissner, the author of the tragedy, *The Wife of Uriah*. The first is affinitive in mind to Kleist and Grabbe, and it is not the office of a banal critic to estimate his genius; the other, Alfred Meissner, is nearer the understanding of the people; his public is larger; he has a passionate soul, and I am convinced that he will one day exceed the popularity of Schiller, whose heir presumptive he is, in Germany.

I have observed that I have not been able to speak of several of our great German poets, because they did not

fit into the frame which was meant exclusively for the romantic school. Among these great poets are many lyrical poets who approach that school in the tendencies of their genius filled with romance. They are misnamed Romantics. Among them there are four whose talent approaches that of our greatest poets; my friend Adalbert von Chamisso, a Frenchman by birth; then the splendid Friedrich Rückert whose fantasy is exuberant and oriental in its richness; the third is my friend, Count Auersperg, known under the pseudonym of Anastasius Grün, a lyrical poet, who is very rich, almost too rich in metaphor, and is very great and noble of soul; and the fourth, the last in point of time, is Ferdinand Freiligrath, who has a talent of the first rank, a powerful colourist endowed with great originality.

In another work which I hope to complete I shall have an opportunity of writing at length about many German writers who were my contemporaries, and of whom I have said nothing in my book "On Germany." I shall then make good the omissions of that book, and I guarantee that neither the public nor the writers of whom at present I have been able to say nothing, will have lost anything by having waited. . . .

When the first edition of this book was through the press and I took a copy of it in my hand, I was not a little appalled by the mutilations which I detected in it. Here an adjective was missing, there a parenthesis; whole passages were omitted without regard to the context, so that not only the sense, but sometimes even the feeling of it disappeared. It was more the fear of Cæsar than the fear of God had guided the hand that made these mutilations, and while it erased every political allusion, it spared even the most serious reflection upon religion. In this

way the real purport of the book, which was patriotic and democratic, was lost, and as I read it, I found in it uncannily a spirit altogether foreign to my own, calling to mind scholastic and theological polemics which are profoundly alien to my humanistic and tolerant temper.

At first I flattered myself with the hope that I might be able to fill up the lacunæ of the book in the second impression, but such a restoration is impossible now because the original manuscript was burned in the great fire at Hamburg in the house of my publisher. My memory is not good enough to be able to supply the deficiencies, and besides I should not be allowed to go over the book closely because of the state of my eyes. I must be content with re-translating the more important passages that have been omitted from the French version, which was printed earlier than the German, and interpolating them. One of these passages, which was printed in innumerable French papers, discussed and last year brought before the Chamber of Deputies by one of the greatest of French statesmen, Count Molé, is to be found at the end of this new edition, and may serve to show how much it has to do with the belittlement and disparagement of Germany as compared with other countries of which certain honest persons declare me to have been guilty. If I have been guilty of excess in my indignation against the old official Germany, the mouldy land of the Philistines—which has however produced no Goliath, and not a single great man—everything that I have said has been cunningly represented so as to make it appear that I was speaking of the real Germany, the great, mysterious, and, as it were, anonymous Germany of the German people, of the sleeping sovereign with whose sceptre and crown the monkeys play. Such an insinuation was made easy for

these honest folk by the fact that any declaration of my real meaning was made absolutely impossible for me during a long period, especially at the time when the decree of the Bundestag against young Germany appeared, which was chiefly directed against myself and placed me in an exceptionally cramped position, a position unheard of in the annals of journalism. And when later I was able to remove the muzzle, my thoughts were still gagged.

This book is a fragment and must remain a fragment.

CHAPTER VIII

ABROAD

Upon my night has risen a lovely star
That smiles and whispers comfort from afar :
"The herald of new life am I"—
Ah, do not lie!

For, as the sea swells upward to the moon,
My raptured soul toward the gracious boon
Of thy dear light must surge and sigh—
Ah, do not lie!

For many a day, too sad for singing,
I grieved, but now the numbers throng ;
Like sudden tears from anguish springing,
With sudden music comes the song.

Melodious measures plaintive weaving,
I sing of love and mightier woe,
Of hearts that bring each other grieving,
Yet break when they asunder go.

Often I hear in fancy swaying,
The German oaks above my head ;
Low words of welcome they are saying—
It is a dream—and they have fled.

ABROAD

Often I hear, in fancy singing,
The old, the German nightingales—
How sweet their songs about me ringing!—
It is a dream—the music fails.

Where are the roses that, like lovers,
Once gladdened me?—Their bloom is shed!—
Ah! sad and ghostly still there hovers
Within my soul the fragrance dead.

"Oh, the dear, delightful singer!
And his songs, how sweet their burden!
Were he only here beside us,
Many a kiss would be his guerdon!"

But while dear, delightful ladies
Thus are thinking, I, the loved,
In a foreign land am pining,
Quite a hundred miles removed.

In the North it helps one little
That there's sunshine in the South;
Nor can hungry hearts grow fat on
Kisses promised to the mouth.

I dreamed of a child with braided hair:
I thought we sat together
'Neath the lindens green, when the nights were fair
And blue in the summer weather.

O, fond were we, and we kissed for love,
And we talked of love and pain,
Till the yellow stars sighed soft above,
For envy of us twain.

From dreams I wake, I gaze around,
I am alone, 'tis night.
The shining stars, they make no sound,
Nor heed me on their height.

I have not known thee of thy cheer;
So sad for long, so sorrow-bowed
Adown thy cheek there steals a tear,
And frequent are thy sighs and loud.

Say, are thy thoughts in yearning turned
Where, far in mist, thy home doth stand?
Confess that thou hast often yearned
For thy beloved Fatherland.

Dost think of her who in the past
With pretty petulance beguiled?
How grieved wert thou, till, at the last,
With laughter you were reconciled.

Dost think upon thy comrades true,
Who in the hour of rapture fell
Upon thy neck—when stormy grew
Thy heart with thoughts too deep to tell?

Upon thy mother dost thou think?
Thy sister? Dear to both wast thou.
Thy courage high begins to sink,
Thy reckless mood to melt, I trow.

Dost think upon the trees that grew—
The birds—within that garden fair,
When love's young dream was sweet and new
The hope of love, and love's despair?

ABROAD

The hour is late, and wan doth shine
  The pallid night with melting snow.
And I, alas! must dress me fine,
  And forth into the world must go.

O I had once a beauteous Fatherland.
    High used to seem
The oak—so high!—the violets nodded kind.
    It was a dream.

In German I was kissed, in German told
    (You scarce would deem
How sweetly rang the words): "I love thee well!"
    It was a dream.

CHAPTER IX
MATHILDE HEINE

To J. H. Detmold.

Paris, *March* 22, 1835.

You can have no idea how many distracting apparitions are about me, how much trouble, sickness of mind, struggle for life, love, hatred and all roaring in my ears. Whatever you may hear of me in Germany is only a faint echo of the sword-blows here. Please write to me much and often: and later when things are quieter, I promise that I will return like for like. How would it be if you were to write me every six weeks and very long letters about political and literary events in North Germany, which I could translate into French and publish in a series in the *Revue des deux mondes*—I have often thought of you and I have always reckoned you one of the very few people to whom my work and writing has always been clear, and who know and understand the ultimate idea of everything that I do. . . .

MATHILDE HEINE

To August Lewald.

Paris, *April* 11, 1835.

How am I to excuse my silence! And you are friend enough to insinuate kindly that your letter has been lost! No: I will confess the truth. I received it right enough but at a time when I was up to my neck in a love-affair, from which I have not yet extricated myself. Since October nothing has been of the least importance for me that has not been connected with the affair. I have neglected everything, seen no one, and at best a sigh has escaped me when I thought of my friends . . . and I have often sighed to think that you might misunderstand my silence, but I could not bring myself actually to write. And that is all that I can tell you now: for the rosy waves are roaring round me so loudly, my brain is so bemused by the storm of the scent of flowers that I am not in a fit state to write to you intelligently.

Have you read the Song of Songs which is the Song of Solomon? Well, read it again, and you will find in it all that I could tell you to-day.

Wait, and presently there will be a change in me, and then I will, as you wish, write for your play-actors, and my pieces will be fit for production, if only you take care to announce my tragedies as comedies, and my comedies as tragedies on the play-bills.

Read the Song of Songs of King Solomon: I call your attention to the fellow . . .

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *July* 2, 1835.

"Before he sings, and closes his song.
Must the poet live, oh!"

My dear friend, I use these words as a justification for myself in every direction. My life has been so stormy for the last four months, and for the last three the waves of life have been so battling about me that I have hardly been able to think of you, much less write to you. I, poor fool, I thought that the time for passion was gone for me, that I could never again be dropped into the raging whirlpool of humanity, that like the immortal Gods I was at peace, serenity and moderation—and lo! I raged again like a man, like a young man. Now thanks to my indestructible force of mind, my soul is conquered again, my roused senses are tamed and I am living cheerfully and carelessly at the castle of a beautiful woman near Saint-Germain, in the delightful society of cultured persons and personalities.

I think my genius is now purged of all dross: my verses are more beautiful; there is more harmony in my books. I know this much that I have now a real horror of all that is obscure and ignoble, of all that is common and musty.

Being in such a state of mind you will find it natural that much interrupted work remains unfinished, at least for the present. However, I hope to write this year, much good stuff, better in any case than my earlier works. As soon as possible I shall go from here to Boulogne-sur-mer, the jolly little coast town, which as you know, is my

best place for work. I shall write a rare, pleasant book there; I have gained a rest from the pressure of journalistic work and in spite of the enormous expenses which I have already incurred this year, I hope that my rest will not be disturbed by financial necessity.

The "Literature" will be one of my best books, and it will enjoy a new lease of life in its new form and through your activity. You are used to publishing novelties, my dear Campe, and can estimate the success of a book after the first year. I am your only classic, I am the only one who has become a permanent, reliable literary article—but why sing you an old song that you know? You know as well as I that my books, no matter which, have often to be relied on—and I repeat my request that you will behave like a Christian in ordering the number of copies in an edition. O my dear Campe, I would give something for you to have more religion! But the reading of my own writings has much injured your disposition, and that tender faith, which you used to have, is lost: you believe no more in attaining blessedness through good works and only rubbish is pleasing to you; you have become a Pharisee who sees in books only the letters and not the spirit, a Sadducee who does not believe in the Resurrection of Books, nor in any editions, an Atheist who in secret blasphemes my Holy Name.—Oh! atone, atone, make yourself better!

To Heinrich Laube.

Boulogne-sur-mer, *Sept.* 27, 1835.

Thanks, many thanks for the unwearying love which you have shown me! If I have rarely given signs of life, then

for heaven's sake do not put it down to indifference. You are the only man in Germany who interests me on every side; I feel this deeply, and therefore I can only seldom write to you. I am too deeply moved when I take up my pen to write to you, and, as you may have noticed, I am one of those people who have a horror of anything that disturbs my mind and avoid it as much as possible. Ah! in spite of the greatest care an overpowering emotion seizes us often enough and robs us of that clearness of vision and thought which I dislike surrendering. As soon as our senses are troubled and our minds shaken we are no longer the fellows of the Gods. This fellowship—I may confess it now—I have for long enjoyed. I went my ways in peace and in the light; but for the last nine moons great storms have burst upon my soul, and long, long shadows beset me on every side. This confession will explain my present inactivity to you. I am still engaged in lulling the disturbances in my soul, and if I do not reach the light of day, at last I am issuing from black night.

I received your letter which you sent me by a homœopath, but I was not able to see the bearer of it, for I was in the country at Saint-Germain at the castle of the most beautiful, the most noble and wittiest of women . . . with whom however I am not in love. I am condemned to love only the most humble and foolish . . . imagine what torture for a man of so much pride and intellect!

I was not a little anxious about you during your imprisonment. Your letter, though it made me sad, brought me ease and comfort. I hope things will go well with you, though I am afraid that you will not escape the fate that pursues all people of our sort. You are one of those gladiators who die in the arena.

I am cross with you. I dislike thinking of Germany so much, and it is your fault that I have to think of Germany for you are there, and now I have to write to you there! Nothing very pleasant has come out of the Fatherland for the last two years, and the Germans whom I met in Paris have kept me from being homesick. . . .

To Julius Campe.

Boulogne-sur-mer, *Oct.* 11, 1835.

About four weeks ago I sent you the manuscript of "The Romantic School," by steamer from Havre. I doubt not that you have received it safely, but it was careless of me not to ask you to tell me of its receipt. You will now be convinced with your own eyes that I had to add a good piece on to the two little volumes on "Literature" in order to form a whole, and to be able to give the book its new title; and I know that it would be of the greatest use to you if I could justly give the book a new title. I am now satisfied with the book; I think it contains not one weak spot, and it will live longer as a useful, instructive, and at the same time charmingly entertaining book, than the author and the publisher, for both of whom I do wish a long life. You will have filled in certain places in the manuscript which I had left open for the dates of the birth or death of the different writers. You will have noticed that I have exercised a censorship in certain places, and I count on not a single word being omitted from the whole book. If it is impossible for me to be printed unmutilated, I would rather give up being a German author altogether. I hope you like the title, "The Romantic School." I have no title yet for my next

book, and I do not know if it would not be better to publish it as a third part of the "Salon." But we will talk of that in its own time. I should be glad of your opinion in such matters. Although I am very industrious my work is going forward very slowly. I have been stupid enough to tackle two different subjects at once. In order to be able to work undisturbed, I shall perhaps decide to stay away from Paris for another two months. That is heroism.

CHAPTER X
YOUNG GERMANY

To Heinrich Laube.

Boulogne-sur-mer, *Dec.* 23, 1835.

I have not set eyes on a German journal since I left Paris three and a half months ago, and except for a few hints in my publisher's letter of a month ago, I have heard nothing of the literary feud that has broken out—I charge you by all that you hold dear even if you do not take sides in the wars which Young Germany is waging, at least to maintain a *defensive* neutrality and with never a word to attack the young party.—Draw a line between political and religious questions. In political questions you can make as many concessions as you like for political forms of states and governments are only machinery: monarchy or republic, democratic or aristocratic institutions are small matters so long as the fight is for the first principles of life, while the idea of life itself is not decided. Only later comes the question as to the means by which this idea can best be realised in life. . . . By keeping these questions apart one can avoid the scruples of censorship; for discussion of religious principles and morality cannot be suppressed, without annulling the

whole freedom of thought and criticisms of the Protestants, so one gains the acquiescence of the Philistines. . . . You understand me: I say that religious principles and morality although they be bacon and pork, are one and the same. Morality is only religion in morals; we want a sound religion so that our morals may be sound, so that they may be on a better basis than at present, when they are only based upon disbelief and flat hypocrisy.

Perhaps you will have understood without these remarks why I have always entrenched myself behind Protestant authority, just as you will easily understand the vulgar subtlety of my opponents, who relegate me to the synagogues, *me*, the born antagonist of Jewish, Mahommedan, Christian deism. But you have no idea of the compassion with which I look down on these worms. The malefactors of the present can do little against him who knows the magic word of the future. I know what I am. Lately one of my Saint Simonian friends in Egypt said a thing which made me laugh though it was very seriously meant; he said that I was the first Father of the Church of the Germans.

This Father of the Church has many things about his ears at present, which keep him very busy in France and make it impossible for him to introduce the new Gospel into Germany. If needs must I will go into harness. It is disgusting that we have to deal with Herr Menzel. . . . That he should attack us now! Now when the opposing party has its foot on our necks. Only a Menzel could have done that, for he was never seriously for our cause. . . .

I have nothing to do with the rest of Young Germany, I hear that they have put my name among the contributors to the new "Revue," and I never gave them permission to

do so. But the young people shall have a good prop in me, and I should be very sorry indeed if there was friction between them and you.

Your question as to a return to Germany has made me sorrowful, and I confess, though unwillingly, that this voluntary exile is one of the greatest sacrifices I have had to make to Thought. If I returned I should have to take up a position which would expose me to every possible misconception. I wish to avoid even the semblance of the undignified. So far as I know no government can get at me: I have kept free from all the intrigues of Jacobinism, the famous preface which I was clever enough to suppress when it was set up in print at Campe's made its appearance in the world later: through the Prussian spy, Klaproth, the embassy knew that, so that I cannot even be charged with a journalistic offence; on all sides I am given friendly greeting by the diplomats in Paris, with whom I am on very good terms. . . . But all these things are reasons for my not returning home, rather than for my being attracted thither. And I have to consider the business of the German Jacobins in Paris who would see in my going home to eat *sauerkraut*, a proof of my treachery to the Fatherland. So far they have only been able to slander me upon conjecture, so far I have given them no facts to support their slanders. . . .

To Julius Campe.

Boulgne-sur-mer, *Dec.* 4, 1835.

I have received my books, the copies of "The Romantic School," and I leave it to your imagination to know the feelings roused in me by the mutilations in it. Your

excuse that the book came into the censor's hands at a time when the denunciation of the Stuttgart *Litteraturblatt* had alarmed the authorities is certainly cogent. There is nothing for me to say about the article in the *Nuremberger Zeitung* which declared that my writings had been burned in Prussia together with those of the rest of Young Germany. I shall wait for confirmation and explanations from you. I think that you should not allow yourself so easily to be intimidated. I do not take the persecution of Young Germany so seriously. You will see: much cry and little wool. If I should be put upon the list of the proscribed, I think they will only ask for a withdrawal from my side, to remove me from it. . . . I am not to be taken aback and I think that the bolder front a man makes the easier he finds people to deal with! In perilous places anxiety is the greatest peril. Knowing that I have written nothing against the various governments for four years, and that I have notoriously separated from Jacobinism, and being of a good loyal and royal conscience, I will not be so cowardly as to disown the young men who are politically innocent, and I have on the contrary just sent a declaration to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* to the effect that I have had no part in the work of the *Deutsche Revue.*

It is amusing enough that without these later events it would never have entered my head to work for any such paper: and to this day I have not written a syllable in answer to Gutzkow or Wienberg . . . and now good-bye and let us in difficult times show a temper as even as that of our opponents seems to be furious.——

I am better and more cheerful than ever, and am enjoying rapaciously all the sweetnesses of this season of pleasure. I give thanks to the Immortal Gods!

To the Diet.

Paris, *Jan.* 28, 1836.

I am much troubled by the Resolution which you passed at your thirty-first sitting of 1835. I confess, gentlemen, that the greatest astonishment is allied with this feeling of uneasiness. You have accused me, tried me, judged me, without giving me a hearing on paper or by word of mouth, without any one being commissioned to defend me, without any citation being sent to me. . . .

If gentlemen you will not grant me a free conduct to defend myself in person before you, then do you grant me at least the right of free speech in the German Press, and withdraw the interdict that you have placed upon everything that I may write. These words are not in protest, only in petition. If I do protect myself against anything it is against public opinion, which might regard my enforced silence as a confession of criminal tendencies, or as a disclaimer of my writings. As soon as free speech is granted to me, I hope to show conclusively that my writings are not the fruit of irreligious or immoral caprice, but of a truly religious and moral synthesis, a synthesis long honoured not only by a new literary school, called "Young Germany," but by our most celebrated writers, poets as well as philosophers. But whatever, gentlemen, you may decide in answer to my petition, you may rest assured that I shall ever obey the laws of my country. The accident of my living outside your jurisdiction will never lead me to use brawling language: I honour in you the highest authority of a beloved country. . . .

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *Feb.* 4, 1836.

The whole thing seems to me to be a bugbear. In any case I have thought it necessary to stroke the old periwigs down a little and my childlike letter, syrupy and submissive will probably have produced a good effect. The *Bundestag* will be touched. Every one treats it like a dog, and so my politeness and my gentle treatment will do it the more good; "*Messeigneurs, Vosseigneurs!*" It has never yet been so addressed; "See" it will say, "here is a man of humane feelings, who does not treat us like a dog! And we wanted to persecute this noble man: we thought him irreligious and declared him to be immoral!" and six-and-thirty handkerchiefs will be moistened with the tears of the *Bundestag*. . . .

Now we must publish a book which must be very interesting and pleasant, without touching on politics or religion. The book is ready in manuscript and I intended to publish it with the title of "Salon: Third Part." Will you be able to publish this book *now?* With *my name on the title-page?* . . .

How do you like the title "The Book of Silence?" If you don't like it, you can call it "Fairy Tales."

It consists of three parts:

(1) "Spirits of the Elements," which is a free adaptation of a part of my "Allemagne." Everything political and anti-religious has been expunged, and the whole pretends to solid interest.

(2) The first night of the "Florentine Nights," in which you will see that I do not forget the three towers.

(3) "The Second Florentine Night."

The chief thing is that the book should not be subjected to any censorship and least of all a Prussian censorship. This is a point of honour. If you cannot publish the book uncensored, then you must leave it unpublished. . . .

PARIS, *March* 22, 1836.

Your letter of the 15th of March has so filled me with amazement that I cannot collect my wits. But one thing remains clear in my mind: I will not betray the German Press: I will not sell my honour for the price of a book; I will not have the least stain upon my good name: I will not submit to the Prussian censorship! I will do nothing. If you will not publish the book, it shall not be published at all; and however unpleasant it may be for me I will do without the payment which I had already entered in my accounts. . . . Poor wretch that I am, I thought to have the pleasure of another draft, for I am so pressed for money as you cannot imagine. I am sick with worry. I perceive that even the party of moderation is a defeated party. . . . I shall now . . . indeed, I do not yet know what I shall do! First of all, I will save my honour. It is no joking matter, Campe, and I hope that I shall receive my manuscript. Till then I cannot sleep. . . .

To HEINRICH LAUBE.

PARIS, *March* 31, 1836.

How I envy you your loneliness! I who am damned to live in the wildest whirlpool in the world, and can never

have any time to myself, and am driven crazy with my crying daily needs, and am as a hunted bull, I will not say, as a dog. How I long for the peace of a German fortress where a warder stands before my door, and lets no one in, neither my beloved nor my other torments—I do passionately crave for silence!

I have not the least fear of the riots of our opponents; one after another they will go the way of all things. Look how completely Menzel, Tieck and those fellows have gone to ruin! We are alive. I am very fond of Gutzkow and Mundt but I could not live with them in untroubled union as with you, who are the only man with whom I am completely in sympathy, and with whom I am in the most sweet harmony.

* * * * *

I have to preface the third part of the "Salon" with some very unhappy remarks, and to say more about what it does not contain than what it actually does. For the contents of it I have to report that I cannot include the continuation of the "Florentine Nights," in which many political interests found an echo. "The Spirits of the Elements" are only an adaptation in German of a chapter of my book "De l'Allemagne." Everything that trespassed on the realm of politics and state religion has been conscientiously expunged, and nothing is left but a series of harmless fairy-tales, which, like the novels of the Decameron, may serve to help us to forget for a few hours the pestilential reality which surrounds us. The poem which is at the end of the book is by myself, and I think it will gratify my enemies much. I could not find a better. For me the days of poetry are gone; I cannot bring forth a good poem, and the little poets in Suabia, instead of nursing spite against me, should rather in brotherly fashion

take me into their school. . . . It would be the best joke of all if I were to come to sit along with the others on a little form with a *bourrelet* on my head in the Suabian school of poets, and sing fine weather and spring sunshine and the charm of May and little yellow figs and plum trees. I perceived long ago that there is no going straightforward with verse, and therefore I turned to good prose. But as fine weather and spring sunshine and the charm of May do not go very far in prose I had to discover new matter for my new form. I hit upon the unhappy idea, therefore, of occupying myself with ideas, and I pondered the inner meaning of appearances, the ultimate bases of things, the destiny of the human race, and the means by which people can be made better and happier, &c. My natural enthusiasm for these things made it easy for me to handle them, and I was soon able to set down my thoughts in very beautiful and excellent prose. . . . But, alas! when I had got so far in my writing I was forbidden to write. You know the resolution of the *Bundestag* of December 1835, by which an interdict was laid upon all my writings. I wept like a child! I had taken so much pains over the German language, with the accusative and dative, and had learned how to string words together so beautifully, like pearls; and had such pleasure in that occupation, which shortened for me the long winter evenings of my exile, and when I was writing in German I could imagine that I was at home with my mother. . . . And now I am forbidden to write! It was very weak of me to write to the *Bundestag* that petition which you know, and which many of you have censured as far too submissive. My advisers, whose opinions I consulted when it happened, were all of the opinion that I should make a great pother and prepare a great volume of memoirs to

declare "that it is an encroachment upon the rights of property to deny me by an arbitrary sentence the power to turn my possessions, my literary capacities, to account; that the *Bundestag* is not a court of justice, and is not competent to pronounce judgment; and that I protest and demand full restitution, and, in short, that I should make a great pother." But I had no inclination to do anything of the kind. I have the greatest dislike for declamation and disputatiousness, and I knew too well the reason of it all to be upset by it. I knew in my heart that there was no intention to do me any personal injury by that interdict. I knew that the *Bundestag*, having in view only the maintenance of the peace in Germany, dealt hardly with the individual in order to safeguard the common weal. I knew that certain despicable sycophants had succeeded in misleading certain members of the illustrious assembly, practical statesmen who could not be expected to trouble to read my later writings, as to the contents of them, and to persuade them that I was the head of a school which had sworn to upset all existing social and moral institutions. . . . Knowing this, I wrote not a protest but a petition to the *Bundestag*, in which, far from disputing its supra-judicial capacity, I regarded the unhappy resolution as a judgment for contumacy, and taking my stand on ancient precedents, I prayed most humbly to be allowed to defend myself against the accusations brought against me at the bar of the illustrious assembly. I said nothing of the jeopardy of my pecuniary interests. I was withheld by a certain shame. None the less four good men in Germany have felt most deeply those things of which I said nothing, as I have perceived from certain passages in their letters of condolence. And, indeed, if it is distressing that I, a German poet, should have to live in

exile far from the Fatherland, it will certainly give pain to every man of feeling that I should in addition be robbed of the scanty living that I make by my writings, which does at least keep me from physical suffering in a foreign land.

I say this in sorrow, but not in anger. For whom shall I accuse? Not princes, for being a supporter of the monarchical principle, and recognising the sanctity of royalty as I have done since the July Revolution in spite of the howls of those about me, I am not likely to give a lever into the hands of the detestable Jacobins with my own especial grievances. Nor can I accuse the counsels of princes, for, as I know on the most reliable authority, many of the highest statesmen have regarded with great sympathy the exceptional position in which I have been placed, and have promised to help me out of it as soon as possible. I know, indeed, that it is only because of the slowness of the course of such business that I am not already extricated, and perhaps as I write these lines a movement is being started in my favour. Even my most determined opponents among German statesmen have let me know that the severity of the resolution of the *Bundestag* is not meant to be visited upon all my work, but only upon the political and religious part of it; and that the poetical part of it may find expression unmolested in poems, dramas, novels, and in those fine fantasies for which I have so much genius. . . . I am almost inclined to think that they wish to do me a service and compel me not to waste my talents on ungrateful subjects. . . . Indeed, they were very ungrateful, and have brought me nothing but trouble and persecution. . . . Thank God! I am escorted upon the better way by *gens-d'arme*, and soon I shall be with you, children of the Suabian school;

and if I do not catch cold on the journey you shall rejoice in the beauty of my voice when I sing fine weather and spring sunshine and the charm of May and little yellow figs and plum trees.

This book serves as a proof of my retrogression. I hope its publication will not be misconceived to my disadvantage. Most of the manuscript has been in the hands of my publishers for a year. I had arranged for its publication a year and a half ago, and it was not possible for me to prevent it.

I shall write more fully of the circumstances some other time, for they are bound up with the matter of which I may not write. The same considerations prevent me from dissipating with the light of my words the web of calumny with which a sycophancy, unknown before in the annals of German literature, has succeeded in denouncing my opinions as dangerous to the State and bringing down the aforesaid interdict upon me. How, and after what fashion, this was brought about is notorious.

I do not attempt to decide whether it was his talent or the journal in which he wrote that took Herr Menzel's voice so far that his denunciations could carry so much weight that busy statesmen, who read literary journals rather than books, believed him on his bare word. I know this much, that his words must have sounded the louder for the silence that reigned in Germany at the time . . . The spokesmen of the progressive party maintained a prudent silence, or were in prison strongly barred waiting for their sentence, perhaps for sentence of death . . . At most there was heard the sobbing of a mother whose child had been taken by the watch at Frankfort at the point of the bayonet and could not escape committing an offence against the State, which was as imprudent as it was

criminal and justified the greatest distrust on the part of the Government . . . Herr Menzel chose his time well for the denunciation of that great conspiracy which, under the name of "Young Germany," is directed against the throne and the altar, and honours the writer of these pages as its most dangerous head.

Strange! It is always religion, always morality, always patriotism, with which the *mauvais sujets* justify these attacks. They attack us not from a private interest, not from literary envy, not from native slavishness, but to save God, good morals, and the Fatherland. Herr Menzel, who for many years, while he was a friend of Herr Gutzkow, watched in sorrowful silence how religion hung in danger of its life, suddenly realised that Christianity was doomed beyond hope of redemption unless he took up the sword at once and stabbed Gutzkow to the heart, from behind. . . .

Herr Menzel did not attack me personally and I have no personal grudge against him. But we were once good friends and he has often assured me of his love for me. He has never reproached me with being a bad poet, and I have praised his work. I was glad of him and I praised his work in a journal which did not long survive my praise. I was very young then, my greatest amusement was to put ideas under the microscope and demonstrate their size to people. Herr Menzel, on the other hand, put Goethe under a diminishing glass, and that gave me a childish pleasure too. Herr Menzel's jokes did not displease me. He was witty at that time. Without exactly having a central idea, a synthesis, he was able to combine and grasp his ideas so that it looked as though he had written a book and not merely a collection of fugitive verse. He did some real service to German literature. He used to stand

in the mire from morning to night, besom in hand, and sweep away the filth which had collected in German literature. . . .

I only say this in order to point out the germ and origin of his Teutomania, not to injure him, and I must repeat that I do not speak of him from spite or animosity. If there is hardness in what I say it is not my fault. I have to show the public what it has to do with that hectoring hero of the national idea, that guardian of all that is German, who is for ever casting a slur upon the French, and has declared that we poor writers of young Germany are Frenchmen and Jews. As for his "Jews," that makes no matter. We do not seek the alliance of the mob, and a man of culture knows quite well that people who are accused as enemies of Deism can have no sympathy with the synagogue. One does not turn to the faded charms of the mother when the daughter, growing old, pleases no more. But that we should be represented as enemies of Germany, who have betrayed the Fatherland to France, was a trick as cowardly as it was perfidious.

Whoever has lived out his days, the damp, cold days and the long black nights in exile, whoever has gone up and down the hard stairs of a strange land, will understand why I repudiate the aspersion upon my patriotism more angrily and at greater length than all the other calumnies which have been preferred against me for so many years and which I have borne proudly and patiently. I say "proudly," for I could comfort myself with the great thought that I belonged to the host of the elect of Fame, whose memory lives on in mankind, and who leave behind them upon earth with their blessed footprints the long, dirty shadows of calumny.

I would like to defend not myself but my writings

against the accusations of Atheism and immorality. But it is not possible unless I were allowed to develop my views of religion and morality from a synthesis down. I am in hopes that I shall be allowed to do this. Till this I allow myself only one observation in my favour. The two books which were brought in witness against me as *Corpora delicti*, and in which the improper tendencies are alleged to have been found, the two books upon which I am accused, were not published in the form in which they were written, and have been so mutilated by another hand, that at any other time, if there had been no fear of misconstruction, I should have disclaimed the authorship of them. I am speaking of the second part of the "Salon," and "The Romantic School." The original import of the two books has been lost in the countless large expurgations made in them, and they were left with an altogether different import. I will not say what the original import was; but I can say this much, that it was not in the least unpatriotic. In the second part of the "Salon" the expurgated passages contain a more brilliant acclamation of the greatness of the German people than ever the forced patriotism of our Teutomanes brought to market; in the French edition, in my book "De l'Allemagne," you will find confirmation of what I say. The French editions of the incriminated books prove conclusively that their tendency was not in the region of religion and morality. Indeed, many people accuse me of indifference to all systems of religion and morality and think that no doctrine is acceptable to me that does not seem to be calculated to advance the happiness of the nations of Europe, or at least to serve as a weapon in the fight for that happiness. I never would fight for truth with a lie.

What is truth? "Bring me a wash-basin," Pontius Pilate

would say. I have written this preface in a strange mood. As I wrote I thought more of Germany than of the German public and my thoughts hovered about matters more to my heart than those with which my pen has been busied . . . indeed, at the end I lost the desire to write altogether, and I went to the window and looked up at the white clouds that go trailing by like a funeral in the night sky. I seem to know one of those melancholy clouds so well, I am trying to think when and where I have seen the shape of it before. And then I think that it must have been in North Germany, six years ago, just after the July Revolution, on that melancholy evening when I said good-bye for ever to the most loyal comrade in arms, and the most unselfish friend of mankind. Well did he know the sad fate which each of us was to meet. As he shook my hand for the last time he raised his eyes heavenwards, and looked long at that cloud, the likeness of which so fills me with sorrow now, and he said sadly, "Only men of evil and ordinary natures will gain by the Revolution. At the worst, if it fails, they will be able to extricate their heads from the noose in time. But whether revolutions succeed or fail, great-hearted men will always be their victims."

Greeting to those who suffer in the Fatherland.

* * * * *

Let me confess by the way that I should not have published my little book, "Concerning the Denunciator," had I not first come upon the treatise on the same subject of Ludwig Börne and David Strauss. But the censuring of the "Salon" forbade—"in pious regard for Wolfgang Menzel"—the printing of this little book which was intended as a preface to the third part, and the poor thing, although it was tame enough in its poli-

tical and religious matter, had to wander about for seven months from one censor to another until at last it found shelter. If, gentle reader, you buy the little book yourself at the shop of Hoffmann and Campe at Hamburg, my friend Julius Campe will gladly tell you how difficult it was to get the "Denunciator" to press, how its reputation had to be defended by certain authority, and how at last the title of my book was most brilliantly vindicated by unimpeachable documents, by an autograph of the denunciator, which is in the hands of Theodore Mundt. Perhaps you know what the honoured gentleman preferred against it. When I took the rags of false patriotism and sham morality from his body bit by bit, he raised a horrible hullabaloo again; religion was in danger; the pillars of the church were being undermined; Heinrich Heine was destroying Christianity root and branch! I had to laugh, for this hullabaloo reminded me of another poor sinner who was whipped and branded in the market-place at Lübeck, and suddenly, as the hot iron touched his back, raised a horrible outcry and went on shrieking "Fire! Fire! It burns, the church is in flames!" The old wives were frightened at this alarm of fire, but reasonable people laughed and said, "Poor rascal! It is only his own back that is burned, the church is safe in its old place." And the police in case of fire procured fire engines, and as a pious precaution it is not permitted even to smoke a cigar anywhere near religion! In truth Christianity was never more anxiously guarded than at present.

I cannot resist taking this opportunity of contradicting the report that Herr Wolfgang Menzel, on the inducement of his colleagues, has at last resolved to employ that magnanimity with which I credit him, and at last to free himself of the reproach of personal cowardice. I confess

that I have always been convinced that time and place would be appointed for the knight of the Love of the Fatherland, of Faith and of Virtue, to defend himself against me with all his manhood. But alas, I have waited in vain to this very hour. And the wits have made merry in the German papers at the expense of my credulity. . . .

* * * * *

I have not yet had to fight with the dead in the realm of art. But, alas, I have often had to do so in other realms, and I assure you, by all the sorrows of my soul, that such fighting is of all the most unpleasant and disagreeable. In such fighting there is no hot impatience, smiting blow on blow, until the combatants sink down in a drunken stupor and bleed. Ah! The dead exhaust us more when they wound us, and the struggle goes on to the end in a weariness of fighting. Do you know the story of the young knight who went into the enchanted forest? His hair was golden, and bold plumes waved upon his helmet: behind his vizor glowed red cheeks, and great courage beat in his heart under his bright armour. But the wind whispered strangely in the forest. The trees shivered creepily, and often, growing hideously awry, they seemed to take on human shape. A ghostly white bird peeped from out the leaves here and there, and tittered and laughed almost scornfully. All sorts of fabulous beasts crept like shadows through the underwood. Little siskins twittered, and beautiful silent flowers nodded from the wide-leaved climbing plants. But the stripling, pursuing his way, cried at last defiantly: "When will the champion appear who can overcome me?" Came a long, lean knight, with vizor down, lusty not at all, but not too shaky, and set to for the fight. His helmet was battered, his armour rather weather-worn than bad; his sword was

jagged but of the finest steel, and his arm was strong. I know not how long they two fought, but the combat must have lasted long, for the leaves fell from the trees, and the trees were bare and freezing for a long time, and then they put forth buds again, and grew green in the sunshine; and so the seasons changed—and the combatants did not remark their changing, but went on hewing at each other, savagely and without pity at first; then not so lustily; then phlegmatically, until they let their swords drop, and, exhausted, opened their vizors—it was a distressing sight! The knight, the challenged champion, was dead, and from his open vizor grinned a fleshless skull. The other knight, who had ridden into the forest as a stripling, had now the sunken, sallow countenance of an old man, and his hair was white as snow. From the tall trees, mockingly, the ghostly white birds tittered and laughed.

CHAPTER XI

THE TROUBLES OF A WRITER

To August Lewald.

Coudry, *May* 3, 1836.

I have been in the country since mid-day yesterday enjoying this glorious month of May . . . for there was a fall of snow this morning, and my fingers are trembling with cold. My Mathilde is sitting by my side in front of a great fireplace and working at my new shirts. The fire seems in no great hurry to burn, is not passionately inclined, and only reveals its presence by a gentle smoke. I have been living very pleasantly in Paris lately and Mathilde brightened life for me with the consistent inconsistency of her whims; I think only very occasionally of poisoning or asphyxiating myself: we shall probably put an end to ourselves in another way . . . by reading something which will bore us to death. Herr —— said so much to her in praise of my writings that she had no rest until I went to Renduel and got the French edition of the "Travel Pictures" for her. But scarcely had she read a page of it than she grew pale as death, trembled in all her limbs and begged me for God's sake to shut the book up. She had happed upon a love passage and, being jealous,

she would like me never to have paid homage to any other before the commencement of her dominion: indeed I had to promise that henceforth I will address no love phrases to any ideal woman in my books.

For your anxiety concerning my most real interests I give you most hearty thanks. My finances are in a poor way thanks to the miserable events of the time, so that I should be grateful for any sort of help in that way. . . . My position with regard to the German Government will be cleared up and they will perceive in the end, that they have injured my poor property without judgment and without investigation, and that they are directly responsible for the robbery which is practised on me by certain persons.

To Julius Campe.

Coudry, *July* 28, 1836.

I am in the country, ten hours from Paris, in undisturbed solitude, with a fruitful peace of mind which I have no intention of breaking in upon—otherwise I would set before you clearly the mischances and disasters which beset me because of you, and your treatment of my last book. You have brought me much discomfort and trouble—but I will write you about that from Paris or from Boulogne whither I shall go again this year. I am so tired of work that I am longing for the sea more than ever. I have great plans for travel: I have stayed too long in Paris: there is much yet for me to see. . . .

Besides I must tell you, for it has been revealed to me from on high, that the firm of Hoffmann and Campe is to blame for the severity with which I have been treated. . . .

I am a hunted hound at present, occurrences the most

unforeseen and painful beset me, and all my literary interests have to suffer.

Thrice have I written half the preface to the "Salon," and thrice have I destroyed it—what is the good of writing when it will not be published. I am thinking of some extraordinary means of letting the public know about it. . . . I am of an age when my fingers are still itching to write. I have never made a trade of writing, and therefore I do not publish often, but what I do is good and I think I shall be judged accordingly.

Marseilles, *Oct.* 7, 1836.

You may offer up a cock to Aesculapius! I stood at the Gate of Death, but the Immortal Gods as a special favour granted me a little more life. When I wrote to you from Amiens I felt in myself the germ of the illness which seized me at once on my return journey to Paris; it was a terrible jaundice accompanied by cholera or some other ghastly disease. I did not eat or sleep for a week, nothing but vomiting and pains. I was ordered to Marseilles and arrived here yesterday, fairly well, but my nerves are very much strung up: I find it difficult to hold a pen. I shall not want to stay here more than a few days: the roar of the trafficking port has an ill effect upon me: Marseilles is French for Hamburg, which I cannot stand even in the best translation. . . .

Aix, *Nov.* 5, 1836.

I am writing these lines to you from Aix the former capital of the province, where I have stayed on my way back to

Paris; it is not possible for me, in accordance with my plans, to winter here: the doctors here are very bad, and my doctor in Paris is the only one in whom I have any confidence. I shall spend a melancholy winter, for I have not been able to bathe in the sea at all this year: I was still jaundiced at Marseilles, and am only free from it the last few days.—Not far from my window stands the statue of King René who had never a penny, and was always in need of money, like myself.

I shall be in Paris again in a fortnight, or at most three weeks, cursing this fruitless journey. The thought that I have not been able to bathe in the sea this year is enough to make me wretched.

To August Lewald.

Aix, *Nov.* 5, 1836.

. . . This letter is addressed from Aix, which is very remarkable as the former residence of the Counts of Provence and because of all sorts of historical events which took place here. I have been here a week, after being shipwrecked in the harbour of Marseilles upon a voyage to Italy. Three weeks ago I wanted to go to the Spanish coast, and the ship sprang a leak. It is written in the stars that I am to spend this winter in Paris: which annoys me much, for I have been suffering from jaundice for some time past, and the state of my health makes a milder climate advisable. On the Seine too I was in danger of being drowned not long ago: the steamer struck one of the banks, and the ladies on the deck screamed like mad, but I pacified them and called out: *Ne craignez rien, Mesdames, nous sommes tous sous la protection de la loi!*

But how could I drown, before I had received the answer of the *Bundestag* to my petition? Politeness alone demands that I should remain alive.

My dear friend, I have been very ill, and contrary to my habit, not in imagination, but in reality. Therefore I could not fulfil the promise I gave you. If you come to Paris for the Carnival I will explain everything. I shall be there again in a fortnight or three weeks. I see and hear nothing of Germany, and they might slay me there without my knowing anything about it.—I have not spoken a word of German for three months.

To Moses Moser.

Avignon, *Nov.* 8, 1836.

Will you be glad of the letter which you receive from me to-day, though the occasion of it was by no means joyful? Will you understand that the letter is the surest proof I could give you of the sureness of my friendship? Will you take it as a sign of a great character? I think so, and therefore I am writing to you, uneasily if you will, but not with animosity. It gives me a melancholy pleasure to be once more actually writing a letter to you and to know that my exalted mistress, the goddess of laziness, cannot prevent my doing so to-day. I have often thought of you, and when I lay very ill at Paris and in my sleepless nights of fever made a muster of all my friends to whom I could confidently entrust the execution of my last wishes, I found that I did not possess two of them upon the earth, and that I could only really count on you and perhaps on my brother Max, and therefore I turn to you to-day and the friend to whom I have not

written for years receives a letter from me to ask him for money. I am by a most tragical circumstance in such a need of money as you cannot conceive, for I am far from the few resources left to me after the shameful robbery practised upon me by private persons and public governments. I love you too much to distress you with a description of the need with which I am faced, nor will I do so in case you should not be in a position to grant my request, and you would then be doubly distressed. You can do me a great service by lending me 400 dollars at this moment of the most bitter time of passion of my life. That is all that I will tell you to-day. If you can spare this sum send it to me at Paris, and address the letter *Henri Heine, Cité Bergère M* 4, *à Paris*, it will then be sent on to me. As for my solvency, I must tell you that my affairs are at present in such a bad way that only a fool or a friend would lend me money now. I broke with my uncle, the millionaire, some time ago; I could not stand his meanness any longer. My French friends in their amiable frivolity have led me into heavy losses. Others have exploited me. I am not allowed to publish anything in Germany but tame poems and innocent tales, and I have very different things lying in my desk; that my pen should have been confiscated without trial is an encroachment upon the most indisputable rights of property, of literary property; it is flat robbery. But these people have only succeeded in ruining me financially.

I do not know, my dear Moser, if I am as much to you as I used to be. I only know that I have lost nothing of my own intrinsic value. If this were the case, I should not now be in terrible need of money; at least I should take refuge with people of another sort. Do not believe what is said of me; judge me by my actions. You should

not believe in any article which is not signed by myself. I am attacked and reviled by Christians and Jews alike; the Jews are up in arms against me because I did not draw the sword for their emancipation in Baden, Nassau, and other little hole and corner states. O, the short-sightedness of them! Only outside Rome can Carthage be defended. Have you too misunderstood me?

* * * * *

To August Lewald.

Lyon, *Nov.* 21, 1836.

I am anxious and longing for news from home. Please write to me soon, and the sooner because I do not know how long I shall stay in Paris. Indeed, I fear that I shall have to stay there until spring, for Mathilde complains loudly and I let myself be talked over easily. But I am always thinking of Spain and I am irresistibly drawn to Madrid. I want to read "Don Quixote" in la Mancha, and I hope to perfect myself in the making of assonance.

If you see Baron Cotta remember me to him; I have the highest regard for him, and I regard it as a great piece of fortune for all of us that he so worthily carries on his father's work.

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *Dec.* 20, 1836.

I cannot sleep at night sometimes when I think how my thoughts were murdered in the "Romantic School" and

the second part of the "Salon," and how I am forced to stammer now, I who used to speak out like a man. I have lately lost many thousands by ill-luck, but for all my loss of money I have never grieved so much as for those literary sufferings. My mother writes that I have published a book with a motto in which I have insulted Solomon Heine. Who invents such lies? I am on bad enough terms with my uncle. I am up to my ears in debts and he leaves me in the lurch. But I am not the sort of man to avenge myself by a single line for any misery that I may suffer. Thank God when I was writing my "Memoirs," in which he had often to be mentioned, we were on excellent terms and I have drawn him *con amore*. . . .

PARIS, *Jan.* 23, 1837.

I am forced in despair to make up my mind to write things which otherwise would have to lie for years in my desk, so that in my most pressing need I cannot reap the fruits of my industry. In all times of difficulty we blame others rather than ourselves, and so when my need of money is at its worst, I put all the blame on Julius Campe. I am at present, through a series of intangible events, in debt to the amount of 20,000 francs, and by God's help I shall wipe out the debt very soon. If instead of Julius Campe a Cotta were my publisher, I could make good the debt very soon with my pen. But you, Campe, with your stringencies have prevented rather than helped my writing, and you thought you had achieved a miracle when you persuaded me to accept payment such as is hardly offered to those who see in me their master and do not enjoy one-tenth part of my popularity. That is a secondary

matter, and in the more noble troubles which beset me to-day I have been able to mention it less offensively than at any other time. Is it not trouble enough for me that I have to answer Herr Menzel's unlimited calumnies in the most limited way? I hope that he sees by now which is the most useful to him, cowardice or courage, and that I shall drive him to the duelling-ground. He must be driven thither from all sides; I will fight with the greatest pleasure; it is a matter of chastising a traitor, at least through torturing fear. Farewell, and be always friendly towards me. I do continually pray to the good God to grant you long life, health, generosity and wealth, and I pray to Him to restore you courage, not your personal courage, of which I had never any doubt, but your publisher's courage. What a bold fellow you were once! You looked fearlessly into the black pits where the reporters in frightful activity . . . I draw your portrait now with a nightcap of proofs, in which every bold word is underlined with red chalk!

To August Lewald.

Paris, Jan. 25, 1837.

When one has too much to write to people, one ceases to write altogether; but necessity compels me to take up my pen to-day. . . . I must give your style the highest praise. I am a competent judge of style—only, on your life, do not grow careless and do not cease to study the turns of speech, and the framing of words of Lessing, Luther, Goethe, Varnhagen, and H. Heine; may God preserve this last classic!

You will have received through Herr —— the pretty

tapestry which Mathilde worked for you. She showed me by this troublesome and laborious work that she was very industrious and therefore faithful to me in my absence. She must have had as little lack of wooers as Penelope, who gave her husband when he returned a far more dubious proof of her loyalty. Or do you think that Madame Ulysses did really unravel at night the web which she spun during the day? She told this to the old man when he was surprised that there was no work done. The drab had spent day and night with her suitors and had only spun intrigues. You will hardly believe with what loving industry Mathilde worked at the tapestry when she knew that I intended it to be a present. We are both very happy living together, that is, I do not have a moment's peace day or night. . . . I have ever been of opinion that in love one must *possess*, and I have always been an opponent of the theory of renunciation; but there is this much of good in Platonic love that it does not prevent a man dreaming by day and sleeping by night, and in any case it is not very expensive.

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *March* 1, 1837.

I have received your letters of the 20th and 21st of February, and I hasten to answer the last at once. I expected you to be annoyed, and even very angry, but not unjust. Although I have a raging headache to-day I will prove to you how very friendly I have shown myself towards you.

I decided to write to my mother and to offer *you* the issuing of a collected edition of my works in ten years on the same conditions as I have to grant to Scheible.

PARIS, *March* 17, 1837.

I am busy day and night with my great book, the romance of my life, and now for the first time I feel the full value of the papers that were lost in the fire at my mother's house. I had intended to publish this book later, but, excited by the idea of the collected edition of my works, it is to be the next book given to the public, nothing shall appear before it. I told you in my last letter that I am glad to be able to offer you such a book. With this book, which surpasses all the earlier ones in interest, unless it has already disappeared, I will make you forget your annoyance with me, which I excited perhaps through being pressed by need of money, at the time when I offered you the publishing of my collected edition. You know that I am no braggart, and I am able to prophesy the most extraordinary results, for I know the public and I know exactly about what persons, circumstances and events it will provide instruction and entertainment. I have told you that you may draw up a contract with me now for this book.

PARIS, *May* 3, 1837.

I do not know if I have already told you that I have written this winter an introduction for "Don Quixote" for Herr Hvas, the agent of a society hitherto unknown to me; he gave me 1000 francs for it, and unfortunately he received the very worst thing I have ever written. I will write to Varnhagen soon about the prospectus. I must also answer an urgent letter from

him asking me for Rahel's letters. He does not know that they were burned, perhaps more than fifty of them, at my mother's. But I have some other letters which she wrote me here about Saint Simonianism, the most important that ever came from her pen. I am thinking of using them for the story of my life in which I am introducing that remarkable woman elaborately. I have not been able to work much for the last fortnight—men and women, stories of both, love-words and duels. . . .

Paris, beautiful Paris, so molests and annoys me at present that I shall be glad to be able to leave it. I should have gone away already were it not that I am hourly expecting to hear from you the result of my preface. But so far you have written me not a single word, and you must know that my anxiety is not lessened by your silence. I expect to be here until next Tuesday, and until then I shall hope to hear from you. This time I am going for some time to Brittany instead of Normandy, and if I find a habitable place by the sea. I shall bathe and stay there till the winter. I need solitude for my work; a number of annoying adventures have prevented my writing a single intelligent word in the last four weeks; and I am constrained to end my life—the written one.

PARIS, *May* 10, 1837.

I am on very bad terms with my uncle Solomon Heine. Last year he insulted me in such a way as is less tolerable in maturity than to early youth. It is bad enough that this man, who, as I hear, founds institutions to set ruined buisness men on their feet, lets his nephew with his wife and child go hungry in a condition of necessity which is

no fault of their own.—I say *wife* and child, but by the first word I mean something nobler than a spouse tied to a man by the chains of money and priests.

Probably I shall not write to you until I get to the sea. The preface to "Don Quixote" which I wrote this winter for Herr Hvas, who now calls himself "Publisher of the Classics," must have appeared at last. I did it for money as you will see in the wretched style of the thing. I am damned little use as a hack writer. Please contradict everywhere the rumour that I am going to settle at Stuttgart: it is important for me. Even Cotta, as I learn from a letter I have just received, seems to believe it. Good-bye and write much to me and think kindly and well of me. I am yours with all my heart.

To August Lewald.

Granville, *June* 2, 1837.

I left Paris some weeks ago and I have been rushing through Brittany, partly for fishing, partly to see the coast, which is interesting for the historian, especially with regard to the war of *la Vendée*. I like studying history on the spot. Mathilde has insisted this year on travelling with me instead of enjoying the summer at home in the village with her mother. But her companionship is difficult because of the dear creature's wildness, which is a constant source of trouble to me.

I am at present writing a series of letters addressed to August Lewald, in which I am discussing humorously the fundamental reasons for the difference between the French and German theatres. I have no news from Germany,

as is comprehensible, I read no newspapers and I get no literary news.

To Maximilian Heine.

Havre-de-grace, *Aug.* 5, 1837 (I think).

I received mother's letter a few hours before I left Paris. She told me that probably you would arrange a meeting in London. I went to Boulogne-sur-mer and gave orders in Paris that my letters should be sent on there. But a number of annoyances which assailed me at once at Boulogne, compelled me to go to Havre to have the bathing which is so necessary for me. Whether I shall be able to stand this for many weeks I do not know, but I can tell you this much, that I cannot go to London this year, and I hasten to tell you so, in case you should have appointed a rendezvous in your letter which has not yet reached me. I am much distressed about it. I would have loved to see you once again. I say once again for I am oppressed by a sad foreboding that I shall be gone from the world without seeing you again with mortal eyes. I do always see you with the eyes of the spirit, for you are the only man who can understand me without my saying a word, and the only man for whom I need not explain at length how all the troubles of my life have arisen not through my own fault, but as a necessary consequence of my social position and my intellectual gifts. You know that greatness of character and talent are not pardoned in our time if the possessor of them will not purchase pardon of high and low for this crime by a number of petty meannesses!

Please say nothing of this letter to mother, for she might

be distressed by the tone of it. You see, how right I was not to write to you, for I cannot say to you what is definite, and what is indefinite would only have caused you endless sorrow, being far from me as you are. I hope you will not believe what is said of me at Hamburg. I hope that you believe least of all the mean things which you may hear said of me at Uncle Heine's house.

In that house there has always prevailed an *aria cattiva* which has tainted my good name. Every worm that wished to gnaw at my good name found the richest fare in that house.

But care is taken that the temple of my fame should not be built on the *Jungfernsteig* or at *Ottensee*, and one of my uncle's toadies and protégés has been installed as High Priest of my fame.

So, whatever my uncle may tell you about me, you should not take it literally. At the time when I was brought to a bitter extremity by sickness (I had jaundice as well) and misfortune that was not my fault, I wrote to uncle in a tone which should have rather called for pity than anger, and yet it only excited anger in him. This is all the reason that he has to complain of me! For the few thousand francs that I cost him hardly justify him in complaining of me, he, the millionaire, the greatest millionaire of Hamburg, whose generosity—enough!

You know that I loved this man as my own father, and now I must—enough! But most I am hurt by the opinion of the world which cannot explain my uncle's hardness, otherwise than by some scurvy action with which I am reproached in my family, but of which nothing is said in public . . . Ah! if I would play a scurvy trick or two I should stand well with the whole world and—enough!

Good-bye, and if you have an idle hour write to me.

I am well: physically I am almost without suffering, except in my left hand, which is crippled up to my elbow. I am growing very stout. When I look at myself in the mirror I am afraid. I look exactly like my father at the time when he was beginning to be no longer handsome. I am writing much. My most important work is my Memoirs, but they will not appear soon. I should like best for them to be published after my death!

HAVRE-DE-GRACE, *Aug.* 29, 1837.

I am only here for a few more days, but I do not know if I shall then go straight back to Paris. My sea-bathing cure has gone wrong again. Last year I could not bathe because I had jaundice. This year, perhaps, because I have been a prey to so many aches and pains lately, the fifteen baths which I have taken so far have done me no good. I am suffering from headache again. It has plagued me for three days and makes me unfit for work. And new ills give signs of coming into being. But I am eight years older since we last saw each other and in the sedentary life which I lead, and in the spiritual and physical upheavals of these last years, the advance guard of decrepitude has taken up its stand. My youth is gone, and after great campaigns a man has the right to be weary. I will write to Uncle by the next steamer. The very thought of such a letter rouses all the anger in my soul. By God, it is not Uncle but I who have cause to complain. I have been shamed by the cruellest insults and I am to ask for pardon. There is no sacrifice that I am not prepared to make for this man and even had he

caused me ten times as much sorrow as he has I would have pardoned him, but it is cruelly hard that I am to say nothing of the crying injustice that he has done me. I am not a deceitful man, as my father used to say, and I can only say what I really feel. With what can he reproach me other than disrespect in words, not in deeds, and that only once in all my life, and he ought to know that we are all of a quick temper and regret the next moment any injurious thing we may have said. In truth I have not needed the support of my family in the position which I have attained in the world, but I cannot understand that my family has never felt the need of advancing my position even in the smallest things. On the contrary, those men who were notorious as opponents of my fame were welcomed in my Uncle's house. A miserable worm, the doctor who attacked me in the most vulgar fashion, was, as I have been told lately, invited to my Uncle's house, and my Uncle gave old Mamsell Spechter, to whom he was engaged to be married, a dowry. These vermin were well matched, for, as I knew through Campe, there was never any more shameful decrying of myself as a writer during my sojourn in Hamburg than at the Spechters' house. That is only an example. We will see whether I am right or you? Write me much while you are away in Russia, and especially give me detailed news of mother. I shall probably never see you again!

You know, I suppose, what arrangement I have made with Campe. I have sold him all my works so far for eleven years for 20,000 francs. It was a bad time for me then. I was placed in a hopeless position by the extraordinary meanness of a friend for whom I had stood as a guarantee, and deposited money. I only succeeded by the greatest effort in meeting that demand and in avoiding an

exposure to my enemies. That was the chief thing. Good-bye. Act for your brother, who loves you much.

To Solomon Heine.

Havre-de-Grace, *Sept.* 1, 1837.

I am surprised and much grieved to see from my brother Max's letter that you are still nursing a grievance against me, and still think yourself justified in voicing bitter complaints of me, and my brother in his enthusiasm for you urges me to write to you in a spirit of love and obedience, and to remove for ever a misunderstanding which provides the world with material for so much scandal. The scandal does not bother me much, and I care nothing whether the world accuse me unjustly of lack of affection or of ingratitude. My conscience is clear, and I have besides taken care that when we are all in our graves my whole life shall be known for what it has been. But, my dear Uncle, I do care about dissipating the disaffection with which your heart is filled for me, and about winning you back to your former kindly disposition. To do this is the greatest need of my soul, and I ask this love of you. I implore you with the submissiveness which I have felt towards you, and which I have only once outstepped in my life—only once, and that at a time when the most unmerited misfortunes had cruelly embittered me, and my dreadful sickness, jaundice, had twisted my whole being and inspired me with fears of which you can have no suspicion. And then I have never injured you, but with words, and you know that in our family, with our frank and quick-tempered character, angry words do not matter much, and are surely regretted the next moment, if not

already forgotten. Who can know that better than you, my dear Uncle, at whose angry words one would be mortally afraid if one did not know that they come from the heart and that your heart is full of kindness, gentleness, and magnanimity. I should not for long worry about your words, even if they were not so angry, but it does most cruelly hurt me, it wounds me, it pains me, to find the incomprehensible, unnatural hardness which is now shown in your heart. I say unnatural hardness, for it is contrary to your nature. There must be cursed insinuations at work, there is a secret influence which, perhaps, neither of us has ever suspected, which is the more annoying since my suspicions might fall upon any one in your circle, upon even your best friends and our relations.—I cannot be happy about it, and this family unhappiness must oppress me more than any other, and you will understand how necessary it is for me to be released from it. You can have no idea how unhappy I am at present—unhappy entirely without any fault of my own. Indeed, I owe my troubles to my better qualities, which rend me and are near destroying me. I have, day by day, to combat the most unheard of persecutions in order to keep the ground under my feet. You do not know the sneaking intrigues which remain after the wild upheavals of party struggles to poison all the sources of life for me. What keeps me on my feet is the pride of the intellectual superiority which is mine by birth and the consciousness that no man in the world can take a finer revenge with fewer strokes of the pen than I for any wrong, open or secret, which is done me.

But tell me what is the fundamental reason for the curse which falls upon all men of great genius? Why does the lightning of unhappiness strike most often the

lofty spirits, the towers of humanity, while it so compassionately spares the humble thatched roofs of mediocrity? Tell me, why a man reaps sorrow when he sows love? Tell me, why the man who is so gentle, so compassionate, so full of pity towards strangers, treats his own nephew so harshly?

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *Sept.* 15, 1837.

I left Havre a week ago, troubled with a soreness of the eyes which seems to grow worse with almost every hour. When I arrived here I could see nothing with my right eye and very little with my left. The best optician here, Sichel, has so far restored me that I am able to go out to-day and to write. But I am not yet able to see the letters. I am as weak as a fly; I have let blood every day, and I have eaten nothing until this morning.

To J. H. Detmold.

Paris, *Sept.* 17, 1837.

My eyes are getting better, but I am in a lamentable condition in every way. My passion for Mathilde grows more chronic every day: she is well—now she troubles me more in my dreams than in reality—but the trouble of my dreams and my grim thoughts of the future embitter my days. I enjoy in full draughts the sorrows of possession—I was lately in her village and experienced the most incredible idyll. Her mother gave me Mathilde's first little

chemise, and this sad little piece of linen is at present lying in front of me on my writing-table. . . .

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *Dec.* 19, 1837.

The New Year is knocking at the door, and to-day I am sending you my good wishes. May Heaven preserve you cheerful and in good health. You and your family, among whom I reckon also the authors whom you publish. The greatest evil is sickness. I have observed that lately, especially on account of my eyes, which have been darkened again for some days. I follow carefully the doctor's prescriptions, and let the dear God of German literature look after the rest. Except for a melancholy mood I am well and strong. I fight doughtily the fight of life, but not joyously. . . . Many unforeseen things oppress me, and the ceaseless struggle is burdensome, horribly burdensome, to me.

From Berlin I hear that people are only angry with Campe, and are only awaiting the least sign from me in order to show me how gladly they would climb down. You will see that it is very politic of me to hesitate about giving such a sign until I know for certain when you are really going to begin to publish my collected edition; and the longer I put it off the more gently disposed to me I find the excited hordes, and the less do I fall under the suspicion of showing my moderation to gain private advantage. The political excitement has for the last few years been so much concerned with myself that in truth I do not now need to make concessions, and it is only a question of defending myself against the suspicion of

having been influenced from outside, and having been won over by money and flattery. God knows that I could not be led by the one or the other to write one single syllable against my inner conviction. It is not enough to be honest : a man has to defend himself against any suspicion of dishonesty.

CHAPTER XII
LITERARY PROJECTS

To J. H. Detmold.

Paris, *Sept.* 17, 1837.

I have not been able to carry out our plan of making a compilation of good German writers, and I have been talking about it to-day to Heideloff, who is still sanguine about the undertaking. He wishes to publish an edition in two large volumes. I told him that I would carry out the undertaking jointly with him, and that you would send me from Hanover excerpts from German authors with brief biographical notes. . . . Send me an outline of what you would undertake for the work. I am of the opinion that we should include only a few poems, making about an eighth of the whole, and mostly poems of late new authors, great and bright in spirit, and only very few melancholy Christian poems. Especially we must aim at promoting a tendency towards universal patriotism, and greater freedom from sentiment. We must select the prose pieces in the same spirit. The older authors must in tendency seem to be the dawn of Young Germany, and I intend in conclusion to devote nearly a quarter of the whole book to Young Germany of the present day. You

will so easily grasp what to give of these authors. I shall include also the most secondary writers of the movement, partly to show that the flock is rich in numbers, partly to promote the interests of our own party. In this way the book will lose the usual character of a compilation and will be ennobled by higher aims.

PARIS, *Oct.* 3, 1837.

In any case the project of the anthology shall be carried out. I am weighing carefully your observations. I have not yet thought of the title of the book. But I think it will be called something like: "Examples of German Literature since the birth of Goethe." And no one will be included who died before Goethe's birth or does not come into the period that began with Goethe. I leave it to you to select the writers before the romantic period. At most, twelve or fifteen of the romantics will be included. We will choose a dozen of the dramatic poets of the period of Art: Schiller, Werner, Kleist, Immermann, Œhlenschläger, Müllner, Heine, Grabbe, &c. Finally we will not include all the men of the New Literature (you are right about that), but the most distinguished of them and there are about twenty whom we could take to fulfil my object.

To AUGUST LEWALD.

Jan. 1, 1838, about eight o'clock.

Urged thereto by certain Young Germans, I have been busy for the last two months with carrying out a project for an almanack, and at first I thought to realise the

scheme in the most brilliant fashion with Rettner, art publisher, but I had to leave Rettner, and a fortnight ago I found a much finer man to publish the most brilliant keepsake which the German world has ever seen, and already large sums have been subscribed for it. As the keepsake is only concerned with *belles lettres* and intellectual stuff, I don't think that Prussia will forbid it, if I print my name on the title-page as its editor. At the worst it will not matter if it is forbidden as Prussia does not buy expensive books. Austria, my dear Austria buys more.

To J. H. Detmold.

Paris, *Jan.* 16, 1838.

I wrote you about my project with Heideloff that he wants me to keep it until the New Year. At present it does not matter much one way or the other, for I am occupied with far more important undertakings. I will write you about them very soon and you will be forced to admire my practical good sense.

To Varnhagen von Ense.

Paris, *Feb.* 12, 1838.

Unless I am deceived about all the signs, the time seems to have arrived when the old misunderstandings can be dissipated, and the Prussian Government no longer stands in the way of carrying out an old project, that of founding a German paper in Paris. If, my dear Varnhagen, you should wish to do more than merely send my letter on to

Baron Werther, if you should be not unwilling to speak to him also about the matter in hand, you can promise him in my name every possible guarantee (compatible with honour). As you know, I subscribe to everything that your judgment dictates. But we must act quickly, for I hear that others are promoting a similar scheme.

I am strangely moved as I write to you to-day! O, that I might have the happiness of seeing you again! The exchange of ideas by letter is not necessary for us, for our minds run in the same channels, and sooner or later we come together in the same river.

Hardly had I posted my letter yesterday than it occurred to me that I had said nothing about the projected paper or its character. The idea upon which it is based and will be conducted, is this: that Paris and London are the pivots of all political movements, and that therefore correspondence from both places is the chief matter in all the German papers: now instead of giving a few letters fabricated at home, like them, I could easily supply three times the number of such communications, and have the advantage of there being no doubt as to the authenticity of their origin. Upon this my hopes of the circulation in Germany is based. It is absolutely assured in Prussia and Austria, though it will not be large. As for the guarantees which I can give to satisfy the Prussian Government, I will only make this observation: I shall support the monarchical principle as I have done with conviction ever since the July Revolution. . . . I shall take my Prussian news only from papers which have passed the Prussian censorship. But if I were allowed to publish private correspondence from Prussia I should never risk incurring the displeasure of the Government in my choice of it. I know as little as I care about the interests of the old

Prussian provinces, and it would need no self-restraint on my part, either to say nothing at all about it or to report the opinions of others. It is otherwise with the Rhine provinces. There the bird is at home. I do care about that soil, and it is as much a necessity for me as it is a duty to speak my mind fully about events in my native country. I must be allowed to speak without restraint. But the Prussian Government may rest assured that in the present position of affairs in the Rhine country all my sympathies are with Prussia, and that I have never denied Prussia's claims upon this bastard land which was first won for Germany and brought up in German ways by Prussia. . . .

Dr. Kolb once reported in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* a definite utterance of mine against the German Revolutionaries in the year 1832: "You rascals have nothing to lose if the French take the Rhine provinces, but I stand to lose three million readers."

To August Lewald.

Paris, *March* 11, 1838.

What happiness it is to possess a friend to whom one can reveal his most vital interests without any fear that he may fail to recognise the spiritual and ideal quality underlying them! . . . So when you hear the rumour that I am editing a *Pariser Zeitung* you will have guessed the truth, that I want on the one hand to make money to carry on my war, and, on the other, that in this war I am going to build a formidable bastion from which I can best direct the fire of my cannon. I have made peace with the Governments (if you cannot hew a hand off, you must kiss

it) and I shall now use my sword not on the political but on the literary field of battle. . . . I am counting much, very very much on calling myself editor-in-chief of the *Pariser Zeitung*—every one assures me that the title not only sounds brilliant, but will inspire confidence and ensure a circulation. You have no idea how my fellow countrymen congratulated me when it was first bruited, that I was to edit a German paper, and how willing every one is to serve under my banner and how I am regarded as the most proper person for such an undertaking. But I am counting more upon the sources of help which I have from the advertisements and my knowledge of the backstair part of journalism, than upon the talisman of my name or the resources of my talent.

The *Pariser Zeitung* is written in Paris, edited in Paris; its editorial office is in Paris, and on the German frontier is a printing press where it is printed and sent out. . . .

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *March* 30, 1838.

I have been suffering from depression of spirits for the last three months, such a fit as I have never known before. This business which taxed all my energies is to blame for my not having written to you before. . . . This business was no less than the founding of a German paper in Paris, for which I have intellectual and material matter to hand exceeding anything that it is possible to dream—there needed only the procuring from Prussia of a definite assurance that they would allow the paper to circulate in Prussian states—and I had reason to hope that I should be granted everything that I asked honestly and in reason.

But to my astonishment the old animosity is not altogether dead yet, and my claims were not met so unconditionally as I had hoped. They will not give me any definite permission, and my plans are ruined.

I have a request to make of you. . . . I am not averse (partly in order to found an organ for myself, partly in order to exploit to my advantage the desire for periodical publications as well as other people), from publishing a monthly sheet called "Paris and London," or "London and Paris, a monthly journal, by Heinrich Heine." Every month six or eight sheets must appear through you at Hamburg. I should publish this periodical on my own account, and I want to know how much it would cost and how much commission you would charge me. Well, good-bye, and rest assured that I do most sincerely consider your interests. I shall be sorry, if you are not satisfied with me. But you know by the histories of the most gifted writers that we cannot always do as we wish. . . .

To Varnhagen von Ense.

Paris, *March* 31, 1838.

I have to thank you for your very kind efforts on behalf of my poor still-born paper. You are right: there has been some use in these futile negotiations—what is best and dearest to me is that I have had occasion once more to try your friendship and to revive your memory of me.

As for Rahel's letters to me, you do not seem to know that a great and irreparable misfortune has happened to them: there was a packet of more than twenty letters (although I never wrote direct to her, she used always to enclose in your letters a more or less lengthy note) and

they were burned together with all the other papers that I had left in my mother's house at Hamburg, which was burned out. It is strange that the time is not yet come, and certainly will not come for long, when I can freely say everything that Rahel confessed in times of emotion from the bottom of her heart.

I abandoned my journalistic project, as I say, as soon as I had your letter; for being so insecurely placed in relation to the Prussian Government I could not risk a capital of 150,000 francs which a friend was willing to give me for the undertaking. But I have not been able to give up all thought of the project, and I am busy with a very ingenious alteration of it, of which I will write you soon.

To August Lewald.

Paris, *April 2*, 1838.

I am ill, two-fold, for Mathilde, still unwell, is at her *maison de santé*. I was waiting from day to day for a definite answer from Berlin, and on receipt of it some one was to have gone ten days ago to Berlin to set my affairs in order—and by a strange mischance he has not yet been able to go. That explains my silence, which you must not put down to indifference about my journalistic project, or regard as an abandonment of it. I cling to my idea, as I explained it to you, as the most ingenious combination—the publication of a German paper in Paris, to be edited in Paris and printed on the frontier, so that it would not have to pay either stamp duty or a high freight, and yet should have the appearance of a Parisian newspaper and would be able to beat all the other German papers by its great resources.

CHAPTER XIII
FRIENDS AND ENEMIES

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *Jan.* 16, 1838.

These are the first few words I have written for four weeks. My eye trouble became serious again, and my doctor forbade me to read and write. Writing is difficult for me and I can only scribble you just what I must say.

I am pleased with what you say about a "*Jahrbuch über Litteratur.*" I shall be glad to contribute to it, and perhaps I may choose for it a piece of writing which may give the book at once a most extraordinary vogue. To-morrow I will write to Gutzkow; I love him much, but may the devil take him, only in gentle fashion and with due respect, for he is a very excellent sinner, he grumbles at all the world and provokes hostility where if he would only wait quietly and had three grains of patience he might expect the most valuable friendship and comradeship. I will write to him to-morrow, anyhow; please thank him in my name, for the interest he takes in me.

To Karl Gutzkow.

Granville, *Aug.* 23, 1838.

My very good friend, I have to offer you my most sincere thanks for your letter of the sixth. I wrote to Campe on receipt of it and urged him not to send the second volume of the "Book of Songs," the supplement, to press. I shall not publish it until I have revised it again and given it an appropriate supplement. You may be right in thinking that certain poems in it might be used by my opponents; for they are as hypocritical as they are cowardly. But so far as I know there is not one of the exceptionable poems which has not already been printed in the first part of the "Salon"; the new supplement is, so far as I can recollect, of an inoffensive character. I do not think I shall have to reject a single one of these poems in later editions and I shall print them with a good conscience, as I would print the "Satirium" of Petronius or the "Roman Elegies of Goethe," had I written those master-pieces, and like the "Elegies" my poems are not food for the masses. You are on the wrong tack in this connection. Only cultured minds, which can take an intellectual delight in the artistic treatment of a wicked and all too natural subject, can find pleasure in these poems. Very few Germans are able to express an individual judgment of these poems since the subject of them, the abnormal amours of a madhouse such as Paris, is unknown to them. The autonomy of art is called in question, not the moral needs of a respectable married citizen of a corner of Germany. My motto is: "Art for art's sake, Love for Love's sake, and Life for Life's sake."

What you say about the younger off-shoots of our literature is very interesting. However, I am not afraid of the criticism of these people. If they are intelligent then they know that I am their best prop, and they must praise me as their own in their attack on the ancients. If they are not intelligent—then they are certainly not dangerous! I am not nearly so careless as you think. I am trying to fortify my mind for the future; not long ago I read the whole of Shakespeare, and now, by the sea, I am reading the Bible. As for public opinion of my earlier writings it depends so much upon such a sequence and concurrence of things that I cannot have much to do with it myself. But I do honestly confess that the great interests of European life always interest me far more than my own books—*que Dieu les prenne en sa sainte ét digne garde*! Good-bye. Thank you again for the kindness with which you have pointed out the motes you have noticed in my eye. I do heartily wish that you would come to Paris. I will write to Campe soon about your projected year-books. I hope that you will procure Laube for it also, for you are not quite done for him as you are for Mundt, &c. It is not your fault indeed that you are not quite done for me!

I have much to find fault within you, but much less in your "Seraphine," which is one of the aforesaid excellent works of art.

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *Dec.* 19, 1838.

The weakness of my eyes is to blame for my not having written to you before. I have almost always to dictate, and ill-humour looks far worse when it is dictated than

when it is written with one's own hand. But I must write to you at length to-day, for I have just received the *Schwabenspiegel*. I have been sold and betrayed again, or at least my interests have been sacrificed to the most wretched considerations, if not to the most frivolous private caprice. You had already sinned enough against me by consenting, without my knowledge, to the mutilation of the second part of the "Salon" and the "Romantic School"—and now I am writing stuff the most inoffensive to politicians or the censor, a showing up of my personal enemies; and even in such small work as this the most irritating excisions have been made, excisions in the most important passages, and almost malignantly done; so that for once in a way I cannot believe in the stupidity of the censorship. In such a piece of work, in which I have attacked personal injustice with all my force, every letter should have been sacred to you! By God! I have put up with it for the last time. I will take steps to see that it does not occur again, and if it does happen I will find some means of conveying my work to the public exactly as I wrote it. I can supply the deficiencies from memory. As if it were not enough that the printing of the book was delayed through your fault for nine months, and I had to pay through the nose for my precious satisfaction, which had its value even for the moment! The refusal to print at Giessen is easy to understand. Such a thing would be impossible at any reasonable printing works; in any case you might have known something definite in a week. All the diplomats here swear that there is no animosity to be feared at home either towards myself or towards any of the children of my mind which I may wish to send out into the world.

I will write to you presently. I am now too angry, too indignant. . . .

PARIS, *April* 12, 1839.

I will certainly postpone the publication of my Memoirs. I want to publish one precious little book called "Ludwig Börne" this autumn, but there must be no excision from it. If Gutzkow has nothing good to say of myself personally in the *Telegraph*, then do you try to get him to say nothing at all. He may say what he likes about the æsthetic value of my work. But if he is impelled by his evil genius to disparage me or to attack me unscrupulously, then let him do so in a book or a newspaper which is not published under Campe's name. You may be sure that I should not be so weak as ever again to give you a line of my writing for publication if the annoyance continued. . . . But I am with scanty information, and I beg your pardon if I am doing you or Gutzkow an injustice—but it is necessary for me now not to conceal my thoughts. Perhaps it is wholesome.

As you told me some time ago that Gutzkow was writing a biography of Börne, I think it necessary to observe that my little book about Börne is not a biography, but is only intended to be a description of personal contact with him in times of storm and stress, and to be really a picture of that period of storm and stress. I have already written two-thirds of it. Tell me, when does Gutzkow's "Börne" appear? Could I have it in about six weeks? I should be very glad to make a note of it in my own book. We shall not come into collision in any case (do not forget to tell Gutzkow so). I have at my disposal, through personal intimacy and my own experi-

ences in Paris, altogether different material; but I shall revise the book again carefully, so that it may be as witty as possible.

To Gustav Kühne.

Paris, *May* 19, 1839.

Thank you for your care of my interests and for the zeal expressed in your last letter. Things are going splendidly. The Hamburg clique will soon be broken up; the rascals are quarrelling among themselves, and I am waiting to see what Campe will do. It is all to the good that Gutzkow and his squire are going for him. It is to the good also that Gutzkow has dropped his mask, and I think I shall make this hanger-on of Menzel's impotent against others as well as myself. What Gutzkow has done must be made quite clear to the public, and, bearing this in mind, I shall answer his attacks word for word although they have not injured me in the least. Unfortunately, I have much to do and shall not be able to send you my rebuff of Gutzkow, which is to form the second number of the "Troubles of a Writer," until a fortnight from now.

To Heinrich Laube.

Granville, *May* 14, 1839.

I hope you are both beginning to feel at ease in the wilderness of Paris. As for me, I am literally like a fish in water, for I have begun to bathe, and if I do not actually swim in the sea I loll about on the shore and look at the

clouds and listen to the roar of the waves—and weave schemes. I hope you have already sent off your Gutzkowiad. As for my own, I have still to write it—a weary and dreary occupation; painful, too, on account of my eyes, which have been aching again during the last week. But

> "His hash is settled, he is done for—
> The Lord will commend his servants."

My wife and goddess is well, and commissions me, when I write, to give greeting to "Monsieur Laube et sa dame." She has gone to Mass at present . . . very gay!

To Varnhagen von Ense.

Paris, *February* 5, 1840.

I have just heard of the new loss that you have suffered, and although I am stunned by it and do not know what to say, I hasten to write to you. Dear Heaven! Words do altogether fail me, and it were best to press your hand in silence. I feel what you will suffer now, my poor friend, when you have hardly surmounted your earlier afflictions. I knew the dear lady very well; she always took a most kind interest in me; she was so like you in her thoughtfulness and gentleness, and although I did not see her very often I counted her among the intimate circle of my trusted friends, one of those between whom and myself there was understanding without speech. Dear God, how this circle, this silent community, has disappeared during the last ten years! One after another gone to rest. We shed fruitless tears for them—until we, too, depart. The tears which then flow for us will not be so hot, for

the newer generation knows neither what we have willed nor what we have suffered.

And how could they have known us? We have never revealed our own secret, and we never will reveal it, and we go down into the grave with sealed lips! She and I, we understood each other by our glances; we looked at each other and knew what was passing in each other—the language of the eyes will soon be lost, and the written monuments that we leave behind, such as Rahel's Letters, will only be indecipherable hieroglyphics for those who come after us. I know that and I think of that at every new death. . . . I cannot write intelligently, my dear Varnhagen; when I am calm again I will tell you how I fare.

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *Feb.* 18, 1840.

The eager expectation and curiosity with which my "Börne" is already expected, troubles me a little; the more so as no book of mine has appeared for a long time. I have, therefore, decided to make a particular sacrifice, and I have detached a part of my diaries, which are an integral part of my "Memoirs," describing the period of enthusiasm of 1830, and can be inserted in my "Börne" between the first and second books; this, as you will see, will lend increased interest to the whole book. I am quite calm now, and I believe that my "Börne" will be recognised as the best work that I have written. The work will consist, therefore, of five books instead of four; it will be larger by a quarter, for this interpolated book covers far more than five sheets. A long quotation will be expunged

and the most pregnant surprising effect will be produced. Is not this addition a great sacrifice, and do I show any greed for gain in it? You see I am doing everything for the book's sake, and I am sacrificing to it not only the regular payment for five or six sheets, but also the far more incalculable interests of one of my most precious manuscripts. You know very well what an infinite advantage it is for you that not a line of a book should be printed beforehand. This is the case with the "Börne" and you have this advantage even if you pay twice as much for it as for the "French Affairs," which was previously printed in all the political papers, or for "The Romantic School," which was really a new edition of a book which had been in existence for a year and a day, or for the "Salon," most of which had been previously printed and well paid for in France and Germany. But why tell you of things which you already know, as you know, too, that my new book will have an enduring historical value as well as the charm of a humorous book of entertainment, and will be enjoyed by the people of the present far more than my feebly fantastic writings. . . . You told me in your last letter that Gutzkow's books find no sale, and that he is not read by the masses. Good God! You had no need to tell me that. I know that . . . Dear Campe; if one has no heart, one cannot write for the masses. . . .

PARIS, *March* 18, 1840.

I am working on a book, entitled, "The July Revolution." I shall publish part of it in the *Revue des deux Mondes* and the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and shall charge you less for it. I have long wanted to come to terms with you

about another book, as I must sooner or later discuss the title with you. I may as well do so at once. I have a book about French art which I intended for a French journal, but I intend it to form a whole book with the letters on the Theatre which I wrote three years ago for Lewald (please keep this a profound secret). I have already thought out a very fine introduction, and now I do not know whether I shall call the book "French Art," or add it to the "Salon" as a fourth volume? The "Salon" would then consist of four volumes, to run parallel with the "Travel Pictures." I am not very keen about the title "French Art," as there is already my "French Affairs." Also, with a new edition of the "Salon" I should be able with what is new in it better to arrange the parts of it. If you agree, you shall have the manuscript soon. The book contains no great amount of bloodshed, nor any uproar of the world, and although it will find its public as a book of mine you shall have it cheap.

PARIS, *April* 18, 1840.

Do all that you can for the "Börne" and do not print too many copies, so that I may be recompensed by a second edition for the unlimited trouble I have taken. I hope that the printing will be done as carefully as possible, and that nothing will be suppressed except the passage about the King of Bavaria. I must give you a free hand —but I must once more call your attention to the fact that the book, in spite of some strong expressions, is fundamentally not of a sort to annoy the Governments; least of all should the Prussians be offended, and you will certainly not be prosecuted on account of this book. Do

not show the book to anybody, and have it published suddenly. At the risk of being misunderstood I have put forward all my own doctrines in the book, and the revolutionaries will be more incensed with us than the Governments, because I twit them, without any positive allegation, of expressing my own ideas. The book consists of twenty-one sheets, and you can print it confidently without submitting it to the censor. You run no risk. But do not let slip a word of the book's contents before it appears. I repeat that when I was writing the book I had in my mind's eye your troubles with the censorship, so that I censored it myself very conscientiously, and am a little afraid that I have excised too much of the good in it. Please see to it that public opinion is not misled in this matter. I would rather give up writing books for ever than be accused of servility. I am well and as cheerful as it is possible to be, burdened as I am with so much work and so much trouble. Good-bye, and do you guard my interests conscientiously. I promise to do the same for you.

I have been busy since early this morning with working on the manuscript of the fourth part of the "Salon." To satisfy you at once I hasten to tell you the bare facts before the post goes. The fourth part consists of:

(1) An unpublished picture of manners, of which I had only a fragment (the rest was burned in my mother's house) and which I am going to complete. I am finishing it now as best I can; it will take up seven or eight sheets and I will send you the manuscript in two batches by letter post. I will send you the first part to-morrow so that you can begin to print it at once.

(2) One or two sheets of new poems.

(3) The letter from Lewald's *Theatre Review*, of which

I have at present only one half; the later ones are missing, but I shall have them soon.

The title of the first portion of the fourth part of the "Salon" is pasted on; but in case the sheet should be lost I tell you once more that the title is

THE RABBI OF BACHARACH:

A Fragment.

I wrote this picture of the Middle Ages fifteen years ago, and what I am including here is only the introduction of the book which was burned in my mother's house—perhaps it was as well for me, for in the sequel there were the most heretical views, which would have provoked an outcry among Jews and Christians alike.

I hope you will like the "Rabbi," and I believe the subject will touch contemporary interests and sympathies; at the least the book will occupy an honest position as a remarkably original work among my other books. The poems which I include, some twenty of them, are not rubbish.

To August Lewald.

Granville, *Aug.* 31, 1840.

I hear now that Gutzkow has opened up the arsenal of his perfidy on the appearance of my book on Börne in order to injure me in public opinion, and in order to further by reaction the interests of the book that he is about to publish on the same subject. It would take too long and would upset my temper to tell you in full how he has

succeeded in winning Campe over and fleecing him to my disadvantage.

You have no idea what a welter of infamies there are which I will tell you as soon as I see you again; for I always seem to be expecting you to-morrow. But you know the literary sewers of Hamburg and Germany too well not to guess the greater part of them. In the present state of anarchy of our newspapers the noble Gutzkow will easily succeed through his gang in the German papers in smuggling in a number of treacherous little articles. You must counteract the mischief, and I leave it to your wisdom to find the means of doing so. I live abroad, and am not connected with anybody in literature. I am quite alone and the anonymous press can therefore besmirch my name with the greatest ease. Strike *quickly* therefore; every delay brings danger.

Mathilde has become a good housewife, in spite of her crazy temper, and our domestic life is as moral as the best in *Krähwinkel.* The fourth part of the "Salon" is appearing now with Campe; it is a book in which I have incorporated several very fine poems and the "Theatre Letters." I shall stay here for another week, then I shall go through Brittany, and in a fortnight I expect to return to Paris.

To Heinrich Laube.

My letter did not go yesterday and I hasten to add my most important news. My head is quite fuddled and I can scarcely write. Yesterday evening I learned through the *Journal des Débats* quite by chance of the death of Immermann: I wept all through the night. What a misfortune! You know what Immermann meant to me,

my old brother in arms: we entered literature at the same time, arm in arm as it were! What a great poet we Germans have lost without having known him! By we, I mean Germany, the old mother of ravens! And he was not only a great poet, but he was true and honest, and therefore I loved him. I am prostrate with grief. Twelve days ago I stood one evening on a lonely rock in the sea, and I watched a most lovely sunset and thought of Immermann. Strange!

CHAPER XIV

LUDWIG BÖRNE

For Börne's "Parisian Letters" I confess that the first two volumes alarmed me not a little. I was surprised by their ultra-radical tone, which I did not in the least expect from Börne. The man who always exercised self-restraint and control in his modest neat style and weighed and measured every syllable before he wrote it down . . . the man who always preserved in his style something of the habit of his bourgeois respectability, if not of the niceties of his former profession . . . the former police registrar of Frankfort-on-the-Main, now plunged into a sansculottism of thought and expression, never before known in Germany. Heavens! What horrible syntax! What treasonable verbs! What *lèse majesté* in the accusatives! What imperatives! What insults to the police in the question marks! What metaphors, the very shadows of which deserve twenty years penal servitude! But in spite of the horror with which these letters inspired me, they did awake in me a recollection of a very amusing character, which almost made me laugh, so that I cannot refrain from mentioning it here. Börne's whole appearance, as revealed in these letters, reminded me of the old chief constable who ruled in my native city, when I was a boy. I say "ruled" for, guarding the public peace in arbitrary fashion, he inspired

us little boys with a respect for his majesty and by merely looking at us he could break up our gatherings if we were making too much noise with our games in the streets. This Chief Constable suddenly went mad and imagined that he was a little gutter-snipe, and to our amazement we saw him, the all-powerful ruler of the streets, instead of keeping order, inciting flat disturbance. "You are much too tame," he cried, "but I will show you how to make a row." We youngsters were much amused by the old fellow and ran shouting behind him until they took him away to the mad-house.

As I read Börne's letters my thoughts were busy with the Chief Constable, and often I seemed to hear his voice again: "I will teach you how to make a row." In Börne's conversation the intrusion of his political madness was not so apparent, as it remained bound up with the passions which were raging all about him, and were ever ready for the fight, and not infrequently struck effectively. When I saw Börne for the second time in the *Rue de Provence*, where he had taken up his quarters, I found in his room a menagerie of human beings such as one would hardly find in the *Jardin des Plantes*. In the background squatted a few German polar bears, smoking tobacco and saying hardly a word, and only now and then booming out curses in German thunder and lightning. Near them was a Polish wolf wearing a red cap and from time to time hoarsely howling sweet banalities. I found there a French ape, one of the ugliest I have ever seen: he was for ever making faces so that one might choose the best of them. The most insignificant person in that menagerie of Börne's was a Herr ——, the son of old ——, a wine merchant at Frankfort-on-the-Main who certainly begat him in a very matter of fact way . . . a long lean figure that

looked like the shadow of an eau-de-cologne bottle, but certainly smelled not in the least like the contents of it. In spite of his meagre appearance, Börne declared that he wore twelve woollen waistcoats: for without them he would certainly not have lived. Börne often makes merry about him:

"I present to you our * * *; he is not a star of the first magnitude, but he is related to the sun from whom he receives his light . . . he is a distant relation of Herr von Rothschild. . . . Think of it, Herr * * *, I dreamed last night that I saw the Frankfort Rothschild being hanged, and it was you who laid the rope round his neck. . . ."

Herr * * * was alarmed at these words and cried out as though in his last agony. "Herr Börne, I implore you, say no more. . . . I have a reason . . . I have a reason . . ."—the young man repeated this several times and, turning to me he asked me in a whisper to follow him to the corner of the room so that he might confide his delicate "Position" to me. "You see," he whispered, "I am in a delicate position. Frau von Rothschild, is, so to speak, my aunt. Please, when you go to the house of the Baron von Rothschild do not say that you saw me at Börne's—I have a reason."

Börne was regarded as the soul of the propaganda of Paris.

I have just made use of the word "propaganda," but I use it in a different sense from that meant by certain delators who understand by the expression a secret brotherhood, a conspiracy of the revolutionary spirits of Europe, a sort of blood-thirsty, atheistic and regicidal masonry. No, the propaganda of Paris consisted of rough hands rather than of fine heads; they were meetings of

German-speaking artisans who assembled in a great hall in the *Passage Saumon* or in the *Faubourgs*, chiefly in order to be able to converse in their dear native tongue about events in the Fatherland. Many minds were kindled with fanaticism by passionate speeches and as republicanism is so straightforward and more easily grasped than, for instance, a constitutional form of government in which all sorts of knowledge is presupposed, it was not long before thousands of German artisans were republicans preaching the new convictions. When therefore I read how the North German papers were making merry over Börne having ascended into *Montmartre* with six hundred journeymen tailors to deliver a sermon on the Mount, I shrugged my shoulders pityingly, but least for Börne, who was scattering seed which sooner or later brings forth fruit an hundredfold. He spoke very well, coherently, convincingly and popularly; bare words, without art, quite in the manner of the sermon on the Mount. I only heard him speak once, in the *Passage Saumon*, where Garnier was presiding over the "popular assembly." . . . Börne spoke about the Press union which he said must guard against the aristocratic form of government. Garnier thundered against Nicolas, Tsar of Russia: an undersized, bandy-legged journeyman shoemaker got up and maintained that all men are equal. . . . I was not a little annoyed by this impertinence. . . . It was the first and last time that I attended the popular assembly.

But that one time went a long way. . . . I am glad to make a confession to you, dear reader, concerning that occasion which you little expect. You think perhaps that the greatest ambition of my life has ever been to become a great poet, to be crowned on the Capitol like Messer Francesco Petrarca. . . . No, I have always rather envied

the great orators, and gladly would I have spent my life in making great speeches in the market-place before a gay assembly, speeches to stir up or soothe the passions and produce an immediate effect. Yes, I do willingly confess between ourselves that in my inexperienced youth at the age when we take delight in play-acting, I often used to think of myself playing such a part. I used to long to be a great orator, and often I used to declaim, like Demosthenes, on the lonely sea-shore as wind and waves howled and roared; so a man exercises his lungs and gets used to speaking through the greatest uproar of a popular assembly. Quite often I used to speak in the fields to a large number of cows and oxen, and I used to succeed in outroaring the collective bellowing of the beasts. It is much more difficult to speak to an audience of sheep. Whatever you say to these mutton-heads when you urge them to free themselves and not like their forebears to go submissively to the slaughter-house . . . they only meet your every sentence with a Baa! Baa! so unshakably placid as to put you out of countenance. In short, I did everything to be able to step forward as a German orator if ever a revolution should be carried out in our country. But, alas! as soon as I was put to the test I saw that if ever such a piece were produced I should not be able to play my favourite part; and if they were still living neither Demosthenes nor Cicero, nor Mirabeau would be able to appear as orators in a German revolution; for people smoke during a German revolution. Imagine my horror when I attended the aforesaid meeting in Paris and found the assembled deliverers of the Fatherland with tobacco pipes in their mouths, and the whole room so filled with the smoke of bad canister that it made my chest sore, so that it

would have been simply impossible for me to say a word. . . .

I cannot bear tobacco smoke, and I saw that in a German revolution the part of an orator in the manner of Börne and his comrades did not suit me. I saw, too, that the path of a German tribune is not strewn with roses—certainly not with clean roses. For example, you have to shake hands vigorously with all your auditors, your "dear brothers and cousins." Perhaps Börne means it metaphorically when he says that if a king shook him by the hand he would at once hold it in the fire so as to clean it; but I mean it literally and not metaphorically when I say that if the people shook me by the hand I would wash it at once.

You need to have seen the people with your own eyes in actual times of revolution and to have smelled them with your own nose, and to have heard with your own ears how the sovereign King of Rats expresses himself in order to understand what Mirabeau means by the words: "You do not make revolutions with oil of lavender." As long as we read of revolutions in books it all looks very fine, and it is with them as with those landscapes which look so pure and friendly when engraved artistically on white vellum, but when seen *in natura* gain perhaps in grandeur, but are very shabby and mean to see in detail; dung-heaps engraved on copper do not stink, and it is easy with your eyes to wade through the morass engraved on copper!

This is neither the time nor the place to write fully of the differences which arose between myself and the German Revolutionaries in Paris immediately after the July Revolution. Our friend, Ludwig Börne, must be regarded as the most important representative of the Revolutionaries

in the last years of his life, and next to the Tsar of all the Russias it was the present writer who was most vigorously attacked in his angry rhodomontade. . .

But was not Ludwig Börne sometimes actuated by a secret envy? He was a man, and while he thought he was ruining the fair fame of an opponent only in the interests of the Republic, and while he was, perhaps, taking credit to himself for having made the sacrifice, he was unconsciously gratifying the hidden desires of his own evil nature, as did Maximilian Robespierre of glorious memory.

And Börne abandoned himself to such private sentiments against me, and all his animosities were fundamentally nothing but the petty jealousy which the little drummer felt for the great drum-major—he envied me my great plume which waved so bravely in the air; my richly broidered uniform, on which there was more silver than he, the little drummer, could pay for with all his fortune; my skill in balancing the great stick, and the loving glances which the wenches cast at me and perhaps I returned with some coquetry. . . .

Did I really deserve these recriminations? After the most searching self-analysis I can swear that never in my life have I, in thought or deed, come into collision with morality, with that morality which is native to my soul—*is*, perhaps, my soul, the very soul of my life. I obey passively almost a moral necessity, and, therefore, I lay no claim to laurel wreaths or other rewards of virtue. I have lately been reading a book which maintains that I had boasted that there was no Phryne of the *Boulevards* of Paris whose charms I did not know. God knows to what honest gossip such pleasant anecdotes were repeated, but I can assure the author of the book that even in my crazy youth I have never known a woman without being inflamed by her beauty, the physical

revelation of God, or by the great passion which is just as divine because it frees us from all selfish feelings and demands the sacrifice of the vain possessions of life, even of life itself . . . And the world is really just and pardons the flames if only the fire be hot and true, and glows beautifully, and endures. The world is harsh in its judgment of a vain, flickering fire of straw, and despises every wretched half-glow . . . The world respects and honours every passion as soon as it has proved itself true, and time, if this be so, makes it legitimate. . . .

Börne's perpetual political talk filled me with uneasiness. Always political argument, and more argument, even at meals when he used to seek me out. At table, where I like to forget all the miseries of the world, he used to spoil the best dishes for me with his patriotic venom, which he used to spread over it with his chatter like a bitter sauce. If I had calf's feet *à la maître d'hotel*, at that time an inoffensive favourite dish of mine, he used to ruin them with the Job's posts from home which he had picked out of the most unreliable newspapers. And then his infernal remarks which used to spoil my appetite. Once, for instance, he came creeping up to me in the *Restaurant de Rue Lepelletier*, where, at that time, there were only political refugees from Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Poland taking their mid-day meal. Börne, who knew them all, remarked, cheerfully rubbing his hands: "We two are the only ones of the whole company who have not been sentenced to death by their respective governments . . . But," he added, "I have not given up all hope of getting so far. We shall all be hanged in the end, you as well as myself." I said it would have been a very good thing for the cause of the German Revolution if our governments had prosecuted a little quicker and had hung up a few Revolu-

tionaries so that the rest might see that it was no joking matter and that everything must be taken into consideration . . . "You would like us," said Börne, "to be hanged in alphabetical order, then I should be one of the first, coming under the letter B, and they may hang me as Börne or as Baruch, and it would be some time before they got to you, far down the list under the H's."

That was his table-talk, which did not exactly enliven me, and I took my revenge by affecting an exaggerated, almost passionate indifference to the objects of Börne's enthusiasm. For instance, Börne had been angry that I could find nothing better to do when I arrived in Paris than to write for the German papers a long report of an exhibition of pictures. I do not go into the question whether the interest in art which impelled me to do such work is so absolutely without reference to revolutionary politics, but Börne saw in it a proof of my indifference to the social cause of humanity and I was able to spoil the pleasure of his patriotic *sauerkraut* by talking to him at table of nothing but pictures, of Roberts' "Reapers," of Horace Vernet's "Judith," and Scheffer's "Faust." "What did you do," he asked me once, "on the first day of your arrival in Paris? Where did you go first?" He expected that I should give him the *Place Louis XIV.*, or the *Panthéon*, or the tombs of Rousseau and Voltaire, as the objects of my first excursions, and he made a queer face when I told him the honest truth that immediately on my arrival I had gone to the *Bibliothèque Royale* and had the manuscript of the "Minnesänger Codex" brought for me by the curator. And it is true. For years I had longed to see with my own eyes the precious pages which have preserved for us, among others, the poems of Walther von der Vogelweide, the greatest German lyric poet. For

Börne this, too, was a proof of my indifference, and he accused me of going against my political principles. It is easily understood that I never thought it worth while to discuss my principles with him, and once when he thought he had discovered an inconsistency in my writings I contented myself with the ironic retort: "You are wrong, my friend, there is never any such thing in my books; for always, before I write, I re-read the statements of my political principles in my former writings so that I may not contradict myself and that no one may be able to reproach me with secession from my liberal principles." But Börne used to disturb not only my meals, but also my night's rest with his patriotic exultation. He clambered up to my rooms once at midnight, waked me from my sleep, sat by my bedside, and for a whole hour lamented the sorrows of the German people and the shameful doings of the German Government, and what a danger the Russians were to Germany, and how he had undertaken to write for the salvation of Germany against the Tsar Nicholas, and against the Princes who ill treated the people, and against the *Bundestag* . . . And I believe that he would have gone on in this strain until morning if I had not suddenly broken out, after a long silence, with the words: "Are you the supporter of the community?"

I only spoke to him twice after that. Once was at the wedding of a mutual friend, who had chosen us both as witnesses; the other was when walking in the *Tuileries*, as I have already mentioned. Soon afterwards there appeared the third and fourth parts of his "Parisian Letters" and not only did I avoid every opportunity of meeting, but I let him see that I persistently cut him, and since that time I have met him two or three times but I have never spoken a single word to him. This brought

him, sanguine as he was, to despair, and he tried every possible means of meeting me again in a friendly way, or at least of bringing about a discussion with me. Never in my life have I had a dispute with Börne, and we have never, never insulted each other: in his printed speeches I observed his lowering animosity and it was not injured vanity, but greater cares and the loyalty, which are in my thought and will, that moved me to break with a man, who tried to compromise my ideas and endeavours. Such an obstinate refusal as this is not at all in my style and I should perhaps have been yielding enough to speak and consort with Börne again . . . especially as many people of whom I was very fond repeatedly urged me to do so, and our mutual friends were often hurt by my refusal to accept invitations unless I was assured that Herr Börne had not been invited . . . and even more did my private interests counsel me not to exasperate the furious man too far by such continual snubbing . . . but one look at his dear comrade the King of Rats, many-headed, with his tails all grown together, whose soul he was, and disgust withheld me from having anything more to do with Börne.

Several years passed, three, four years, I lost sight of the man and I took little notice of the articles that he wrote against me in the French papers and were so scandalously distributed in honest Germany, when on an evening in late autumn I received the news that Börne was dead. . . .

I was not present at his burial, and this our correspondents did not fail to report in Germany, where it gave rise to the most unpleasant rumours. But nothing is more foolish than to see in an attitude, which may be purely accidental, harshness and hostility. The fools do not know that there is no more pleasant occupation than to follow the funeral procession of an enemy.

I was never Börne's friend, and I was never his enemy. The indignation which he was able to rouse in me was never a great thing, and he paid for it little by little by the cold silence with which I met all his slanders and treacheries. While he was alive I wrote never a line against him, I never gave a thought to him: I ignored him absolutely, and that annoyed him beyond all measure.

That I am writing of him now comes to pass neither from enthusiasm nor from animosity: I am only conscious of the coldest impartiality. I am writing neither an apology nor a criticism, and, as I proceed only from my observation in describing the man, the portrait that I make of him should perhaps be regarded as a monument. And such a monument is due to him, the great wrestler, who wrestled so bravely in the arena of our political games, and won for himself if not the laurel, at least the oaken wreath.

We give his portrait with his actual features, without idealising them, and the more like they are, the more do they honour his memory. He was neither a genius nor a hero: he was not a God of Olympus. He was a man, a citizen of the earth: he was a good writer and a great patriot.

By calling Ludwig Börne a good writer and according him only the plain adjective "good," I do neither exaggerate nor disparage his æsthetic value. I am not his critic now, as I have said, nor do I offer any apology for his writings: only an unassuming opinion can find a place in these pages. I will try to record my private judgment as shortly as possible, and, therefore, I shall only give a few words about Börne as a writer.

If I were to seek an affinity for him in literature, I should find it most nearly in Gotthold Ephraim Lessing,

with whom Börne has often been compared. But this affinity lies only in the inner virtue, their noble will, their patriotic passion and enthusiasm for humanity. Their intellectual tendencies were the same. But then the comparison ceases, Lessing was great by his feeling for art and philosophic speculation, in which poor Börne was altogether lacking. There are in foreign literature two men whom he far more closely resembles: these men are William Hazlitt and Paul Courrier. Both are perhaps the most nearly affinitive to Börne except that Hazlitt surpasses him in feeling for art and Courrier is nothing like Börne's equal in humour. A certain wit is common to all three, although it has a different tinge in each of them—it is melancholy in Hazlitt the Englishman, where it shines forth like sunbeams from the dense thick English mists: it is almost genial in the Frenchman, Courrier, in whom it ferments and bubbles and sometimes fizzes up like the young wine of Touraine in the cellars: in Börne, the German, it is both melancholy and genial, like the sourish grave Rhine wine and the foolish moonlight of his native Germany. . . . His wit often approached humour.

Yes, this Börne was a great patriot, perhaps the greatest who has sucked glowing life and bitter death from the breasts of Germania his foster mother. In the soul of this man there rejoiced and bled a touching love of the Fatherland, which, according to its nature was ashamed, like every love, and hid itself beneath snarling abuse and grumpy moroseness, but burst forth all the more mightily in unguarded moments. If Germany committed all sorts of follies which might have evil consequences, if she had not the courage to take a curative medicine, or to have the cataract removed from her eyes or to submit to

some other small operation, then Ludwig Börne would rage and hurl insults, and stamp and storm: but if the foreseen misfortune actually occurred, if Germany were trampled on and scourged until the blood flowed, then Börne would cease to sulk and begin to blubber, poor fool that he was, and declare that Germany was the best and most beautiful country in the world, that the Germans were the most beautiful and noble people, a real pearl of a people, and that nowhere is there greater wisdom than in Germany, and that the fools have no place there, and that churlishness is real grace, and he used to long for the beloved dig-in-the-ribs of his native country, and often used to long for a real bawdy German stupid joke, as a pregnant woman may for a pear. No one who knows nothing of exile can understand how it tinges darkly our sorrows and fills our thoughts with night and poisons them. Dante wrote his "Hell" in exile. No one who has not lived in exile knows what love of the Fatherland is with all its sweet fears and yearning sorrows! Happily for our patriots who have to live in France, that country is so similar to Germany: almost the same climate, the same vegetation, the same mode of living. "How terrible must exile be where there is not that similarity," said Börne once as we took a walk in the *Jardin des Plantes*, "how fearful if one only saw palm-trees and tropical growth and strange wild beasts, such as kangaroos and zebras. . . . Fortunately for us the flowers in France are the same as those in Germany; the violets and the roses look like German violets and roses; and the cows and oxen and donkeys are patient and not straked, just as at home, and the birds are feathered and sing in France just as they do in Germany: and when I see the dogs running about in Paris I can imagine that I am on the other side

of the Rhine, and my heart cries out: 'Those are German dogs!'"

Any suspicion of his patriotism roused in Börne a resentment which the mere reproach of Jewish origin never could provoke in him. It used to amuse him when his enemies, because of his blameless way of living, could find nothing better to cast up against him than that he was the descendant of a race which had overfilled the world with its glory, and in spite of all its degradation has not altogether lost its sanctity. He used to boast of his origin in his humorous fashion and, parodying Mirabeau, he once said to a Frenchman: "*Jésus Christ—qui en parenthèse était mon cousin—à prêché l'égalité, etc.*" Indeed the Jews are of the stuff of which the gods are made; to-day they are trampled under foot, to-morrow they are worshipped: while some of them creep about in the filthiest mire of commerce, others ascend to the highest peaks of humanity, and Golgotha is not the only mountain on which a Jewish God has bled for the salvation of the world. The Jews are the people of the spirit, and whenever they return to their spirit they are great and splendid and put to shame and overcome their rascally oppressors. The profound Rosenkranz is compared with the giant Antæus, except that the giant grew stronger every time he touched the earth, while the Jews gain new strength as soon as they come in contact with heaven again. A remarkable phenomenon of the most striking contrasts! Whilst among the Jews there is every possible caricature of vulgarity, there are among them also the ideas of the purest humanity and as they once led the world in the new paths of progress, the world has perhaps still to expect further discoveries from them. . . .

However that may be, it is very possible that the mission of the race is not yet fulfilled and this may certainly be the case with regard to Germany. Germany awaits a deliverer, an earthly Messiah—the Jews have already been blessed with a divine Messiah—a King of the earth, a Saviour with sceptre and sword, and this deliverer of Germany is perhaps the same as He who is awaited by Israel. . . .

O precious Messiah, awaited with such longing!

Where is he now, where does he tarry? Is he not yet born, or has he been hidden for a thousand years, waiting for the great hour of his deliverance? Is he old Barbarossa sitting in slumber in his stone chair in the *Kyffhäuser?* He has been for so long asleep that his white beard has grown through the stone table. . . . Sometimes in his sleepy stupor he shakes his head and blinks with half closed eyes, and in his dream lays his hand upon his sword . . . and nods again in his heavy sleep of a thousand years!

No, it is not the Emperor Robert who will deliver Germany as the people believe; the German people, the sleepy, dreaming people, who can only think of their Messiah in the shape of an old sleeper!

The Jews have a much better idea of their Messiah, and many years ago when I was in Poland and saw the great rabbi Manassch ben Naphtali at Cracow I listened to him gladly and with an open heart, when he spoke of the Messiah. . . . I do not know now in what book of the Talmud the details are to be found which the great rabbi gave me and only in its main features can I recollect this description of the Messiah. The Messiah, he said, was born on the day when Jerusalem was destroyed by the villain, Titus Vespasian, and since then he has been living

in the most beautiful palace in heaven surrounded by brightness and joy, wearing a crown upon his head, just like a king . . . but his hands are fettered with golden chains!

"What," I asked in amazement, "what is the meaning of these golden chains?"

"They are necessary," replied the great Rabbi with a wise look and a deep sigh. "Without these fetters the Messiah, losing patience, would suddenly plunge down and begin too early, at the wrong time, his work of deliverance. He is no sluggard. He is a beautiful man, very slender, but of monstrous strength; he is as fresh as youth. The life that he lives is very monotonous. He spends the best part of the morning in prayer, or in laughing and joking with his servants, angels in disguise, who sing sweetly and play flutes. Then he has his long hair combed and he is anointed with nard and dressed in his princely garments of purple. All the afternoon he studies the Cabala. In the evening he sends for his old chancellor, an angel in disguise, and the four strong councillors who are with him are also angels in disguise. The chancellor then reads to his master from a great book what has happened each day. . . . Then all sorts of stories are told, at which the Messiah smiles with pleasure, or shakes his head disapprovingly. . . . But when he hears how his people are ill-treated on earth then he becomes terribly angry and cries out so that the heavens tremble. . . . The four strong councillors have then to hold back the enraged Messiah lest he should hurry down to the earth and truly they would not be able to withhold him were his hands not fettered with golden chains. . . . He is soothed with gentle words and they tell him that the time is not yet come, the true hour of salvation, and he sinks down upon his couch and veils his face and weeps. . . ."

So, more or less did Manasseh ben Naphtali instruct me at Cracow in his beliefs, supported by references to the Talmud. I have often been made to think of his story especially lately since the July Revolution. In hours of darkness I heard with my own ears a rattling as of golden chains and then a despairing sob. . . .

O despair not, beautiful Messiah, thou who art not to deliver the Jews only, as the Jews imagine, but all suffering humanity! Break not, ye golden chains! O, keep him fettered yet a little time lest he come too soon, the Saviour and King of the World.

* * * * *

As I have already said, I offer neither apology for nor criticism of the man who is the subject of this book. I am only drawing a picture of him with particular attention to the time when and the place where he sat for me. At the same time I make no attempt to conceal the moods, kindly or unkindly, which governed me during the sittings. In this way I provide the best test for the credence which my assertions deserve.

But if on the one hand the continual statement of my own personality is the best means of making my readers arrive at their own judgment, I believe on the other that I am pledged to a representation of myself in this book, since by a concurrence of the most oddly mixed circumstances, both Börne's enemies and friends have never ceased more or less kindly or malevolently to argue about every pronouncement of his upon my own writings in verse and prose. The aristocratic party in Germany knowing quite well that the moderation of my words is far more dangerous to themselves than Börne's Berserker rage, tried to decry me as a companion of his and of the same disposition as he, in order to put upon my shoulders some of the

weight of his political follies. The radical party, far from exposing this trick, rather gave it support in order that I should appear in the eyes of the masses to be one of themselves and in this way make use of the authority of my name. It was impossible for me to take any step publicly against such machinations. I should only have been under suspicion of having disowned Börne in order to win the favour of his enemies. In these circumstances Börne really did me a service when he publicly attacked me, not only in words hastily spoken, but in a full amplification of them and explained to the public his view of the difference of opinion that lay between us. He did this in the sixth volume of his "Parisian Letters" and in his two articles which he published in the French journal *Le Réformateur*. These articles which, as I have said, I never answered, gave rise once more to much talk concerning myself when Börne made a pronouncement, but in a very different tone now from that which had prevailed before. The aristocrats overwhelmed me with the most perfidious praises, they almost did for me with their appreciation. I became suddenly a great poet when I had perceived that I could no longer play my political rôle of absurd radicalism. The radicals on the other hand began to let fly at me in public:—(privately they had always done so)—they left not a hair of my head, they robbed me of all character and only left the poet standing. Yes! I was, so to speak, given my political *congé*, and at the same time relegated to a retreat on Parnassus. Any man who knows the two parties aforesaid, will easily appreciate the magnanimity with which they left me the title of Poet. The one party sees in a poet nothing more than a dreamy courtier of vain ideals: the other sees nothing at all in a poet; poetry finds not the faintest echo in their hollow respectability.

We will not go into the question of what a poet really is. But we cannot avoid expressing our humble opinion as to the conceptions bound up in the word "character."

What do we mean by the word "character"?

That man has character who lives and moves in the definite circles of a definite view of life; who identifies himself with it and never falls into inconsistency with his way of thinking and feeling. Of remarkable men who rise above their age the mob can never know whether they have character or not, for the great mass of men have not a wide enough vision to take in the circle within which great minds move. Indeed, since the mass of men do not know the limits of the Will and Ought of these lofty spirits, it can easily happen that they can see neither rhyme nor reason in their actions, and those who are mentally purblind and short-sighted complain of capriciousness, in consequence of want of character. Less gifted men, whose more superficial and more narrow view of life is more easily fathomed and envisaged, men who have once for all proclaimed in the public market-place their scheme of life, can always be in communication with the most reverend public; there is a standard by which to measure all their actions; the public delights in its own intelligence, in finding the answer to a charade and cries aloud: "See, that is a character"!

It is always a mark of limitations if a man is easily understood by the limited mass of men, and is expressly proclaimed as a character. It is an even more serious test for writers, for their deeds consist of words, and what the public knows as character in their works is nothing more nor less than a slavish surrender to the moment, want of self-possession, want of art.

The principle of seeing the character of a writer in his

way of writing is not altogether right; it is only applicable to the mass of authors who when they write are lit by the inspiration of the moment and obey rather than command words. The principle is unreliable with artists, for they are masters of words and handle them to every desired end, mould them as they please, write objectively, and their character is not betrayed in their style. . . .

The distinction between a character and a poet was promulgated by Börne himself and he had himself prepared for all the foolish implications which his followers later on reeled off against the present writer. In the "Parisian Letters" and the aforesaid articles in the *Réformateur* there is a long, long passage dealing with my characterless poeticism and my poetic characterlessness, and through it the most poisonous insinuations twist and turn. I am charged, not in so many words, but by all sorts of hints, with the most equivocal principles if not with complete lack of principle! I am in the same way accused not only of indifference, but also of inconsistency. I can hear hisses, which (can the dead blush in their graves?)— Yes! I cannot spare the dead Börne this much shame; he even hinted at bribery.

What a sweet and lovely peace do I now feel in my innermost soul! I am amply rewarded for all that I have done, and for all that I have despised . . . I shall not defend myself either against the reproach of indifference or the suspicion of venality. Years ago, while the man who made these insinuations was alive, I held it to be unworthy of me: now decency demands silence. It would be a horrible spectacle—a polemic between the dead and the exile!—You hold out your hand in prayer to me from the grave? . . . I give you mine without ill-feeling . . . See, how lovely and pure it is! It has never

been soiled with the handshake of the mob, nor even with the gold of the enemies of my people . . . You have never really injured me.

* * * * *

Last night I dreamed of a great wild forest, and a melancholy autumn night. In the great wild forest between the trees that reached to the heavens, there appeared now and then places of light, which were filled with a ghostly white mist. Here and there from the mist a forest fire gave me silent greeting. Striding up to one of them I saw all kinds of dark shadows moving round about the flames; and only when I came quite close to them could I recognise the slender forms and their melancholy gracious faces. They were beautiful naked women, like the nymphs, whom we see in the voluptuous pictures of Giulio Romano, and they lay about and disported themselves gracefully under the green leaves of summer in all the wanton fulness of their youth . . . Ah! never did such a pleasant sight meet my gaze! The women of dreams, although they are ever adorned with the alluring charm of eternal youth, yet bore within themselves the seeds of decay: their limbs were still entrancing in their sweet smoothness, but grown somewhat thin, and as though they were frosted over by cold misery, and in their faces, in spite of the smiling lightheartedness, there showed the traces of deep-rooted sorrow. And instead of on blooming beds of roses, like Giulio's nymphs, they were crouching on the hard ground under oaks that had shed half their leaves, and instead of the amorous sunbeams there dropped down on them the whirling vapours of the damp autumn night. . . . Sometimes one of the beautiful women would rise, take from the fire a glowing brand, swing it above her head, like a Thyrsus, and attempt one of those impossible

dance postures that we see on Etruscan vases . . . but then sadly smiling, as though forced to do so by weariness and the coldness of the night, she would sink down again by the crackling fire. One of the women especially moved all my heart to an almost sensual compassion. She was tall, but far taller than the others; her arms, legs, breasts and cheeks were emaciated, and this instead of repelling me, was rather charming and attractive. I do not know how it came about, but before I was aware of it, I was sitting by her side by the fire, warming her cold trembling hands and feet with my burning lips; and I played with her damp black tresses which hung down over her straight-nosed Greek face, and her small Greek breasts cold and enticing. Yes, her hair was of an almost luminous black, like her eyebrows, which ran together and were very black, and gave to her eyes a strange expression of languishing wildness. "How old are you, unhappy child?" said I to her. . . "Ask me not my age," she answered with a laugh, half sorrowful, half impudent—"even if I were to make myself out younger by a thousand years, I should still be fairly old! But it grows colder and colder, and I am sleepy, and if you will give me your knee for a pillow you will much oblige your obedient servant . . ."

And while she laid her head on my knee and slept, and rattled in her throat as she slept like a dying woman, her companions whispered to each other things of which I understood only very little, for they spoke Greek quite differently from the way I had learned at school, and later with old Wolf . . . But I gathered this much, that they were complaining of bad times, and feared that they would grow worse, and declared that they would fly even further into the heart of the forest . . . Then suddenly at a

distance there was raised the cry of the voices of a rough mob . . . They cried: I know not what. . . . Then a catholic matins bell tinkled . . . And my beautiful forest women grew visibly paler and thinner until at last they had disappeared altogether, and I woke myself up with yawning. . . .

CHAPTER XV
PUBLIC LIFE

PARIS, *Sept.* 1840.

WITHOUT particular profit I have just returned from a tour through Brittany. A wretched barren land and the people stupid and dirty. I heard not a note of the beautiful folk-songs which I thought to collect there. They only exist now in old song books of which I have bought a few; but as they are written in the Breton dialect, I must have them translated into French before I can say anything about them. The only song which I heard sung on my travels was a German song; while I was having myself shaved at Rennes somebody in the street hummed the "Junfernkranz" from the *Freischütz*. I did not see the singer himself, but his violet-blue silk rustled in my memory for days. There is a horde of German beggars in France just now who get their living by singing, and do not much enhance the fame of the German art of song.

To JULIUS CAMPE.

PARIS, *Sept.* 14, 1840.

I returned to Paris in the evening of the day before

yesterday, after a pleasant journey in Brittany, where I collected the most precious folk-songs. I found your letter at *Saint Lo*, and my surprise did not cease until I received the *Telegraph* here; half an hour ago, I received the other papers as well which you sent to Granville. They followed me here.

I confess that I have hardly at all been touched by the scandal which the great intriguer, together with the Frankfort gang, has woven against me. I am quite happy and calm inwardly. I am used to abuse, and I know that the future is mine. Even if I were to die to-day there remain four volumes of the story of my life, my memoirs, which show forth all my thoughts and endeavours, and if only for their historical matter, and the faithful representation of the mysterious crises of the transition, they will go down to posterity. The new generation will want to see the swaddling clothes which were its first covering. But what vexes me, dear Campe, is that you have again fallen into the hands of my enemies as a tool and weapon against me. I know everything now, and therefore am not angry with you. I think you will not put up with the Intriguer and his fellows much longer—for your better self will not let itself be cozened by illusive necessities—so I will not give them the satisfaction of breaking with you, although everything is in a conspiracy to force me to do so. You are right; no one will believe that you did not read the essay of Monsieur Gutzkow before it was printed, and what is more printed in a paper which bears your name as responsible editor.

I do not know what I shall do. I found much more pressing business to do when I got back. I am patient, for I am eternal, saith the Lord!

You have behaved irresponsibly about my book; you

know very well the smithy in which the different articles against me were forged so as to prejudice my book, and you ask me to believe that you thought it an impartial expression of general opinion.

PARIS, *January* 6, 1841.

The New Year began like the old with music and dancing. At the Opera House sound melodies of Donizetti's, with which they are filling in time until the *Prophet* comes, that is, Meyerbeer's opera of that name. At the Odeon, the nest of Italian nightingales, old Rubini, and the ever young Grisi, the singing flower of beauty, trill more meltingly than ever. And the concerts have begun in the rival halls of Herz and Erard, the two artists in wood. If any man does not find enough opportunity for being bored in these public institutions of Polyhymnia, he can yawn to his heart's content at the private soireés; a host of young dilettanti, who give rise to the most awful hopes, are to be heard here making all sorts of music with all sorts of instruments.

The outbreak of a war, which is in the nature of things, is postponed for the present. Short-sighted politicians, who only take refuge in palliatives, are quite calm and hope for undisturbed peace. Our financiers especially, are seeing everything in the most radiant light of hope. The greatest of them seems to foster the delusion, but not always. Herr von Rothschild, who seemed to be somewhat indisposed a short time ago, is now recovered, and looks sound and well. The prophets of the *Bourse*, who read the physiognomy of the great Baron so well, assure us that the swallows of peace build their nests in his smile, that every fear of war is gone from his face, that there are

no electric sparks of lightning to be seen in his eyes, and that, therefore, the horrible thunderstorm of cannon which threatened the whole world has passed over. He even sneezes peace. It is true. When I last had the honour of waiting upon Herr von Rothschild, he beamed most genially, and his rosy humour almost reached the level of poetry; for, as I once told, it was the Herr Baron's habit in such moments of cheerfulness to let flow the conversational stream of his humour in verse. I found upon this occasion that he was very successful with his rhymes; but he could not find a rhyme to "Konstantinopel," and he scratched his head, like all poets when they want a rhyme. As I, myself, am a bit of a poet I took the liberty of remarking to the Herr Baron that a Russian "*Zobel*" (sable) rhymed with "Konstantinopel." But the rhyme did not seem to please him at all, and he declared that England would never admit it, and so a European war might arise which would cost the world much blood and tears and himself whole heaps of money.

Herr von Rothschild is indeed the best political thermometer; not to say weather-frog, because the word would not sound altogether respectful. And one must have some respect for this man, if only for the respect which he inspires in most people. I like best to visit him at the offices of his bank, where I can observe as a philosopher how the people, and not only God's people, but also all others bow and scrape before him. They do such a twisting and turning of their spines as would make the best of acrobats be hard put to it. I saw people who shivered when they approached the great Baron as though they had touched a Voltaic pile. At the very door of his office many of them were seized by an awful shuddering, such as Moses felt when he stood on the holy ground of

Horeb. And just as Moses then took off his shoes, so many a broker or *agent de change* would take off his boots before daring to enter the private office of Herr von Rothschild, if he were not afraid that his feet would smell and so incommode the Herr Baron. That private office is, indeed, a remarkable place which excites noble thoughts and sentiments, like the sight of the ocean or the starry Heavens: we see in that office how small is man, and how great is God! For money is the God of our time, and Rothschild is his prophet.

Several years ago, once when I wanted to see Herr Rothschild, a liveried servant carried his chamber pot across the corridor, and a speculator who happened to pass at the same moment took off his hat reverently to the mighty pot. So far, I say it with all respect, goes the respect of certain people. I made a note of the name of that devout man, and I am convinced that in time he will be a millionaire. Once when I told Herr ——— that I had lunched *en famille* with Baron Rothschild in the chambers of his bank, he clapped his hands together in astonishment and told me that I had enjoyed an honour which had hitherto been granted only to those of Rothschild's blood or to certain reigning princes, an honour for which he would sell half his nose. I will say that the nose of Herr ———, even if it were shortened by half would still be of a prodigious length. . . .

A superfluity of wealth is harder to bear than poverty. I advise any one who is in great need of money to go to Herr von Rothschild; not to borrow of him (for I doubt if he would get anything much), but to find solace by the sight of that moneyed misery. The poor devil who has too little and cannot help himself will be convinced that there is a man who is far more wretched, because he has too

much money; because all the money has flowed into his cosmopolitan giant pocket, and he has to carry about with him such a burden, while round about him the great horde of the hungry and the thieves hold out their hands towards him. And what terrible and dangerous hands they are! "How are you?" a German poet once asked the Herr Baron. "I am mad," he answered. "Until you throw money out of the window," said the Poet, "I won't believe it." But the Baron said with a sigh, "That *is* my madness, that I do not throw money out of the window."

How unhappy are the rich in this life; and after death they do not even go to heaven! "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven"—that sentence of the divine communist is a fearful anathema, and shows his bitter hatred of the *Bourse* and *haute finance* of Jerusalem.

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To Gustav Kolb.

Paris, *Jan.* 27, 1841.

I am still suffering from my headaches, which interfere with my work. But I hope to be able to take up my pen again soon, and in any case you may count on me for any important matter. People are in a grim, sullen mood here, and we are by no means secure against some horrible outbreak. I am much afraid of the atrocities of a government by the proletariat, and I confess that I have become a conservative from fear. You will have little to expunge from my articles this year, and perhaps you will be forced

to smile at my moderation and perturbation. I have looked into the depths of things, and am seized by a curious dizziness. I am afraid of falling *backwards*. Good-bye, and in any case think well of me.

To Georg von Cotta.

Paris, *March* 3.

. . . As for payment, I am like the cook who said very delicately that, in service, she laid less store by money than by kind treatment. . . . There is a political calm, so I am writing little, and in many months nothing at all; but as soon as the storm breaks and the waves roll again you may count on a most conscientious daily report. I have been ten years in Paris now, and I have a good eye for the weather.

CHAPTER XVI

A DUEL AND MARRIAGE

To Gustav Kolb.

Cauterets, Hautes Pyrénées,
July 3, 1841.

I am writing to you to-day and with my own hand to show you that I am neither blind nor dangerously ill, much less dead, as the French papers maintain. But I am very slack as a consequence of the baths which I am taking here, very slack, and it costs me much to hold my pen in my hand.

Cauterets is one of the wildest ravines of the Pyrenees, but not so inaccessible as many good people think, who imagined that I should hear nothing of the lies which they have fabricated against my good name. At least they thought they need not expect any contradiction on my part until I returned to Paris, unless they were counting on my usual silence. But by chance a copy of the *Mainzer Zeitung* reached me this morning, containing the silly story which you will have read with amazement. I can scarcely believe my eyes! Not a word of it is true. I am certainly not the lamb who suffered insult in the streets in the centre of Paris, and the individual who

boasted of it is certainly the very last of the lions who would dare to do such a thing! The whole encounter is reduced to the few stammering words with which that individual tremblingly approached me, and I brought them to an end laughingly as I calmly gave him my address and the information that I was on the point of setting out for the Pyrenees, and that if any one "had anything to say to me" he must wait for several weeks until I returned, since "nothing has escaped me during the last twelve months." That is the whole story of the encounter; there were no witnesses, and I give you my word of honour, in the whirl of business with which one is burdened the day before setting out on a journey, it almost slipped my memory. But, as I now see, the facts that no eye-witness can prove it, and that after my departure his own account of it held the field, and that my enemies would not look too closely into his credibility, gave the aforesaid individual courage to write that insulting article which the *Mainzer Zeitung* has published. . . . I have to deal with the flower of the Frankfort Ghetto and a vengeful woman. . . . I need not be surprised. But what am I to say of editors and correspondents who from irresponsibility and party spirit lend support to such creatures? . . .

I shall take care to return to Paris within at most ten weeks of my departure or, as my courageous enemies call it, my flight, and I think altogether to my profit. . . . In front of my window a wild mountain stream, called *le Gave*, rushes over boulders, and the roar of it lulls my thoughts to sleep and rouses all my gentle feelings. Nature is lovely here and very splendid. The mountains, touching the sky, which surround me are so peaceful, so passionless, so happy! They do not take the least interest in our

daily needs and party strife; they do almost affront us with their awful insensibility—but that is perhaps only their stiff manner. Perhaps they are really filled with pity of the sorrows and frailties of men; and when we are sick and wretched they open their stony veins, from which the warm healing forces bubble. The springs work miraculous cures every day, and I too hope to recover. We hear little of politics. People live a quiet, peaceful life, and it is hard to believe that revolution and war, the savage sport of our time, passed even over the Pyrenees. In their traditional mode of living these people are firmly and securely rooted as the trees in the soil of their mountains; only in the treetops there sometimes stirs a breath of wind, or a piping siskin skips about. . . .

CAUTERETS, *July* 7, 1841.

Injured vanity, small professional jealousy, literary envy, political party animosity, misery of every sort. All these the daily press has used in order to circulate the most detestable stories of my private life, and I have always left it to them to show the absurdity of it all. In my absence from home it would have been impossible for me to control the German papers, only a small number of which ever reached me, and then always late, to pursue with all speed the anonymous lies in them and openly to set about the slaughter of these fleas. If I am providing the public with the delightful spectacle of such a flea-hunt, I am induced thereto less by my own ill-humour than by the pious wish to seize this opportunity of promoting the interests of German journalism. I want to say that the French custom which allows personal courage an intervention regulated in accordance with the laws of

honour against dirty tricks in the press should be introduced in our country. Sooner or later all decent men in Germany will see the necessity of this and make arrangements to chastise in this way the coarseness and vulgarity of the scribbling fraternity. For my part, I do heartily desire that the gods may grant that I shall set a good example! But let me say explicitly and at once that the superiority of the literary period of art comes to an end, and that the most royal genius must be bound to give satisfaction to the most scurvy rascal if he has not spoken with due respect of the fellow's elf-lock. We are now all equal; may God have pity on us! That is the result of those democratic principles which I have fought for all my life. I foresaw this result long ago, and I always kept in readiness for every provocation the proper satisfaction for it. If any one had doubted it I could easily have convinced him of it. But I have never been openly put to the test definitely. The contention in an anonymous article in the *Mainzer Zeitung* is, like the story of my being personally insulted, a pure, or rather, a dirty lie. Not one word of truth! I have never been insulted by any one, even at a distance, in the streets of Paris; and the hero, the hound Siegfried, who boasts of having run me down in the public street, and substantiates the credibility of his story by his own unsupported testimony, by his proven trustworthiness, and by the authority, forsooth, of his word of honour, is a wretched starveling, a knight of the most sorrowful cut, who, in the service of an unscrupulous woman, produced a year ago, with the same shamelessness, the same bragging stories against me. This time he has tried to circulate his fabrications, furbished up, through the press. He concocted the article in the *Mainzer Zeitung*, and the lie gained at least a start of

some weeks, for only late in the day and by chance did I hear of the web of lies here in the Pyrenees on the Spanish frontier, so as to be able to destroy it. Perhaps they counted on my meeting the lie with my usual silent contempt. Knowing what people we have to deal with, we are not surprised that they should so nobly lay their plans. But what am I to say about a correspondent of the *Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung* who gave credence to the wicked report, and was satisfied with the most wretched guarantee where my good name was called in question? In a more suitable place we will pronounce just judgment. Meanwhile we will politely request the editors of German papers who gave the aforesaid lies such immediate publicity to assist as readily the truth delayed for so long.

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *Aug.* 23, 1841.

Monsieur Straus refused to be shot: I shall know the result on Wednesday. But our desire to fight is the greater and the affair will not blow over without some powder being let off. I am quite composed and while my opponents hurl insults and make no end of a row, I am acting calmly and determinedly. But that makes the greatest impression and shows on whose side are truth and right.

(Paris, *Sept.* 5, 1841.)

I announce to-day an event which I have already kept back from you for several days—my marriage with the most beautiful and pure creature, who has for years been by my side under the name of Mathilde Heine, and has been honoured

and regarded as my wife, and has only been besmirched with contemptuous epithets by a few dirty-minded Germans of the Frankfort Clique—I carried through this vindication of her honour by legal and ecclesiastical authority at the same time as I was conducting the affair of my own honour, which, jeopardised only by the unsupported story of one Straus, has fallen into sore straits through the infamous testimony of three men—I must confess that never was I so dumfounded as on the day when I read that infamous declaration, and if I had not succeeded in unmasking and disarming these swine, I should have had to have recourse to the most terrible and horrible means. Now they are running about and about like mad dogs, dishonoured, and are trying to make me give some sign which would place them in the position of Straus. But I am not to be turned aside from the true path ; I shall meet Straus in a duel, and although he is trying every possible way of escaping it, I hope to attain my end. A few days ago I was on the very point of fighting when my second came to me in the night and told me that one of Straus' seconds could not appear ; and that the duel which was to take place in the early morning had once more been postponed. Now Straus declares that the police wish to preserve his precious head and that he is watched, but it is only a respite : he must meet me, even if I have to pursue him to the Great Wall of China. If a man wants to fight he can surmount all obstacles. They want to tire me out, but they will not succeed. Good-bye.

PARIS, *Sept.* 9, 1841.

I will tell you briefly the conclusion of the ear-boxing, as it is called. The day before yesterday at seven

o'clock I had at last the satisfaction of meeting Herr Straus. He showed more courage than I had credited him with, and he was favoured by circumstances. His ball struck my hip which is at present still very swollen and as black as coal; I have to stay in bed and shall not be able to walk properly for some time. The bone was not injured but has suffered a concussion which I still feel. The affair has gone off well for me—physically, not morally. Good-bye.

The sky was very clear, and so blue! All the apple trees were in blossom! Round about me rose the scent of the fields, increasing my life force an hundredfold! I cried aloud to Flora and Pomona. In the face of death all my paganisms came back to my heart: without doubt God willed that I should be struck by a bullet in that hour when only the lovely things of the world were in my thoughts . . . those things which only appeal to the senses. . . .

* * * * *

To August Lewald.

Paris, *Oct.* 13, 1841.

My poor head is to blame for my not having answered your friendly letter before to-day, for it has suffered much from the old trouble since I interrupted my cure in the Pyrenees in that melancholy fashion; indeed, my headaches have become so much worse that my doctor has altogether prohibited pen and ink. My enemies counted not only on my absence, but also on my illness, when they launched against me this shameful plot which, thank God! I have

so thoroughly exposed. But whether the great mass of the public as well as the intelligent members of it have seen through the rascally business, I know not, and I do not believe it; it would certainly be well if something more were to happen to show up the whole rottenness of the attack in the Press which was directed against myself.

I stand alone—but I have something on which I build, I have never been guilty of the least equivocal action, and my enemies have always to take refuge in lies which crumble away. I thank you for your kindly wish that I should come to you in Germany: it is not possible at present. You will have heard that I was compelled to tame my wild marriage a few days before the duel in order to secure Mathilde's position in the world. This duel of marriage which will not come to an end until one of us is dead, is much more perilous than the short holmgang with Solomon Straus of the Frankfort Jewish quarter! You have no idea what a number of intrigues and plots have issued from that quarter against me in the last year and a day. Damascus is no fairy-tale. Remember me to Laube when you see him; I cannot meet his wishes that I should write an actual account of the whole wretched story; I should be accused of passion, and there is nothing in my heart but the coldest contempt for the clique which tried to bring about the assassination of my honour.

My life was beautiful: I had become the favourite poet of Germany and I was even crowned like a German Emperor at Frankfort. Girls clad in white strewed flowers for me. Oh, it was beautiful! Why then had I to make my way home through the Jewish quarter, which, as perhaps you know, is not far from the *Römer!* When I marched through it on my triumphal way, an angry

woman crossed my path and threatened me, as though she wished to prophesy evil for me. I stopped, fell back a pace, and my wreath—my splendid wreath fell into the dust of the gutter. Woe is me! a dreadful smell clings to my laurels, a smell which I cannot remove! What a pity for my lovely, lovely wreath!

CHAPTER XVII
ATTA TROLL

To Georg von Cotta.

Paris, *Oct.* 17, 1842.

I intimated to you some time ago through Dingelstedt that I had written a little humorous epic which, because of its form (it consists of very short pieces like "The Cid"), and because of its matter (it is deliberately in contrast to all "tendency" poetry), would be very suitable for publication in the *Morgenblatt*. It wants only the last polish and I could send it you next month; but I would like to be assured by a word from you that it will not go through the hands of Herr Pfitzer, who they tell me edits the verse part of the *Morgenblatt*.

To Julius Campe.

Paris, M*ay* 17, 1842.

I need scarcely say what deep emotion the misfortune that has come upon you has produced in Paris, and what genuine sympathy the French have shown. As for me,

who am nearer to affairs in Hamburg and knew that those dear to me were in distress, you can imagine my condition when I received no news of my people and could not see the end of the catastrophe. It produced in me a stunned feeling which I cannot overcome, and my head is barren of all thought.

How terrible! I hope soon to have news direct from you. I hear indirectly that your prudence and foresight have protected you from the material burden of the great calamity. I should be very glad to have confirmation of this.

It is a horrible event and the loss is monstrous. I see that all that is lost cannot be replaced with money. But perhaps the greatest blessings can be won from the calamity in the shape of new activities, new force, and a moral re-birth. Perhaps some such rousing medicine of fire was ordained by Providence to save us from the drowsy influence of peace.

But meanwhile we have had to swallow many a bitter draught; the accident which has occurred on the Versailles railway is ghastly, indescribably ghastly.

PARIS, *Sept.* 17, 1842.

I returned here yesterday after an absence of four weeks, and I confess that my heart leaped in my breast as the postchaise rolled over the beloved paving of the *Boulevards*, and I drove past the first milliner's shop with the smiling faces of the *grisettes*, and heard the sound of the bells of the cocoa-sellers and the soft, sweet, civilised air of Paris once more blew upon me. I was almost happy and could have embraced the first National Guard that I met; his tame, good-humoured face looked so funnily out

of his wild rough bear-skin, and there was really some intelligent quality about his bayonet to distinguish it from the bayonets of other corporations. But why was my joy in my return to Paris so overwhelming that almost I might have been setting foot on my native soil, and hearing once more the sounds of the Fatherland? Why does Paris cast such a spell on strangers who have lived for a number of years in its charm? Many of my good countrymen who have settled there maintain that nowhere in the world can the German feel more at home than in Paris, and that France herself is to our hearts no less than a French Germany.

But on this occasion my joy in returning is doubly great—I came from England. Yes, from England, though I did not cross the Channel. I stayed for four weeks at Boulogne-sur-mer and that is an English town. You see nothing but English people there, and from morning to night hear nothing but English—through the night, too, if you have the misfortune to have next-door neighbours who talk politics far into the night over tea and grog! For four weeks I heard nothing but the hissing sounds of Egoism which was expressed in every syllable, in every intonation. It is surely terribly unjust to condemn a whole people. But with regard to the English, I am like to be induced thereto by my present indignation, and in viewing the mass of them to forget the many fine and noble men who are distinguished by their intellect and love of liberty. But these men, the British poets, have always been men apart from the rest, isolated martyrs to their national relations, and besides great geniuses do not belong to the particular land of their birth; they do scarcely even belong to this earth, the Calvary of their sufferings. The mass of them, the stockish English—God

forgive me—do offend me to my inmost soul and sometimes I cannot regard them as my fellow men, but as lamentable automatic machines, whose mainspring is egoism. I do confess that I am not altogether impartial when I speak of the English and my aversion from them: my condemnation originates perhaps in my anxiety for my own welfare and for the peace and happiness of my German Fatherland. Since I have learned what base egoism prevails even in politics, these English have filled me with horrible and unbounded fears.

To Heinrich Laube.

Paris, *Nov.* 7, 1842.

We are all very pleased that you have once more taken in hand the "Elegante." When I say "we," I mean the aristocracy of literature, the last distinguished heads which have not yet been guillotined. But will not the all-powerful plebs conspire together and set about to destroy us? I can see things more clearly from afar, and for myself at least I foresee a worse fate than oblivion if I join you in opposition to lip-patriotism and prevailing taste. Gutzkow and his gang have already succeeded with their cowardly lies in casting a slur on my political convictions, and I who am perhaps the most decided of all revolutionaries, who have not turned by one finger's breadth from the straight line of progress, who have made great sacrifices in the great cause —I am now regarded as a renegade and a slave! What shall I be if I directly oppose these sham heroes and lip-patriots and such-like deliverers of the Fatherland? I only wanted to show you that I foresee

what a set-back my popularity will receive if I join you in the great retreat!

My dear friend, we must not play the doctrinaire, we must fall in with the *Hallesche Jahrbücher* and the *Rheinische Zeitung*, we must not conceal our political sympathies and social antipathies: we must call the Evil by its right name and defend the Good without regard for the world; we must be in truth what Herr Gutzkow is only in seeming. Otherwise things will go even worse with us—in any case they will go badly.

As I say, I will support the "Elegante" as much as possible. I hope to be able to accomplish more than I am able at present to promise. It happens that I am able to do something extraordinary which should give the first month's number a great shove. I have written a little humorous epic which will make a great stir. There are some four hundred four-line verses divided into twenty parts, for the *Morgenblatt* for which I intended it.—Alas!—and I am much annoyed about it—I have already referred to it in writing to Cotta, and promised it to him, and he answered me in a very friendly way. None the less I have decided to publish the work in the "Elegante," and you have no idea, what important interests I am sacrificing thereby. Important interests of a pecuniary nature, for I would like to keep Cotta well disposed towards me—I don't care a hang for the reputation of the *Morgenblatt*. I have been revising the poem for the last fortnight, and in a week it will be quite ready and written in my own fair hand. I shall now devote myself more assiduously to the work. But as it is a very great work, which is reckoned in this year's budget, you must see to it that the publisher of the "Elegante" pays me at least the same amount as I should

receive from Cotta for the *Morgenblatt.* I had asked a special price from him: ten louis-d'ors per sheet. I think it will be worth the money to you, for the work will run through twenty numbers of the "Elegante," and will serve as a tremendous advertisement for it: it is, between ourselves, the most important thing I have yet written in verse: there are topical allusions in plenty, and bold humour, although it is toned down for the *Morgenblatt*, and it will certainly be an event for the public. I am uncommonly curious to know what you will say to it. You see it is my idea to give something entirely new, and to stifle the past in a fresh outcry.— The hero of my little epic is a bear, the only one of the contemporary heroes whom I thought it worth while to sing. A mad Midsummer Night's Dream.

* * * * *

Aimless is my song, fantastic,
'Tis a dream of nights in summer!
Like life, like love, it has no object,
Time is nought to this newcomer.

Seek not in it politics or
Praise of Fatherland; no matter,
Such things shall be dealt with later
In good prose not verse's chatter.

Yes, in prose I'll burst asunder
Every yoke that binds and fetters,
But I have for song and verses
Freedom of the man of letters.

Here in poetry's fair kingdom
Every gate to warfare closes;
Swinging mightily our thyrsus
Let us crown our heads with roses.

A fantastic dream begotten
Of the summer night! As aimless
Is my song as life or love is,
As Creator, as creation!

Guided only by his pleasure,
Whether galloping or flying,
Through the realm of fancy courses
My beloved Pegasus—

No laborious, plodding cart-horse,
Virtuous toiler for the people,
But a battle-steed of party
With his wistful stamp and whinny!

Glorious, golden-shod the hoofs are
Of my white, my wingëd charger,
And the reins are strings of pearls,
And I hold them loose and gaily.

Bear me forward at thy fancy
O'er the steep and merry hill-paths,
Where the torrents, loud with menace,
Warn from folly's dark abysses.

Through the silent forests bear me,
Where the solemn oaks rear upward,
And the sweet, primeval legends
From the gnarled roots distil.

I would steep mine eyes and drink there—
Ah, my soul is sick with yearning
For that shining, magic water
That bestoweth sight and knowledge!

I am blind no more! My vision
To the deepest cavern pierces—
To the hole of Atta Troll—
And I understand his language.

Strange! How curiously familiar
In mine ear this speech of bears is!
As a child have I not heard it
In my dear and distant country?

"Where in heaven, Master Louis,
Did you ferret out and fish up
All this crass and crazy rubbish?"
D'Este the Cardinal exclaimed,

Reading Ariosto's poem
On the frenzy of Orlando,
Which was dedicated humbly
To his Eminence exalted.

Yes, my good old friend Varnhagen,
Yes, your lips, I see, are moving
With the very words he uttered,
With a smile as keen and subtle.

As you read I hear you laughing!
Yet at times the thoughtful furrows
In your lofty brow will deepen,
And old memories awaken.

"Was not that the very music
Of the dreams I dreamed by moonlight
In my youth, besides Chamisso,
And Brentano, and Fouqué?

"Was not that the holy chiming
Of the long-lost forest chapel,
With the cap and bells familiar
In the pauses slyly jingling?

"Through the nightingale's sweet chorus
Booms the double-bass of bears,
Which, in turn, resolves and changes
Into soft and ghostly sighing.

"Here would madness pose as wisdom!
Here is wisdom gone demented!
Dying groans that in a moment
Cease and bubble into laughter!"

Yes, the sounds, my friend, come ringing
From that time of dreams forgotten,
Though some modern trills and quavers
To the olden tunes are added.

And for all the gay bravado,
You will find despair in plenty—
To your charity long-proven
Be this poem, then, commended!

'Tis perhaps the last unfettered
Woodland song of the Romantic!
In our daylight din of battle
It will sadly die and cease.

Other times and other birds!
Other birds and other songs?
What a cackling! It reminds one
Of the geese who saved the city.

What a chirping! 'Tis of sparrows,
In their claws a farthing rushlight,
Aping Jove's celestial eagles
With the awful thunderbolt!

What a cooing! 'Tis of doves,
Turtle-doves no longer lovers:
Haters now who, false to Venus,
Draw the chariot of Bellona!

What a buzzing shakes the world!
'Tis the loud colossal May-bugs
Of the spring-time of the people,
With insensate fury smitten.

Other times and other birds!
Other birds and other songs!—
That belike would give me pleasure
Had I only other ears!

My "Atta Troll" was written in the late autumn of 1841, and was published in part in the *Elegante Welt*, when my friend Laube had taken on the editorship. The matter and manner of the poem had to be adapted to the mild views of that journal: I wrote then only the chapters which could be printed, and these had to be altered considerably. I intended later on to publish the whole poem in its entirety, but I got no further than my praiseworthy intention; and as it has been with all the great works of Germans, with Cologne Cathedral, Schelling's God, the Prussian Constitution, &c., so it was with "Atta Troll"—it was never finished. In such unfinished shape, pitifully trimmed up and only in seeming rounded off, do I present it to the public in obedience to an impulse, which does not in truth proceed from my innermost self.

My "Atta Troll" was written as I say, in the late autumn of 1841, at a time when the great pother, in which my enemies of every complexion had conspired against me, had not quite worn itself out. It was a very great pother, and I should never have believed that Germany could produce so many rotten apples as were thrown at my head at that time! Our Fatherland is a blessed land: no lemons, no golden oranges grow there, and the laurel only comes forth maimed on German soil, but rotten apples abound in plenty, and all our German poets have sung a song of them. In that pother in which I was to lose both my crown and my head, I lost neither, and the absurd accusations with which attempts were made to

incite the mob against me have fallen flat without my having to stoop to defend myself against them. Time undertook to justify me, and I have gratefully to recognise that the respective Governments of Germany have in this respect put me under an obligation. The orders of arrest which were made at every station on the German frontier for the return of the poet are renewed every year at Christmas time when the jolly little candles glitter on the Christmas tree. The way being made so insecure it is made quite impossible for me to travel in German territory, and therefore I celebrate my Christmas abroad, and shall end my days abroad, in exile. The doughty champions of Light and Truth, who accused me of inconsistency and servility, go about in safety in the Fatherland like prosperous servants of the state or dignitaries of a guild, or habitues of a club when of an evening they take refreshment patriotically in the wine of Father Rhine and the oysters of Schleswig-Holstein.

I have mentioned the date of the composition of "Atta Troll" with a special object in view. At that time so-called political poesy was in full flower. The opposition sold its skin and became Poetry. The Muses received strict orders no more to gad about in idleness and wantonness but to enter into the service of the Fatherland as *vivandières* of liberty or as washerwomen to the Christian-Germanic nationality. There arose in the bardic grove of Germany that vague fruitless pathos, that futile misty enthusiasm which, scorning death, plunged into an ocean of generalisations, and always reminded me of an American sailor who was so overwhelmed by the inspiration of General Jackson that he leaped from the masthead down into the sea, crying aloud: "I die for General Jackson." Aye: although we Germans had no fleet, yet we had many

sailors who died for General Jackson in verse and prose. Talent was at that time a very uncomfortable possession, for it brought its owner into suspicion of want of character. Envious impotence had after a thousand years of grubbing away for it found its great weapon against the arrogance of genius: they found the antithesis of talent and character. It was almost flattering to the great masses to hear it maintained that honest men are as a rule very bad musicians, while good musicians are usually very far from being honest men, but that honesty and not music is the first thing in the world. An empty head now bragged with authority of its full heart, and principles were everything. I remember a writer of that time who accounted it an especial merit that he could not write: for his wooden style he won a silver cup.

By the immortal Gods! I had to defend the inalienable rights of the intellect then, especially in poetry. As this defence was the great business of my life, I have not lost sight of it in the preceding poem, and the diction as well as the matter of it was a protest against the plebiscites of the political tribunes. And the very first fragments of "Atta Troll" which were printed roused the gall of my "character" heroes, my Romans, who accused me not only of literary but also of social reaction, and even of flouting the most sacred ideas of humanity. As for the æsthetic value of my poem I gladly surrendered it to its fate, as I do now; I wrote it for my pleasure and joy in the fanciful dream fashion of that romantic school in which I passed the most pleasant years of my youth and ended by cudgelling my schoolmaster. In this way perhaps, my poem is reprehensible. But thou liest Brutus, thou liest Cassius, and thou too liest, Asinius, when you maintain that my satire touches those ideas

which are the precious acquisition of mankind, those ideas for which I myself have so lustily fought and so much suffered. No: just because those ideas do ever present themselves to the poet large and with a most splendid clarity, he is seized with an irresistible desire to laugh when he sees how roughly, how cruelly and awkwardly those ideas are apprehended by his learned contemporaries. He jokes about their donned bear-skin. There are mirrors so ill polished that even an Apollo would be reflected as a caricature in them and the reflection would make us laugh. But then we are laughing at the distorted picture and not at the God.

CHAPTER XVIII
THE JOURNEY HOME

PARIS, *Dec.* 31, 1842.

I AM writing these lines in the last hours of the unpleasant departing year. The New Year is at the door. May it be less horrible than the old. I am sending my sorrowful good wishes across the Rhine. I wish for the stupid a little understanding, and for the understanding a little poetry. I wish the most beautiful clothes for the women and much money for the men. I wish a heart for the rich and a little bread for the poor. But above all I wish that we may blackguard each other as little as possible during the New Year. . . .

To MAXIMILIAN HEINE.

PARIS, *April* 12, 1843.

If I do not write to you, the reason is very simple; I should have so much to say that I do not know how to begin or end. But you are always in my thoughts, I speak of you almost every day to my wife who would be so glad to see you, and in my most bitter

troubles I am often fortified by the consciousness that I have a loyal brother who is whole-heartedly devoted to me. And there has been no lack of troubles during the past year. I am living fairly peaceably at present for there is an armistice between myself and my enemies, though they are not less active and I have to safeguard myself against any possible outbreak of the most deadly hatred and the most cowardly malignity. But it would all count for little were it not that my worst enemy lives in my body, in my head, and lately my illness has entered a very serious phase. Almost the whole left side of my face is paralysed so far as feeling goes; I can still move the muscles of it. There is a leaden cover put over my left eyebrow, where the nose begins, which never ceases to press on me, it has been there for almost five years! I have only felt it less in moments of great effort in my work but when it was done the reaction was the greater, and as you may imagine I cannot work much now. What a misfortune! My left eye is very weak and aches, and often does not act with the right, and at times there is a confusion of vision which is far harder to bear than the darkness of absolute blindness. I have had a seton applied to my neck for the last two months but that is only a palliative and I have no faith in any remedy. I am telling you this, not because I want your advice, but because I wish to satisfy your medical curiosity. I have little hope of recovery and contemplate a wretched future. My wife is a good, frank, merry child, capricious as only a Frenchwoman can be, and she does not allow me to fall into the melancholy dreams to which I am so predisposed. I have loved her for eight years with a tenderness and a passion which are almost incredible. I have enjoyed much happiness in that time, torture and

blessedness in a horrible blend, more than my sensitive nature could bear. Shall I now have to swallow the bitter dregs? As I say, I am appalled by the future—But who knows? things may go better than I imagine in my present distress. Stand by me, my dear brother, and I will give my heart the support of your brotherly loyalty and sure love.

Everything seems to be *in floribus* at Hamburg. It is very fortunate that little Marie has made so good a match and I thank God for it. What joy for my sister and my mother! Mother is growing very old, but that is the common lot; I hope she will be with us for a long time yet, dear, good mother.

I am on good enough terms with the family, even with Uncle Heine, who allows me eight thousand francs a year, about half what I need. But I am glad, now that I am suffering in health and cannot well count on my work, to have a fixed allowance.

Anno 1839

O Germany, so far, so dear,
  Thy memory dims mine eye with woe!
This merry France seems sad and drear,
  Her lightsome folk a burden grow.

'Tis reason only, cold and bare,
  In witty Paris that is crowned—
O foolish bells! O bells of prayer!
  Yonder at home how sweet ye sound!

These men how mannerly! And yet
  Their courteous bow I take amiss.—
The rudeness that of old I met
  Where I was born, was joy, to this.

These smiling women! For their lives
They chatter like a turning mill!
Give me the silent German wives,
That go to bed demure and still.

Here round and round in frantic chase
Things whirl as in a dream, and move!
There all seems nailed into its place,
And glides along the ancient groove.

The watchman's horn, I hear it blow:
Familiar, faint, from far it hails;
The watchman's song, I hear it grow
And mingle with the nightingale's.

Those were the poet's golden times,
'Neath Schilda's oaks of shadowy boon;
Where once I wove my tender rhymes
From the violet's breath and the light o' the moon.

Thinking of Germany by night,
Then I am brought to sorry plight;
The hot tears flow, there is no sleeping,
I cannot close my eyes for weeping.

The years do come, the years do go,
'Tis twelve long years, long years of woe,
Since I saw my mother; oh, what longing
Desire and love are in me thronging.

My longing leaps up in a flame,
And I'm bewitched by the old dame;
I think of her asleep and waking,
God help her in each undertaking.

She loves me so, my mother dear,
And in each letter I have here
I see the trembling hand, and seeing
Know how she's moved through all her being.

THE JOURNEY HOME

My mother's always in my heart
And twelve long years have played their part.
Yes, twelve long years have not effaced her,
These twelve long years since I embraced her.

Germany endures for aye,
A hale old land in every way;
And when I go as I am going,
I'll find her oaks and limes still growing.

Without my mother there'd not be
Such longing for that land in me
The Fatherland endures; my mother
Must some day die like any other.

And since my Fatherland I left,
So many loved ones have been reft
From me—the number telling,
My soul is like to leave its dwelling.

And I must tell them—every friend,
To my great sorrow is no end.
It is as though their corpses meeting
Did dance on me—ah! they're retreating.

Thank God! they end their horrid dance,
There dawns the dear bright day of France;
Here comes my wife the day beguiling,
And ends my German woes in smiling.

Departure from Paris

Paris, adieu, beloved town,
To-day I turn a rover,
And leave you happy here behind,
With pleasure brimming over.

My German heart has fallen sick—
Within my breast I feel it—
And in the North the doctor dwells
Whose skill alone can heal it.

He's famous for his wondrous cures,
To health he'll soon restore me,
But drastic are his bitter drugs;
I shrink from what's before me.

Farewell, ye merry folk of France,
My brothers happy-hearted;
Though foolish yearning drives me forth,
We shall not long be parted.

Imagine! For the smell of peat
I long with real anguish;
For turnips, Lüneburger cakes
And sauer-kraut I languish.

I yearn for watchmen, councillors,
Black bread in all its crudeness,
For tobacco, parsons' daughters blonde—
I even yearn for rudeness.

I long to see my mother, too;—
I frankly own I'm human—
'Tis fully thirteen years since last
I saw the dear old woman.

Farewell, my wife, my lovely wife;
I must perplex and grieve you—
So close I fold you to my heart,
Yet, none the less, I leave you.

With this terrible thirst that drives me far
From bliss I dare not trifle;
I feel I must fill my lungs once more
With German air, or stifle.

In convulsive throes this pain would end—
  This wild impetuous burning—
My foot, to tread on German ground,
  Quivers and shakes with yearning.

By the end of the year, completely cured
  Of this malady most unpleasant,
I'll be back, I promise, in time to buy
  The loveliest New Year's present.

When I crossed from France to Germany
  'Twas the mournful month and dreary
When November winds are stripping bare
  The forests worn and weary.

As we drew towards the boundary
  I felt my pulses leaping
Within my bosom for delight;
  I think I started weeping.

And when I heard the German tongue,
  'Twas with such curious gladness
I seemed to feel my heart's blood ebb
  Without regret or sadness.

A little maiden with a harp
  Entuned a common ditty;
The voice was false, but the pathos true;
  It touched my heart to pity.

She sang of love and lovers' woes,
  Of loss, and fates that sever,
Of meetings in a better land
  Where grief is purged for ever.

She sang our mortal vale of tears,
  The joys that end in sadness,
The world where souls, redeemed at last,
  Attain eternal gladness.

She sang the epopee of heaven,
The song of loss and sighing,
With which they lull the populace,
Big booby! when it's crying.

I know the song, the text, and the men
Who wrote the song, and taught her;
I know that in private they drank their wine,
And preached in public water.

I will write you a new, a sweeter song;
You shall sing it without a quaver;
We will build the kingdom of heaven on earth—
'Tis a better plan and a braver.

From Hamburg to Hamburg we drove in an hour.
The shades of night were thickening;
The stars of heaven in welcome shone;
The air was soft and quickening.

When I reached my mother's, the dear thing's joy
Was so great and unexpected
She was almost scared; she clasped her hands
In rapture unaffected.

"My child! And after thirteen years
Like this again to meet, dear!
You must be hungry; tell me quick,
What will you have to eat, dear?

"I have fish, cold goose, and oranges
The sweetest you ever tasted."
"Then give me the oranges, fish, and goose,
I promise they won't be wasted."

I ate with a will, and my mother was gay,
But alas! I am no romancer;
She asked me this, and she asked me that,
And her questions were hard to answer.

"My darling child, in your foreign home
Are you carefully served and tended?
Does your wife understand how to keep a house?
Are your shirts and stockings mended?"

"Dear little mother, the fish is good,
But fish is a risky diet;
You so easily choke on a bone if you speak;
Just leave me a moment in quiet."

When the excellent fish had been despatched.
The goose was served up duly,
And my mother began her questions again;
It was awkward to answer truly.

"My darling child! In which country, say,
Has life the greater zest now?
You've tried the French and the German both,
And which do you like the best now?"

"Dear mother, this German goose is superb,
But in France a tradition they follow,
When it comes to the stuffing, that's better than ours,
And in sauces they beat us hollow."

And after the goose had disappeared
The oranges took their station
Before me in turn, and I found them sweet
Beyond all expectation.

But then my mother began again—
When happy you know how one chatters—
She asked me a thousand things, and touched
On painful and personal matters.

"My child! And what are at present your views?
Is your interest still as hearty
In politics as it used to be?
What is your creed? Your party?"

"Dear little mother, these oranges here
Could certainly not be beaten.
With the greatest enjoyment I suck the juice,
But I leave the rind uneaten."

The town, which was half destroyed by fire,
They are building at their leisure.
It looks like a half-shorn poodle now,
Depressing beyond measure.

And many a street has disappeared
That sadly enough one misses.
Where is the house in which I kissed
Love's first and sweetest kisses?

And where has the printing-office gone
Where I printed my *Reisebilder?*
The shop where I tasted oysters first?
How these changes and gaps bewilder.

Where is the Dreckwall? Vanished, alas!
In vain I have reconnoitred;
The Pavilion too, with its tarts and cakes,
Where of old I ate and loitered.

Where is the town-hall where, throned in pride,
The Senate and burghers debated?
A prey to the flames that wrecked and devoured
The holiest things, unsated.

The people are grieving and sighing still,
And telling the dismal story
Of the havoc wrought by the terrible fire
That has shorn their city's glory.

"Nothing but surging flame and smoke—
The fire seized all for plunder!
The steeples roared and blazed to heaven,
And reeled and crashed in thunder.

"The old Exchange with the rest is burnt,
Where our fathers had dealt and traded
For hundreds of years like honest men—
(Or so they were persuaded).

"The bank, the silver soul of the town,
And the books in which is given
The money value of every man—
They are still intact, thank Heaven!

"Thank Heaven too! even distant lands
Began subscribing to aid us;
We got four hundred thousand pounds;
Our misfortunes more than paid us.

"The charity-box was carried round
By pious folk and respected;
And we never let the left hand know
What the right hand had collected.

"From every country the money flowed in,
And our hands were open to take it:
And food—we welcomed any dole,
Whatever they liked to make it.

"They sent us clothes and bedding enough,
And bread and meat and soups too.
The King of Prussia went so far
As to want to send his troops too.

"The material loss was covered quite—
'Twas a matter of calculation;
But alas! for the awful terror and fright
We shall never have compensation!"

I answered them cheerfully, "Worthy friends,
Stop whining, it only hinders.
Troy in its day was a better town,
And yet it was burnt to cinders.

"Get on with your building, and hold your tongues;
Get rid of your puddles and mire too.
Provide your city with better laws,
And engines for quenching fire too.

"Your cayenne pepper more sparingly use,
When turtle-soup's in the question;
And the carp you cook with its scales in fat
Must be fatal, I fear, to digestion.

"On the whole your turkeys are harmless birds,
But there's risk of grave disaster
From the knavish bird who lays its eggs
In the wig of the burgomaster.

"I need not mention the name of the bird,
But it merits your execration.
Whenever I think of the odious thing
I am sick with indignation."

But the people themselves have altered more
Than even the hapless city;
Like peripatetic ruins they go—
A sight to wake one's pity.

The thin have grown thinner, and fatter the fat,
The children are old and staid now;
And those that were old are children again,
Dependent on other's aid now.

And many are bullocks who used to be calves
In the days when we sojourned together,
And many a gosling now goes as a goose,
In proud and flaunting feather.

I found old Gudel bedizened and decked
With a siren's alluring brightness;
She was sporting a wig of raven hair
And teeth of dazzling whiteness.

My stationer friend in resisting change
Had approved himself far the aptest;
With his halo of yellow hair framing his head,
He might pass for John the Baptist.

Of * * * * I caught but a glimpse, he fled
Too fast to be overtaken;
I hear that his soul was burnt, and insured
By Bieber whose credit was shaken.

I saw my good old censor, too,
In the mist bent almost double;
We met in the square where they traffic in geese:
He seemed oppressed by some trouble.

We stopped and shook hands; there were tears in his eyes,
Unless I much deceive me;
He said he was happy to meet me again—
'Twas a touching scene, believe me.

There were many I missed and could not find—
Their earthly race was over.
My Gumpelino mortal eye
Shall never more discover.

To this noble soul quite recently
Release by death was given,
And he hovers round Jehovah's throne
With the Seraphim in heaven.

For the crooked Adonis I hunted in vain
Who hawked with shouts and sallies
His porcelain cups and bedroom ware
In Hamburg's streets and alleys.

I have no notion whether to-day
Alive or dead little Meyer is;
I missed him, but I quite forgot
At Cornet's to make inquiries.

Campe has lost his faithful dog.
All his authors together, as far as
His personal grief was concerned, might have died
Less mourned than his poodle Sarras.

The republic of Hamburg was never as great
As of old were Venice and Florence,
But, for oysters, Hamburg has beaten them both—
You get the best from Laurence.

When Campe and I to his cellar repaired.
'Twas an evening of glorious weather;
On oysters and Rhine wine we went to sup—
To riot in style together.

I warrant the company gathered there
Was neither sour nor ascetic.
I found old friends like Chaufepié,
And new ones as sympathetic.

There was Wille, whose face is an album in which
The names of his foes academic
Are legibly writ in the blows and scars
Delivered in wars polemic.

And Fuchs was among them, a heathen blind,
And a personal foe of Jehovah,
Who believes but in Hegel, and also, perhaps,
In the Venus of Canova.

My Campe that night was Amphitryon,
He was beaming and gay and pacific.
Like a blessed Madonna he sat and smiled,
Serene and beatific.

I ate and drank with an appetite good,
And I thought to myself, as I watched him,
"This Campe is really a first-rate man;
What publisher ever matched him?

"Who knows? Another publisher might
Have left me to starve and perish,
But he gives me food, and he gives me wine—
The man is a man to cherish.

"I thank Thee, Mighty Lord of all,
For the gift of the grape was Thy one;
I thank Thee for making a publisher
Of Campe, and making him my one!

"I thank Thee, Mighty Lord of all,
With grateful and deep emotion
For creating the Rhine wine on the earth,
And the oysters in the ocean,

"And also for bidding the lemons grow
To improve the oysters' flavour.
O Father, grant me to digest
This supper sweet to savour!"

Rhine wine can always soften me;
It heals my feuds with others,
And wakens longings in my breast
To love all men as brothers.

It drives me abroad to roam through the streets
When I've emptied sufficient glasses;
Soul longs for soul and spies a mate
In each petticoat that passes.

It seemed as though all the world went well
And yet something still depressed me,
And every day my state grew worse
For home sickness sore obsessed me.

The air of France once so light and clear
Began to weigh upon me;
I came to Germany for air
Else death had most surely won me.

I longed to smell tobacco's scent
And German peat sweet-smelling;
And how they long for German soil
My aching feet are telling.

I sighed every night, and how I longed
To see and greet and cheer her,
The lady dear who dwells by the dike,
And Lottchen dwells just near her.

And for that fine old gentleman
Who me has so often chidden,
Though he has bravely defended me,
Comes many a sigh unbidden.

How I have wished to hear from his lips
His "Stupid Boy" so rounded,
Like music sweet those words have oft
Within my heart resounded.

And I have longed for the bluish smoke
From German chimneys aflying;
For Lower Saxony nightingales
And beech groves satisfying.

And I have longed for those same old squares,
For those stations of my Passion,
Where I have borne my crown of thorns
And youth's cross in my fashion.

I'm fain to weep where once I wept
Such tears on the road of learning,
And love of Fatherland I believe
Is just this same mad yearning.

I never am fain to speak of it,
'Tis only sickness, and being
Ashamed I try to hide my poor wounds
And keep the public from seeing.

The smug old race of hypocrites
  Is passing away, thank God! now;
The disease of lies is killing it off;
  It is sinking beneath the sod now.

A new generation is growing apace,
  By rouge and sin untarnished,
Whose pleasures and thoughts will be open and free
  It shall hear my tale unvarnished.

There's a budding race whom the poet's pride
  And goodness yet will capture;
Which will warm itself on the poet's heart,
  And his soul of sunny rapture.

My heart is as chaste and pure as fire,
  As kind as the sun's own face is.
The golden chords of my sounding lyre
  Were tuned by the noblest Graces.

HAMBURG, *Sept.* 17, 1844.

The foregoing poem "Germany, a Winter's Tale" was written in January of this year at Paris, and the free air of the place was breathed into many verses more keenly than I liked. I did not hesitate to tone down and expunge what seemed to sort ill with the German climate. Nevertheless when I sent the manuscript to my publisher at Hamburg in March manifold considerations were set before me. I had to enter once more upon the dreadful business of revision and it may well be that the grave sounds of it have been more dulled than necessary and that the bells of humour have been jangled too blithely. I have torn away in my haste and indignation the fig-leaves from certain naked thoughts and have perhaps shocked squeamish and modest ears. I am sorry, but I find comfort

in the knowledge that greater authors than I can be accused of similar trespass. I will not make mention of Aristophanes in extenuation for he was a blind heathen and his public at Athens had indeed enjoyed a classical education but knew very little of morality. I might much more effectively appeal to Cervantes and Molière, and Cervantes wrote for the aristocracy of the two Castiles, Molière for the Great King and the great Court of Versailles! Ah! I forgot that we live in a very bourgeois time, and, alas, I foresee that many young ladies of education on the Spree, if not on the Alster, will turn up their more or less aquiline noses at my poor poem! But what I foresee with even greater distress is the disgust of those Pharisees of Germany who now go hand in hand with the antipathies of the Governments, and enjoy the affection and regard of the Censorship, and can sound the keynote in the daily press when it is a question of attacking those of their opponents, who are also the opponents of their exalted masters. Our heart is proof against the disapproval of these heroic lackeys in their black, red and gold livery. Already I hear their busy voices: "You insult our colours then, you who despise the Fatherland, the friend of the French to whom you would surrender the free Rhine." Calm yourself. I will respect and honour your colours, when they deserve it, when they are more than an idle and slavish mummery. Plant the black, red and gold banner on the summit of German thought, make it the standard of human liberty and I will devote my heart's blood to it. Calm yourself: I love the Fatherland as dearly as you. For this love I have lived in exile for thirteen years of my life, and for this love I shall return again into exile perhaps for ever, and in any case without blubbering or making wry faces. I am the

friend of the French, as I am the friend of all men, if they are reasonable and good, and because I myself am neither so stupid nor so bad as to wish that my Germans and the French, the chosen races of mankind, should break each other's necks to the advantage of England and Russia and to the mischievous delight of all the squires and parsons of this globe. Calm yourselves: I will never surrender the Rhine to the French for a very simple reason: because the Rhine belongs to me. Yes: he belongs to me, by the inalienable right of birth: I am the free son of the free Rhine: my cradle stood upon his banks and I do not see why the Rhine should belong to any other than his native children. Alsace and Lorraine are not so easily brought into the German Empire, as you would have it, for the people of those countries cling to France for the sake of the rights which they have won through the French Revolution; for the sake of those laws of equality and free institutions which are very pleasant to the mind of the citizen, but yet leave the stomachs of the great mass of men hungering for more. However, the Alsatians and Lorrainians will attach themselves to Germany again if we complete what the French have begun; if we surpass them in action as we have already done in thought; if we soar upwards to the very highest point; if we destroy servility even in its last corner of refuge, the Heavens; if we save from degradation the God who lives upon earth among men; if we become the Saviours of God; if we restore to their true dignity the poor people cheated of their heritage of happiness and despised genius, and shamed beauty, as our great masters have said and sung, and as we will, we who are young,—aye, not only Alsace and Lorraine but all France will join in them, all Europe, all the world—the whole world will be German! I do often dream of

this mission and universal dominion of Germany when I wander under oaks. That is *my* patriotism. . . .

I shall return to this subject in my next book, with resoluteness, stern disregard of consequences and with loyalty. I can respect the most decided contradiction if it comes from conviction. I will then meet patiently and pardon the rawest hostility: and I will even hold speech with stupidity, so only it be honest in intent. But, on the other hand, I do meet with silent contempt those unprincipled fellows who try to tarnish my good name in public opinion merely from base envy or rotten spite, and to that end use the mask of patriotism, if not of religion and morality. The state of anarchy of the political and literary newspaper world in Germany was once exploited for such a purpose with a talent which I was forced to admire. Indeed, Schufterle is not dead ; he is still alive, and for years has been at the head of a well-organised band of literary brigands who live in the Bohemian forests of our daily press, and lie hidden behind every bush, behind every paper, and listen for the least whistle from their worthy chief. . . .

To Mathilde Heine.

Bremen, *Oct.* 28, 1843.

Dear treasure! I have just arrived here, after a journey of two days and two nights ; it is eight o'clock in the morning, and I shall go on this evening so as to reach Hamburg to-morrow. Yes, to-morrow I shall be at the goal of my pilgrimage, which has been very tiresome and exhausting. I am quite worn out. There was much discomfort and bad weather. Everybody here travels in a

cloak, I in a wretched overcoat, which only reaches to my knees, and they are stiff and cold. And my heart is full of care. I have left my poor lamb in Paris where there are many wolves. I am the poor half of a cock. I have already spent more than a hundred dollars. Adieu! I embrace you! I am writing to you in a room full of people; the clatter round about me gives me the most horrible headache. A thousand greetings to Madame Darte and to our excellent fantastic Aurecia.

HAMBURG, *Oct.* 31, 1843.

Beautiful treasure! I have been in Hamburg two days now, and have found all my relations in the best of health, except my uncle: although he has recovered a little at present, his condition is very disquieting, and they are afraid they will lose him with the next attack of his illness. He received me very warmly, even agreeably, and in conciliatory fashion, and as he sees that I have not come to Hamburg to ask for money but only to see him and my mother again, I am high in his favour. He asked very especially after you and talked most appreciatively about you. I am glad to see that here in Hamburg they do generally speak well of you, for they are accustomed to backbite each other more horribly than anywhere else; it is a nest of gossip and scandal.

I found my mother much altered. She is very weak and feeble. She has shrunk under the weight of her sorrows and old age. Being anxious as she is the smallest trifle can excite her. Her great fault is pride. She never goes out because she has not the means to entertain visitors in her own house. Since the fire she has lived in

two little rooms ; it is very nice ! She lost much through the fire, for she was insured with a company which was not able to pay.

Karl Heine laughs at my jealousy, and is surprised that I was able to resolve to leave you in Paris ! You are my poor beloved wife, and I hope that you are well-behaved and reasonable. I pray you not to show yourself too much in public, and not to go to the hospital. I hope you will not receive the chief of fools in your house ; believe me, you have friends and former friends, women who ask nothing more than to compromise you in my sight.

HAMBURG, *Nov.* 2, 1843.

I hope you are well ; I am. My dreadful head is suffering from that nervous illness that you know. Yesterday I dined with my uncle, who was very much out of sorts : the poor man endures horrible agony. But I succeeded in making him laugh. I am thinking only of you, my dear Nanette. It was a great resolve to leave you alone in Paris, that fearful abyss ! Do not forget that my eyes are always upon you. I know everything that you do, and what I don't know now I shall learn later.

I am not yet able to fix the date of my departure ; probably my stay here in Hamburg may be prolonged until the middle of the month. Believe me it is not lost time, my business with my publisher is complicated, and I have much to do in that direction.

HAMBURG, *Nov.* 5, 1843.

I am pampered here by everybody. My mother is happy ; my sister is beside herself with delight, and my

uncle finds in me every conceivable good quality and I am very amiable. What dull work! I have to please the most uninteresting people. When I return I shall be as curmudgeonly as possible in order to recover from the great efforts of my amiability.

You are always in my thoughts and I cannot be at ease. Indefinite and melancholy fears torture me day and night. You are the only joy of my life—don't make me unhappy. All my relations reproved me for not having brought you with me to Hamburg. But I did well to spy out the land a little before I came accompanied by you. We shall probably spend the spring and summer here. I hope you will be richly rewarded for your present boredom. I will do everything possible to indemnify you for it. Adieu, my angel, my dearest, my poor child, my good wife!

HAMBURG, *Nov.* 19, 1843.

I hope you are well. As for me, my wretched head is still playing me tricks and prevents my concluding my business in Hamburg quickly. I am ill and bored, for I think always of you. I am almost mad when my thoughts turn towards Chaillôt. What is my wife, the craziest of the crazy doing now? It was madness of me not to bring you with me here. For God's sake, do nothing which might make me angry when I return. Keep as quiet as possible in your little nest; work, study, be bored virtuously, spin wool like the honest Lucretia, whom you saw at the Odéon.

HAMBURG, *Nov.* 25, 1843.

No news of you for such a long time! My God! I assure you, it is terrible! But I must stay here until the

end of next week (to-day is Sunday). I shall return straight to Paris without stopping anywhere, so that I may see you again in a fortnight, my treasure. Meanwhile be calm, industrious and prudent. I have employed my time here to good purpose. My affairs with my publisher have been cleared up. Everything is arranged, even for the future. I have given him the right to publish my works for all time, instead of for a term of years which would run out in four years. He pays me for that a life annuity of 1200 Marks Banko (that is about 2400 francs). If I die before you, this annuity will pass to you, and my publisher will have to pay you every year the same sum. The annuity is to begin in the year 1848 (four years from now), but if I die during these four years my publisher contracts to pay you 2400 francs a year from the date of my death: so that from now on this sum is assured to you for the rest of your life. That is the basis of our contract. It is a great secret which I shall tell to no one; but as you wish to hear details from me, I cannot keep from you this new arrangement which, four years from now, gives me 200 francs a month more for our livelihood. At the same time it is an undertaking to assure your income after my death, which will not occur so very soon, for I am in excellent health. It is the duty of every man to provide for his wife in the event of his death, and to see that his widow is not exposed to difficulties. It is no merit in a man, but a duty. My uncle is better. My family is quite well. I never cease talking about you to my niece, who is burning with eagerness to see her Aunt Mathilde.

HAMBURG, *Dec.* 6, 1843.

I leave to-morrow. I could not leave earlier on account of my business and the influenza from which I am suffering to-day. Yesterday my publisher signed the contract of which I wrote to you; you have no idea what a lot of trouble I have had with this contract. It is excellent! I am delighted with it.

BÜCHSBURG, *Dec.* 10, 1843.

I am sure you do not know where Büchsburg, a very famous town in the annals of our family is. But it does not matter; the main thing is that I am on my way, that I am well, that I love you with all my heart, and that I shall probably embrace you on Saturday. I am tormented with anxiety about you. To be so long without news of you; O God, how terrible! I am angry with you too, and when I arrive I shall only give you five hundred kisses instead of a thousand.

* * * * *

To JULIUS CAMPE.

PARIS, *Dec.* 29, 1843.

I have been here again in my headquarters for the last ten days. I found everything better than I expected; the want of news from Paris spoiled my last days in Hamburg so that my thoughts were far away. Now I am remembering a thousand things that I had to do there. I left my uncle, who did not want to let me go, almost without

saying good-bye. The most important notes that I wished to collect were clean forgotten. But I am unspeakably glad that everything was arranged to our mutual satisfaction, and that we have reached a sound basis for working together in our joint interest. We have disentangled the complications which must arise during an absence of thirteen years, and have made bright the present, and we can count on a fine future. I wish you every blessing and happiness in the New Year. You have no idea how sorry I was to leave Hamburg this time. A great preference for Germany is in my heart: it is incurable.

PARIS, *Feb.* 20, 1844.

For the last ten days my fearful eye trouble has returned worse than ever, and I am writing these lines with the greatest difficulty: I can scarcely see the letters. I was in the middle of a great work when the trouble returned. I have worked much since I came back; I have written in verse a very humorous travel-epic, "My Journey to Germany," a cycle of twenty poems, all, thank God, finished. I shall add a portion of prose, and deliver the little volume as per contract very soon. You will be very pleased with me, and the public will see me in my true shape. My new poems are of a new *genre* altogether; versified travel pictures, and they will breathe a higher policy than the well-known political squibs. But do you find out some way of printing a little thing of perhaps twenty-one sheets without submitting it to censorship.

PARIS, *April* 17, 1844.

I have been well of my eye-trouble for a month now. Before that I was almost blind—could not write and, what was worse, could not read. You have no idea of the uneasiness which devoured me. Fortunately my long poem was almost finished. It only wanted the conclusion, and perhaps I have filled it in very meagrely. I have been busy with copying out this work, and the beautiful, clean manuscript is before me now. I shall go through it again with the magnifying-glass, and then I will send it you direct, *via* Havre. It is a rhymed poem, which, containing four verses to a page, may fill about ten sheets, and the whole brew speaks out about the present state of affairs in Germany in a bold and personal fashion. It is politico-romantic, and I hope will give the death-blow to the prosaico-bombastic poetry of "tendency." You know that I do not boast, but I am sure this time that I have written a little work which will make more of a furore than the most popular brochures, and will yet have the lasting value of a classic.

I intended at first to add to this twelve sheets of prose and to mention the remarkable changes which I had observed in Germany. But, while I was blind I worked out this matter at greater length and now I see that I can make of it my most important work if I collect the material that I lack now in a second journey to Germany. The descriptions of my deceased friends and acquaintances in literature alone might make a long and interesting book: Hegel, Gans, Cotta, Immermann, M. Beer, Schenk, Arnim, Chamisso, Fouqué, Frau von Varnhagen, Roberty, Maltitz and a host of them great and small—not to mention Grabbe, the

most important—in short a book of people who are clear cut in my memory.

* * * * *

To Mathilde Heine.

Hamburg, *Monday, Aug.* 12, 1844.

I have been worried to death since you left. I hope when you receive this letter you will have already recovered from the trials of your journey. You had beautiful weather, no wind and the passage must have been less unpleasant than on the journey hither. Everybody here especially my poor mother, is distressed at your departure. Three days since I saw you. These days have vanished like shadows. I know not what I do, and I think not at all. On Saturday I had a letter from my uncle in which he almost begs my pardon for his churlishness: he confesses in a touching way that his suffering condition and the labours with which he is burdened are the causes of that ill-temper which bursts out upon every occasion. Although I was suffering from my trouble, headache, I had to dine with him yesterday, Sunday. He was very amiable. But to-day my head is like a baked apple. You know that condition of stupor in which I am next day whenever I make any effort in spite of my headache. I can scarcely write; I hope you can read my scrawl. Write to me soon and much. You need not be afraid of me. Let me know if you arrived well and in good spirits, without being robbed; and if the Customs did not bother you, and if you got through all right and if you are well and *if I may be easy about you.* Keep quiet in your nest until I return. Do not let the Germans discover your hiding-

place; they have perhaps learned from the gossip of the German papers that you have returned to Paris without me. We know one of them who is not too compassionate, and would be quite capable of going to the Pension; do not forget in that case to take measures of precaution.

HAMBURG, *Aug.* 16, 1844.

There is a hammering near me, my head is no better yet. I am as glum as a simpleton. I am three hundred hours away from you; in a word, I am not happy. I await impatiently letters from you. I charged you to write to me at least twice a week, for if I am not easy about you I lose my head and yet more than ever I have need of my poor head, for the horizon is darkened and my affairs are in confusion. I need two months in order to set my affairs in order—if I do not meanwhile hear from you regularly, and if I went crazy as I did last year, there would be incalculable losses. Do not forget to write to me exactly how you are, and if you are well. I have no need to bid you be prudent in everything that you do. You know how much I have to fear the perfidy of the Germans and even of the French sometimes.

My old uncle is much worse. I would have much and many things to say to him, but it seems that he will not have time to hear them in this world. O my God, what a misfortune! He will not survive the year. I shall visit him to-day; my heart is heavy at the mere thought of seeing him in the same condition as last week.

My mother is amazingly well, and she is always talking about you to her Dame d'Atour, her factotum, her female Sancho Panza, in short, Jette. My sister and her children are well, and impatiently await news of their aunt.

HAMBURG, *Sept.* 2, 1844.

I know that you do not like writing much, and that writing letters is a very tiresome business for you, and that it vexes you not to be able to let your pen gallop along of itself on a loose rein—but you know well that you need not be afraid of me, and that I guess your thoughts, however ill they may be expressed. I am very busy at present, and as I am only writing and speaking German, I find it a little difficult to write in French. That may explain to you why I do not write to you as often and as long letters as I would like to do; for I always think of you, and I have a thousand things to say to you. The most important thing I have to say is that *I love you to distraction, my dear wife.*

I hope you have not yet forgotten the German language.

HAMBURG, *Sept.* 11, 1844.

I have no news of you, and yet you were to write to me once if not twice a week. I do pray you not to leave me without letters, but to write me much and as often as possible. Do not forget that I only live for you, and if you are not happy at present, do not be uneasy: *the future is ours.*

HAMBURG, *Oct.* 4, 1844.

Dearest! I was quite ready to leave to-night, but it is horrible weather, and my mother is raising a great outcry. I have consented therefore to stay a few days longer and

to wait for the steamer. I have only a few minutes left before posting the letter for I was not able to talk to my uncle Henry before six o'clock in order to receive from him a further bill for 100 francs which I send you enclosed. I am sending you this money although I am not in funds and do not believe that you are run short: but I am always afraid of your having any money trouble. Please therefore do not spend it except on necessary things. Good-bye, my lamb!

CHAPTER XIX

THE QUARREL ABOUT THE INHERITANCE

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *Dec.* 19, 1844.

Write soon to me so that I can write to you with an untroubled mind about a publication which is very urgent: I must publish a series of letters about Germany, full of the most weighty polemic. Write me by return and waste no time in futile explanations.

I was delayed with my "Atta Troll," but I wished to add certain pieces and to write them at the scene of the poem, in the Pyrenees, this spring. Epic poems must be worked over several times. How often Ariosto altered, and Tasso! The poet is only a man to whom the best thoughts are the second. The "Winter's Tale" is incomplete in its present form; it needs much improvement and it lacks its main pieces. I am most eager to write them as soon as possible and to ask you to publish a new edition revised and enlarged. You will see how complete it will be and how pleased everybody will be.

My eyes are in a very bad condition and I have to dictate. God forgive you for having bothered me at a time

when I am busy with my letters about Germany which are to appear simultaneously here and there. I need to be in a good mood and you rob me of it. And you are so rich now and you have made more of me to further your own interests and you wish to take from me my two sous—I do not believe it, it is a fable—a mere winter's tale. . . .

PARIS, *Jan.* 8, 1845.

I know that you are my good friend in spite of our late differences and in the most delicate matter I turn to your practical wisdom. You will easily understand the matter. I am sending you two letters; one is from Karl Heine, which please keep safely. You will see what they propose. I believe that, if I allow myself to be gagged my allowance would be paid as before; they want me to undertake to be silent about the will and to take no action against the Foulds, Karl Heine's wife and mother-in-law, whose interests I have crossed. Then I am sending you a letter to Karl Heine which please read and keep the copy for me. I am sending the original in a sealed envelope to Karl Heine. I am writing in great haste. You will see that I am beginning a fight to the death and will win public opinion to my side in open court if Karl Heine does not give in. I will have my rights even if I have to set the seal on them with my death. Talk to Sieveking about it so that he may endeavour to persuade my cousin through Halle who is much to blame in the matter. Do you know any one else who might talk to him? I am writing in very great haste. *Est periculum in morte.*

In a few days I will send you a power of attorney for a lawyer. Then I will send you papers in evidence: in short I will act without delay although I am ill and

wretched and can scarcely hold my pen. But what a misfortune! I gave no provocation. What a casting of dung—though I am used to that—others are not used to it and perhaps will think it over before they give the signal to provide the mob with an orgy. I am quite determined—embittered by unheard-of things. For two days my wife has been sitting by the fire like a marble statue, speaking never a word: this monstrous affair seems to have turned her to stone. I have never been so determined as now, and these wise people have been very stupid in offending me. Act for me.

To J. H. Detmold.

Paris, *Jan.* 9, 1845.

Perhaps you have already heard from Hamburg what a great misfortune has befallen me. I do not mean my uncle's death, but the way in which he thought of me. I had long suspected, from many indications, that he had been induced to believe that I should squander any large sum or that the Governments would confiscate it. My allowance was a settled thing. I do honestly admit that I did not hope to be remembered in his will, but only to have my allowance increased. I received on the 30th, seven days after his death, a long letter from Karl Heine, written probably on the day of the funeral, in which he, who used to be my very good friend, announced to me curtly that my uncle had left me only 8000 in Mk. Bco. in his will, that there was no mention of an allowance, but that he himself would give me 2000 francs a year—on condition that if I wrote about his father I should first send my manuscript to be supervised. Yesterday I

answered his letter with deliberate contempt and told him I should take action at law; for I have evidence to prove my uncle's obligation in the matter of my allowance. I have hitherto been in receipt of 4800 francs, which was to pass to my wife on my death. Perhaps they expected that I should come to them supplicating and would receive the money as formerly. But I think to produce a greater effect by threats, and that they will ensure my object. My action at law is no threat. I can make it good. But if I give earnest of what I will do they will be tired and will give in. The press must do their best to help me in intimidation. I leave it, therefore, to your prudence to insert a series of little articles in the papers which are read in Hamburg, in which my uncle is defended against the charge of having wished to provide for me otherwise than by his will, and saying how they believe that they have the whip hand of me and threaten not to pay me my allowance any more if I give public expression to what I think about the will and the intrigues which have been set on foot against me. It is easy to win public opinion to the side of the poet against millionaires. Campe will write to you. The articles must all be dated from Hamburg. If you have friends in Hamburg, could they bring direct influence to bear on Adolf Halle? You see it is not a book but my whole existence which is at stake. Make haste and gain the lead on my adversaries. If I can I will go to Hamburg myself next week, but I tell this only to you, not even to my mother or my sister who would be most anxious about it, for I should have to travel through Germany—therefore maintain the strictest secrecy. My arrival must have the effect of an unexpected bombshell. I have pacified Mathilde a little by telling her that I am writing to you, my great help in times of

trouble. As I shall set out soon you must not reply. I shall go, if possible, next week. The blow fell upon me from a clear sky. My enemies here, the Foulds, have turned Karl Heine against me . . . It is a strange story, and I think you should come to Hamburg as soon as I am there. Mathilde is quite ill with fear and annoyance. Everything bursts upon us at once. . . .

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *Jan.* 13, 1845.

I cannot write to you calmly yet. I am so ill, and can see so little, and I am so strangely depressed. *Lever de bouclier* of my enemies, who think the moment favourable. M. Straus and company are running into all the newspaper offices with their slanders and paying for advertisements. My wife's condition grows more serious and my nights are horrible. I am kept going only by my moral consciousness, contempt of evil, and my injured right feeling. This last must be pacified at all costs, and it is not only a question of money. I could easily make up the difference in money in various ways and by the ordinary means. I forgot to tell you that even Karl Heine's figures were wrong. Since my marriage I have received 4800 francs a year from my uncle (he had only stipulated for 4000 francs): monthly payments of 400 francs during my life, to pass to my wife on my death. I am rummaging about in papers and have come upon many a comforting find. E. Arago and Cremieux have been in consultation so that I may set out on my action with a favouring wind when I have to institute it. But what a misfortune this extreme measure would be! And yet they force me to it.

I have just received a very friendly letter from President Adolf Halle. He gave my uncle the highest praise. This matter of inheritance has set his cold blood racing. He is very anxious about my health, advises me to take a cure and says that he takes very great interest in my literary work. Others enrage me with their spiteful condolences, but Halle, with his sage politeness, his fine concern for my material distress, for if he does not add to it he does at least (God forbid that I should complain) allow it to arise, he stands calmly by while I am murderously attacked. But I think he is the best of the lot, and I have no right to demand that he should show more heart than Nature has endowed him with.

To J. H. Detmold.

Paris, *Jan.* 13, 1845.

I only want to tell you to-day that I am too unwell to travel and shall stay here and can receive an answer from you if you write soon. I am, indeed, very ill; perhaps on the point of a nervous fever. You have no idea what vulgar intrigues are set on foot against me, so that I have never a moment's peace. In addition, my domestic Vesuvius, which has been quiescent for three years, is now belching fire again. Mathilde is in a most excited condition as a result of the Hamburg affair. I do charge you with it most earnestly. It is a matter of securing the basis of my finances, the 4800 francs which my uncle so generously and firmly promised me, that I was as though struck by lightning when my cousin announced that he would in future give me only half that sum on a promise given only on condition that I send him for censorship any biography

of his father which I may write. I hope Campe has written to you on the state of affairs and that you have already taken steps to bring influence to bear for me, partly through the Press, partly through direct intervention. But I must have my allowance not curtailed and irrevocable, and not tied down by conditions. Do you act upon what you know.

Contemnere mundum,
Contemnere se ipsum,
Contemnere, se contemni

as the old monks used to teach, and I have come to this saying through disgust, through disgust with life, through contempt of man and the Press, through illness, and through Mathilde. There is a barren marasmus, a weariness of feeling and thinking, a yawning —my pen falls from my hand.

My friend, think for me and act for me. I cannot see what I am writing.

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *Feb.* 4, 1845.

I thank you for the sympathy expressed in your last letter and your intermediation suits me well. Truly we should not decline what can be gained in peaceful fashion. I should have written to you before, but for the last fortnight I have been up to my neck in a sea of troubles chiefly arising from the persecution in Prussia of all who have written in the "Vorwärts." Marx has to go away to-day, and I am raging. My wife is ill, and I am half blind. You see I could easily do without the Hamburg

war of succession. If you can take its weight from my neck all the better, and I can enter with the greater force into my other wars. Please thank M. Heine for the legal help which he has promised me, but he is wrong in thinking that Karl Heine will not let it come to trial. I know Karl Heine better. He is as obstinate as he is reserved. In his ambition there is no getting round him, for he is in this respect the very opposite of his father, who flattered public opinion like any courtier; it does not matter to Karl Heine what people say. He has only three passions: women, cigars and peace. If I could incite the courtesans of Hamburg against him he would soon have to give in. I cannot rob him of his cigars—but I can of his peace. Here is the weak spot of his armour which I will use, and my action will serve to that end, and it shall only be the frame to the tribulations which I will bring upon him. I can clamour unceasingly in the newspapers, write memoirs, invoke God and the world as witnesses, at every turn have sworn an oath *more majorum* — no, he will not endure that, and he will beg me in God's name to desist—before I have lost the action. It does not matter much whether or no I have satisfactory evidence, *although I have taken good care of that*. But I know too well the awkward incidents of the *place*, and of judicial caprice, to count only on winning.

As you are concerned with my finances as well as my honour I give you full authority. I lay down as my ultimatum two points:.

(1) My allowance must be legally assured for my life, without condition or curtailment, as it was arranged in these last years (4800 francs a year), so that, if I survive my poor cousin (which God forbid!) I cannot be injured by his heirs. Karl Heine will be generous enough to see

that half the allowance should be paid to my wife in the event of my dying before her, for he cannot allow the widow of Heinrich Heine to die of hunger.

(2) I am ready for my part to give in return my word of honour never to write a line which might injure my family. This undertaking may be drawn up as stringently as possible—if it has your approval it will be regarded as a matter of course. If I can secure my peace I will be as tame and tractable as I am wild and rough when I have to wage war.

It is understood, of course, that the 8000 M. bequeathed to me in the will must be paid to me in any event; it has nothing to do with my allowance, I had a power of attorney drawn up by a notary a week ago, giving you authority to receive that amount for me. I shall not be able to send the power to you for a few days because of the many legal and diplomatic formalities. I have given you full authority to act in the matter of my allowance, to make good my claims to it in a court of law, and to extend your full authority as an advocate to that end.

For my ultimatum please take note of the following:

I cannot have my allowance (4800 francs) curtailed by a single sou. Please insist as much as possible on the half of it being transferred to my wife on my decease. If you encounter insurmountable opposition, then you may abandon this point. Later, when I am reconciled with Karl Heine, I think I shall be able to gain my point. They have this opportunity of being generous or of seeming to be so. It is a matter of complete indifference to me if they try to make it appear that they have done everything from generosity. *In this respect, dear Campe, you may give them every possible assistance.* In the declaration which you have promised to make and print so

as to announce in the press the end of the negotiations, you can put all the blame for the misunderstanding on my shoulders, set forward the magnanimity of the family, and, in short, sacrifice myself. I do frankly confess that I have none of the vanity of other men, and I do not care a rap for public opinion; only one thing counts with me, the satisfaction of my own inner will—the self-respect of my own soul.

As for the undertaking which I am prepared to sign, it does not matter much how binding you make it. *I shall never, at any price, deliver up anything that I write to the censorship of my relations*, but I am quite ready to swallow my private grudge, and to write nothing about the pack of rascals, who may then rejoice peacefully in their obscure existence and be very sure of a complete oblivion after death. If I am on better terms with Karl Heine at a later date I shall come to an understanding with him about what I am now giving up unconditionally. You can give the most absolute guarantees from me to their fears and pacify them at once. I have better people to write about than my uncle's sons-in-law.

You have a free hand, and I beg you to bring peace to my mind, which in truth deserves a better occupation. I was interrupted in the most delightful work by this event and these repulsive discussions about money kill all poetry in me! And an action at law! If I had not a wife and responsibilities, I would throw the whole trumpery business at their feet. Unfortunately my will is as stubborn as that of a madman—it is in my nature. Perhaps I shall end in a madhouse. . . .

To Heinrich Laube.

May 24, 1845.

I should have thanked you long ago for the sympathy you showed me in my family troubles; but the state of my eyes only allows me to write a little and I have besides been very poorly altogether. My illness is paralysis, which unhappily increases. I am doing no work; I cannot read six lines together, and I am trying to amuse myself; my heart and my stomach, and perhaps my brain, are sound.

My family affairs are more or less arranged at present, and even if they were not so I should not bother about them much, for I am in such physical distress. I am in a good, even jolly mood, I have no lack of food, or of happiness, and I am besides in love—with my wife. But physically I am in a wretchedly bad way!

I wanted to go to the Pyrenees but the weather is too bad, and later on the sun would be too strong for my eyes, and I shall probably go into the country near Paris. My wife, who is still very unwell, wishes to be very kindly remembered to you and Madame Laube. I have promised to send her greetings with mine. When shall we see you again in Paris? As you are so busy and so successful with the theatre you should certainly spend more in Paris than you used to do.

I am quite alone here. I don't know what is happening in Germany. Campe seldom tells me anything, and I pray you therefore to inform me if anything happens to you which is of direct interest to me.

Write soon; every mark of friendly interest is more

acceptable to me than ever, and you are one of three men and a half in Germany whom I love.

To Julius Campe.

Montmorency, *July* 21, 1845.

I should have answered your last letter at once if I had not been confined to my bed for a fortnight, and writing with one eye made me much worse. I got up to day, tired and fagged, but it is my first concern to reassure you as to the state of my health. I am not in such a hopeless condition as they seem to think in Germany, to judge from the letters which I receive. I had a paralysis of the upper part of my body as well as my eye trouble, but that I hope will go. I could not go to a watering-place, and went to the country, to Montmorency, where my wife nurses me lovingly. I have kept my spirits, and am thinking much, and if my physical condition will allow it, I shall sit in my literary chair of delivery and call upon your good offices as wet nurse. But before everything my health must be restored; that is the chief thing; everything else is thrust into the background, my financial troubles and my differences with my family, which seem to be being adjusted, though they are not ended yet, for I cannot at any price excite myself or bother with expending a volley of words contrary to my inclination—more therefore later concerning my present relations with Karl Heine. He has offended against me, and has no idea of the importance of his misdeeds.

I have still to thank you for your last letter but one; your loyal and friendly zeal has cheered me up. I do most devoutly thank you. At the same time I give you

belated congratulations on your marriage. I pray that heaven has given you a good draw in this lottery. Marriage is a good thing everywhere, but in Germany it is a necessity.

It would certainly be a good thing for me to go to Hamburg. I intended to do so, but it is flatly impossible; I have to beware of emotion. If I live long, my differences with my family will adjust themselves, and if I do not live long, then an adjustment would be of little use to me. That is my present opinion, and at present I am enjoying in the quiet of the country a few moments without pain.

I will soon fulfil your wish that I should send you my "Atta Troll." I will take it out of my desk next week and work at it seriously; you shall have it soon.

PARIS, *Oct.* 31, 1845.

I have been long in writing for the simple reason that every letter tries my poor eyes horribly, and also because I am ashamed of not having sent you yet "Atta Troll," as I promised so long ago. But that is not my fault; the misfortunes of this year have so upset me that I have been waiting in vain until to-day for the bright hours which are necessary for me to write in the proper temper the bright pieces which the poem lacks. Oh, my dear friend, there have been great offences against me, incredibly shameful attacks on my genius. I can no longer hide my wounds from myself, and it will be years before my old humour bubbles forth again. I am possessed by a more profound seriousness, a more turbid violence, which will perhaps cause terrible outbreaks in prose and verse—but that is not what befits me, not what I wanted. Once

my life was very sweet, now it is dreary, and I long for death.

Please wait with "Atta Troll" for another six weeks or two months. I might easily spoil it with my present ill-humour. Heaven knows what will happen to my eyes; the left eye has been closed up since January, and the right is in a poor way. I cannot read, but I can still write, and am on the way to total blindness. I go about a good deal, but I do not go on the *Bourse*, as Monsieur Börnstein insinuates in various German papers. I have not set foot in that great gaming-house for fourteen years, but I have been interested and busy both financially and intellectually with railways, to which my friends (such as all the former Saint Simonians, with Enfantin at their head) are applying themselves with remarkable assiduity. I am expecting great gains as a result, but at present they are not yet realised. I am still in great distress and have only the most meagre income. I am telling you this, so that you may know for certain that I have need of you.

I am still in a most unpleasant position as regards my cousin, Karl Heine, for I do not agree with the form of payment. I will not agree to conditions—I will not forego the least particle of my dignity as an author, or of the freedom of my pen, even if as a man I show myself to be subjected to family considerations.

I hope you are happy in your marriage. I am so very happy in my own. My wife is a good, noble child, but alas, she suffers much from a very disagreeable illness. I shall go to Hamburg, perhaps in March.

To Varnhagen von Ense.

Paris, *Jan.* 3, 1846.

This is the first letter I have written in the New Year, and I begin it with my very best wishes. May you be blessed with bodily and mental health this year! I am very sorry indeed to hear that you are often weighed down with physical suffering. I should have given you words of comfort, but Hecuba is a poor comforter. I have been in a very bad way lately, and writing reminds me continually of my lasting misfortune. I can scarcely see my own writing, for I have one eye closed, and one already closing, and every letter is agony to me. I do gladly seize this opportunity, therefore, of giving you news of myself by the mouth of a friend, and as this friend is familiar with all my troubles he will be able to tell you circumstantially how horribly I have been tricked by my kith and kin, and what can be done for me in that respect. My friend, Herr Lassalle, who brings you this letter, is a young man of the most distinguished intellectual gifts; he has the soundest learning, the widest knowledge, the greatest perception that I have ever encountered: he combines the most splendid imaginative quality with an energy of will and a skill in affairs which simply astound me, and if his sympathy for me does not perish, I expect very active assistance from him. In any case I have been very glad to know such a combination of knowledge and capacity, of talent and character, and you will certainly, in the many-sidedness of your critical faculty, give him full justice. Herr Lassalle is so distinctively a child of these modern days, which refuse to take any account of that renunciation and modesty with which in our day we

dawdled and twaddled more or less hypocritically. The new generation wishes to enjoy and to make good in the visible; we old fellows used to bow down humbly before the invisible, and aspire to the kisses of shadows and the scent of blue flowers, and renounce and blubber, and yet we were happier than those hard gladiators who went so proudly to meet death in combat. The thousand years' dominion of romance is at an end, and I myself was its last fairy king, and I was deposed. If I had not hurled the crown from my head, and donned the smock, they would have beheaded me summarily. Four years ago, before I turned apostate, I still had a longing to play about with my old dream comrades in the moonlight—and I wrote "Atta Troll," the swan song of the dying period, and I dedicated it to you. It was your due, for you were my chosen brother in arms in play and in earnest. Like me you have helped to bury the old times, and have acted as wet nurse to the new—aye, we have brought them up and are afraid—we are like the poor hen who has hatched a duck's eggs, and is horrified to see her young brood plunge into the water and swim comfortably.

You see, my dear friend, how vague and uncertain I am. This weakling mood has its roots in my illness; if the paralysis, which cramps my chest like an iron band, disappears, my old energy will come forth again. But I fear that the trouble will last a long time. The treachery which was practised against me in the bosom of my family, when I was unarmed and trusting, came upon me like a flash of lightning from a clear sky, and injured me almost fatally. Whoever considers the circumstances will see in it a murderous assault: sneaking mediocrity which, consumed with envy of genius, waited for twenty long years, had at

length attained its hour of victory. It is an old story, which is for ever repeating itself.

I am very ill in body, but my soul has suffered little; a weary flower, it has bent its head a little, but it is not withered, and it is rooted firmly in truth and love.

And now good-bye, dear Varnhagen: my friend will tell you how much and how unceasingly I think of you, as you will the more easily understand when I tell you that I cannot read now, and in the long winter evenings can only find cheer in my memories.

To Alexander von Humboldt.

Paris, *Jan.* 11, 1846.

The good wishes with which you have honoured me for many years give me courage now to ask you to do me a service.

I am called to Hamburg this spring by unhappy family affairs, and I would like then to make use of the opportunity to stay for a few days in Berlin, partly to see old friends, and partly to consult the Berlin doctors about a very serious illness.

On such a journey, the only aim of which is the recovery of my health, I cannot be troubled by any *atra cura*, and I turn to you, Herr Baron, with the request that you will gain from the respective authorities that I shall not be called upon to answer any accusations concerning the past during my journey through the royal Prussian states. I know very well that such a request is not in accordance with the administrative customs in Prussia; but at a time, which is in itself somewhat exceptional, it ought to be

possible to enrich the old record office with a rubric for exceptional men of the time.

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *Feb.* 5, 1846.

I hope that my stay in Hamburg at a time when I need absolute peace of mind will not be disturbed by any after consequences or renewal of my family squabbles. When I told Karl Heine why I had to go to Hamburg in the spring, I asked him, for God's sake, before I arrived to adjust the differences which still lie between us. But, unfortunately, the more I curb my pride and show myself to be humbly supplicating him, the more snappish and arrogant and insulting does my poor cousin become. He takes gentleness for weakness, and he has never understood that I should never so mercilessly have brought all my forces to bear on any one whom I did not love as I do him.

I do not reproach you for having, like so many others, believed in the magnanimity of Karl Heine, and having urged me to humility and bade me call on the power of time, the healer. Every one to whom I confide the matter implores me to leave the solution to time, and to trust to the better nature which, in the end, will appear in Karl Heine. They say that I should not lose a penny by it. Good old Meyerbeer said so only yesterday, and guaranteed me any deficit out of his own pocket, and gave me written proof that when Solomon Heine gave me my allowance through him, as intermediary, he gave it me for my life, for it was to serve to protect me against want in my old age, and meanwhile to give me intellectual liberty

But there were no proofs and documents in my uncle's own handwriting, and so it avails me nothing, because I did not want to take action and Karl Heine persists with inconceivable obstinacy in his injustice. I tell him in every letter that the seeds of anger remain as long as I have to lose a shilling of the allowance, which he is bound to pay in his father's name, even if I refuse to be grateful for the payment of it without curtailment and conditions as a favour, in order to show I have tried the way of kindness which was pointed out to me by friends and my own heart, which could not bring itself to make war on Karl Heine. I have followed my softer feelings while the cold voice of experience hissed in my ears that rarely is anything won from the hard men of money by tears and supplication in this world, but only by the sword! My sword is my pen, and this sword must hew away to the end at the silver bars and lawyers' tricks which are at my cousin's bidding. The continual contradiction between my nature and my reason has made me wretched and disheartened for a whole year, and only now that I see there is no human heart beating in Karl Heine's breast, after I have begged of him instead of fighting for my rights, and all to save myself drawing my sword against the friend and brother of my youth, now there is nothing left for me but——. Yes, I have been working for some days at a horrible memoir, in which the insolence of Karl Heine is shown up. I shall drop my action, so that it may be seen that it is no longer a question of money. I have no need to fear the tricks of Dr. Halle, here on my own ground where I am president, and am exposed to no municipal red tape. I regard my allowance as lost, and I run the risk. I have not long to live, as my doctors (Dr. Roth and Dr. Sichel) have told me out of friendship and because they know that I am a man who

is not afraid of death, and my wife will then go into a convent, and live on the meagre income which you will give her. The question of money is thrust into the background. I am calm, for I have done everything that a man can do for love, and more, and genius is doing the forced labour of misfortune. You see, my dear friend that I am much to be pitied, and it is not my fault that I am not now writing jolly bear-hunts and winter's tales.

To Ferdinand Lassalle.

Paris (I don't know exactly), 1846.

My dear brother-in-arms, I am writing to you to-day although my head is in a dreadful state and every letter costs me a piece of my life. I say nothing of my eyes; my lips, tongue, etc., are affected and my brain seems not to be altogether untouched. The cold and the roar of Paris have such a bad effect on me and all my hopes are directed towards the south—and my doctors advise me to go there too. I am giving up my idea of going to Berlin, and if the Karl Heine affair is settled quickly I shall not go to Hamburg, but straight to Italy, to do nothing but restore my health. That is between ourselves. I am unhappy and wretched as I have never been, and if it were not that I should be leaving a helpless woman behind me, I would very gladly take my hat and say good-bye to the world. For the last four weeks nothing but pleasant things have happened to me; my finances are improving, my wife is more charming than ever, my vanity is flattered, and in its present phase I could easily bear my illness with resignation; but my affairs which I have so far conducted

with indifference, have begun to raise such a storm in my mind that sometimes I am really afraid of going mad. . . .

PARIS, *Feb. 27, 1846.*

My physical condition is dreadful. I kiss but feel nothing, so much are my lips affected. My gums and a part of my tongue are touched too, and everything that I eat tastes like earth. I have lately been trying the Imperial Russian Baths, observing the rules most strictly. I have no lack of courage.

I spend much time with your sister and we talk for hours together about you. She has an extraordinary amount of intellect and she is most splendidly like you. In a few days I am to give her a great dinner to which I have invited Roger, Balzac, Gautier, Gozlan, etc.—if only I could see you there! I should like to have you with me for a week (no longer). As soon as you had gone I wrote in a couple of hours in the morning my ballet, which will perhaps be produced in London this year. I have been trying my luck on the *Bourse* again with no fortune. I have to do that or my family troubles become a fixed idea which might make me mad. In spite of my wretched physical condition I try to amuse myself, though not with women, who might do for me. Good-bye, I long to know how you are. Knowing your character, I am not without a narrow-minded sort of anxiety on your account. I talk business with your brother-in-law; his own affairs are going very well, and he is really a genius.

To Julius Campe.

Tarbes, *Sept.* 1, 1846.

I have put off writing to you hoping that things would go better with me so that I might have pleasanter things to tell you than I have to say, but unfortunately my condition, which has grown considerably worse since the end of May, has become so serious now that I am afraid. I recovered a little and gained some hope during the first weeks I spent at Barèges, but since then my moving has gone at a snail's pace; my organs of speech are so paralysed that I cannot speak, and I have not been able to eat for four months because of the difficulty of chewing and swallowing and the complete loss of taste. I am dreadfully emaciated, my paunch has dwindled and I look like a withered one-eyed Hannibal. Bad symptoms (continual weakness) have now decided me to hasten back to Paris, and I left Barèges yesterday. I am not at all anxious but quite composed, and I bear patiently what cannot be altered, and is, after all, human destiny.

I know that I am past saving, but that I can last out in wretchedness and agony for a while, one or at most two years. Now that does not matter to me; it is the affair of the immortal Gods who have nothing to reproach me with, for I have always defended their cause on earth with courage and energy. The blessed knowledge of having lived a fair life fills my soul even in these sorrowful times, and I hope will accompany me in my last hours even into the white abyss. Between ourselves, that is the least to be feared; dying is a horrible thing, not death, if there is such a thing as death. Death is perhaps the last superstition.

What am I to say about the false report of my death which is being spread in Germany now? It has not amused me at all. At other times I should have laughed at it. Fortunately I had at the time an article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which will have spoiled the pleasure of my enemies, unless they themselves have spread the report.

As soon as I get to Paris I will write to you about my collected edition which I do not want to have postponed any longer. It is not my fault that I have not sent you my "Troll"; my family affairs have robbed me of any mood for writing and my increasing illness prevented my going over the poem as carefully as I wished, but I will push it through quickly, whatever it may be like, and I will take it in hand as soon as I get to Paris. My mind is clear, and even creative, but not so splendidly cheerful as it was in the days of my happiness. God forgive my family for their sins against me. It was not the money, but my moral indignation over the most intimate friend of my youth and my own blood relation not honouring his father's word, that has broken my heart, and I am dying of it. I hear that the false report of my death has made my cousin afraid, indeed he has good reason for it.

To Heinrich Laube.

Paris, *Oct.* 19, 1846.

I am delighted with your proposal to come here. You must make haste for although my illness is slow I cannot guarantee against a *salto mortale* and you might come too late to talk to me about immortality, the writer's society, the Fatherland, Campe, and other vital human questions:

you might find me a very silent man. In any case I am staying here this winter and am living for the present at *Faubourg Poissonnière No. 41* (room enough), and if you do not find me here, look for me in the *Cimetière Montmartre* not at *Père Lachaise*, which is too noisy for me.

Send me my obituary, it is not often given to mortals to have the pleasure of reading their own obituaries. The false report of my death depressed me much, and I am sorry that my friends should have been affected by it, fortunately the report was quickly corrected by the announcement of my being still alive. You are surprised that so many false reports are spread about me and say that I am becoming a myth. I could easily give the key to these myths and show you the sources from which these more or less silly but always malevolent paragraphs about my private life emanate. Monsieur Straus confessed that he had spent more than 4000 francs on journals and journalists in order to make public his defamations of my private life, which are roughed out by himself and polished by the Spiegelbergs we know of. I have never replied to them so as not to give the public any food for discussion.

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *Nov.* 12, 1846.

You are wrong about the collected edition in thinking that I had not thought of making provision for the arrangement of it in the event of my death. I have in my will appointed my friends Detmold and Laube to prepare the edition in my stead, and, for the arrangement,

which I consider most proper, I will write to you to-day what I think, so that you can tell me if you agree with me: for I have always kept an eye on your commercial interests for the last twenty years—I have always neglected my own.

I propose that you should publish the collected edition in nineteen volumes. . . .

The too previous report of my death has won me much sympathy, a noble and touching crowd of letters. Even Karl Heine wrote me a most affectionate and friendly letter. The trumpery affair of our silly difference about money has vanished away, and this has brought me much comfort in my afflictions. But I have lost confidence in my family, and however rich he may be, and however affectionately disposed he may show himself towards me, he would be the last to whom I should turn in any vital trouble. I have obstinately insisted that he should pay me even to the uttermost shilling which I thought was my right according to his father's promise, but honestly I would not take one shilling from him. We have both been very foolish, but I am paying for my folly more dearly than he with what is left of my health. Things look very bad for me, and it is possible that my death will give you a very good advertisement for my collected edition; you will see how much more popular I shall be then, although as I see from certain foolish publishers' letters (I will write to you about that soon) my popularity must be very great even now. One publisher wants to pay me a most astounding price for a popular sketch of my life. Do not worry, I shall write nothing, I want peace, and am least concerned with my fame.

To Heinrich Laube.

Come to-morrow, for to-morrow you may find me speechless. The paralysis is creeping slowly over my body, and it may be some time before it affects my head or my brain and makes an end of this mortal joke, but I cannot guarantee against a *salto mortale* and I want to make certain last requests of you.

To Julius Campe.

Montmorency, *June* 20, 1847.

The cold has attacked my chest, which had not suffered at all in the autumn. I wanted to go South to hibernate, but my finances will not allow it and therefore I shall stay in Paris. Let us begin the collected edition in the late autumn and beginning of winter, and get on with it, and do you please give me a definite answer about my prospectus of the arrangement of it. You have not said a word about it. It seems as though you wished to wait for my death to advertise the collected edition. I can find no other explanation of your delay. Do not be anxious; you will not have to wait long for your advertisement.

I should not have written to you to-day, my dear Campe, except that I had a proposal to make about a new publication, and have already put it off longer than I should have done. It is about a ballet which I wrote for my friend Lumbey of London; a poem, which is only a ballet in form, but it is one of the greatest and most poetic of my productions. The matter of it is of such great interest for Germany, and so remarkable, that I

wrote you at the same time in the form of a letter a humorous treatise, which, together with the text of the dance-poem, and a few notes which I am adding, will cover ten sheets and make a little book which will, perhaps, give my publisher a good deal of trouble, but will be very profitable. What is the title, and what the matter? Perhaps the secret is already out, but it must not be bruited by you, and I should not send you the manuscript until I were certain that the ballet had actually reached production in London. I ask 1000 Marks Banko for the little book.

To Betty Heine.

Montmorency, *Aug.* 28, 1847.

My dear, dear Mother! I received your dear letter of August 3. Everything is as it was here, and I shall stay here until autumn. My eyes are the same, and writing makes them bad; and I hardly write at all. I am writing to you to-day to send you back the enclosed papers, which were ready to be sent six months ago, when I was putting my papers in order. Why should I keep them? For, honestly, they were only valuable to me as a mark of your love, but otherwise it never occurred to me to make any use of them. Max will be of my opinion. I advise you to leave the whole amount to my sister. My brother Max, who is happy in his work without wife or child, is provided for, well provided for, and I have enough to live on until the end. My wife is provided for, and she has the happiness of your love, so that there is no question of sacrifice on her part.

Rest assured that Gustave has as little need of this

money as Max and I. That is what I wish and counsel, and my word should carry the more weight, as I am the eldest of my brothers and sisters, and in any case my word should set your mind at ease.

To Dr. L. Wertheim.

Montmorency, *Sept.* 25, 1847.

I am in a bad way, or rather, in no way at all. My legs and feet have been so paralysed this last fortnight that I have not been able to leave my room, and could not walk more than a few steps. The lower part of my body is paralysed, and I am more than unwell. I shall return on Thursday to my old home (*Fbg. Poissonnière 41*) where you may find me on Thursday or early on Friday. Montmorency has failed me as Barèges did last year, and my destiny moves quickly to its end. I am bearing it calmly and proudly. . . .

BOOK V

THE LIVING TOMB

(1848–1856)

CHAPTER I
ILLNESS

To Dr. L. Wertheim.

Paris, *Feb.* 16, 1848.

I have been for the last ten days in the *maison de santé* of my friend Faultrien (*84, rue de Lourcine*), whither my whole family (my wife, Pauline, and the cat) have followed me. I am in a sad state, and I am calm and fairly cheerful. I hope to see you soon. The great hæmorrhoidal crisis which we expected has fortunately set in. My eyes are very tired and I cannot read my writing.

To Alfred Meissner.

Paris, *March* 12, 1848.

You can easily understand my feelings at the revolution which I saw taking place before my very eyes. You know that I was no republican, and you will not be astonished at my not having become so. The present doings and hopes of the world are foreign to my heart. I bow to Fate because I am too weak to defy it, but I may not kiss the hem of her garment, to make use of a by no means

simple expression. . . . You will not be surprised at my being terribly moved at present, and having a cold, prickly feeling all over my back and arms. Well, it has passed. But it was very hard to see old Roman faces all about me, and to have pathos the order of the day, and Venedey a hero of the time. Gladly would I fly the turmoil of public life that so oppresses me to the imperishable springtime of Poetry and imperishable things, if only I could walk better and were not ill. But my infirmities which I must drag with me, do weigh heavily upon me, and I think you will have to make haste, my dear friend, if you want to see me again.

* * * * *

I cannot think without deep emotion of those evenings in March 1848 when good, kind Gérard de Nerval visited me every day in my solitude at the *Barrière de la Santé*, in order to work quietly with me at the translation of my peaceful German fantasies, while all around us raged political passions and the old world broke up with a fearful uproar! Absorbed as we were in our æsthetic and idyllic conversations we could not hear the shrieks of the horrible large-breasted woman who rushed through the streets of Paris howling her song "Des Campions! Des Campions!" the Marseillaise of the February Revolution of unhappy memory. Unfortunately my friend Gérard suffered from derangement even in his lucid days and I discovered too late to remedy it that he had omitted seven poems of the cycle which forms the "North Sea." I have left this gap in my poems so as not to injure the whole, as the harmony and unity of colour and rhyme might easily have been disturbed by the interpolation of translations from my own unpractised pen. Gérard's diction flowed with a lovely and inimitable purity, which resembled only the great

graciousness of his soul. He was, indeed, more soul than man, as I might say; the soul of an angel, however banal the word may sound. His soul was in a high degree sympathetic, and, without understanding much of the German language, Gérard could divine the meaning of a German poem better than those who have made the language the study of their lives. And he was a great artist: the perfume of his thoughts was always contained in wonderfully carved caskets of gold. And yet I found in him none of the egoism of the artist, he had a childlike frankness, he had a sensitive delicacy, he was kind and loved all the world, he envied no man, he never harmed a fly, and he would shrug his shoulders if a dog bit him. And in spite of all these qualities of talent, grace and kindness, my friend, Gérval, as you know, died in the gutter *de la Vieille Lanterne.*

Poverty was not the cause of this ominous end, but it helped much towards it. It is a fact, anyhow, that the poor wretch at that dreadful hour had never a decent warm room for shelter where his wants might be attended to, in order to . . .

Poor fellow! Thou dost well deserve the tears which have flowed in thy memory, and I cannot keep back my own as I write these lines. But thy earthly torment is done, while those of thy collaborator of the *Barrière de la Santé* must still continue. Let not thy heart be too much softened, dear reader, by these words. Perhaps the day is not far distant on which thou wilt need all thy pity for thyself. Dost thou know thy own end?

* * * * *

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *April* 25, 1848.

I have taken extraordinary pains to keep the knowledge of my hopeless condition from my mother. Perhaps Heaven will spare the old lady the sorrow which the knowledge of my misery would bring to her. Therefore my sister also must know nothing and I have been able to deceive her too.

I will write to you next week—a sick man is always counting on better days. My mind is free, and clear, and even cheerful. My heart is sound, almost sound enough to be eager for and greedy of life, and my body is so paralysed, so rotten. It is as though I were buried alive. I see no one and talk to no one.

Passy, *June* 7, 1848.

I have been here in the country for the last twelve days, wretched and beyond all measure unhappy. My illness has increased to a terrible extent. I have been completely paralysed for the last eight days, so that I can only lie on the sofa or on my bed. My legs are like cotton and I am carried about like a child. I have the most horrible cramps. My right hand is beginning to wither and God knows whether I shall ever be able to write to you again. Dictation is painful because of my paralysed jaw. My blindness is still the least of my ills.

I have very cunningly concealed my illness from my mother and sister. My mother must know nothing, for, in spite of my deplorable condition, I may survive the old

lady and she will be spared this sorrow. But my wife wishes me to let my sister know something so that she may not reproach her when the end comes. I therefore ask you to acquaint my sister as gently as possible with the true state of affairs. She cannot help me. I do not want to see her here. I only want you to tell my brother Max of the relapse and I want to have his address at once: perhaps I shall write to him myself.

PARIS, *August* 1854.

When I wrote about the so-called corruption of Guizot, somewhat too remotely and indifferently perhaps, but with a good conscience and without any hypocritical virtuous indignation, it never occurred to me that I myself should be accused five years later of participation in such corruption. The time was well chosen and calumny had plenty of elbow-room in the period of storm and stress of February 1848, when every political passion was suddenly let loose to begin its mad St. Vitus's dance. Everywhere there prevailed a madness of infatuation such as has only been known among the witches of the Blocksberg or the Jacobins in their most fearful days of terror.

And the name of the present writer did not escape calumny in that time of madness, and a correspondent in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* made so bold as to speak in an anonymous article of the most unworthy stipulations by which I had sold my literary activity for a fixed sum to the governmental needs of the Guizot Ministry.

I refrain from exposing the identity of my accuser, whose crude virtue was so much up in arms against the prevailing corruption; I will not wrest from this courageous knight the vizor of his anonymity; and I will only remark

parenthetically that he is not a German but an Italian, who, educated in the Jesuit schools, remained faithful to his upbringing, and to this hour enjoys a better post in the offices of the Austrian Embassy in Paris. I am tolerant and allow every man to ply his trade ; we cannot all be honest men ; there must be queer fish of all sorts, and if I do allow myself some censure, it is only on account of the refinement of disloyalty with which my ultramontane Brutus had recourse to the authority of a French pamphlet, which, making use of the passions of the time was not far from misrepresentation and misconstruction, though as regards myself it never was guilty of a single word which the foregoing imputation could justify. How it came about that the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, usually so careful, became the victim of such mystification I will explain later. For the present I am content to point to the extra supplement of the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* of May 23, 1848, in which, in a public explanation, I have quite frankly expressed my opinion on the insinuations, and left no room for the least equivocation.

This explanation is as follows : "The *Revue Retrospective* has for some time been delighting the republican world with the publication of papers from the Archives of the former Government, and among others it made public the Accounts of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs during the Guizot Administration. The fact that the name of the undersigned appeared in these accounts, credited with definite sums of money, gave rise to suspicions of the most hateful character, and a perfidious interpretation, for which there was no sort of authority in the *Revue Retrospective*, induced a correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* to comment on the folly of laying an accusation to the effect that the Guizot Ministry had bought my pen

for a fixed sum to defend their administrative acts. The Editorial staff of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which by reason not so much of what it has published as of what it has *not* published of my work has had much opportunity of observing that I am not a servile writer who can be paid for his silence—the aforesaid Editorial staff might have spared me that *levis nota*. I am directing this protest against the Editor's note rather than against the article of the correspondent, and I wish to explain as clearly as possible my relations with the Guizot Ministry. I am induced thereto by higher interests, not by the small interests of personal safety, not even by those of honour. My honour is not in the hands of any newspaper correspondent, nor is any newspaper its tribunal. I can only be tried at the assizes of literary history. Nor will I allow magnanimity to be interpreted and disparaged as cowardice. No: the support that I had from the Guizot Ministry was not tribute; it was only support; it was—I will give it its proper name—the alms, which the French people gave to so many thousands of foreigners who had been more or less gloriously compromised in their native countries by their zeal for the cause of the Revolution and had taken refuge by the hospitable hearth of France. I applied for this charity shortly after the deplorable decrees of the *Bundestag* had appeared, which tried to ruin me financially as the chorus leader of a so-called Young Germany, by imposing an interdict not only on my existing writings, but also on everything that might come subsequently from my pen, and in this way robbed me of my fortune and my livelihood, without trial or judgment or right. The reason for the payment of this charity being entered in the accounts of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs and of the pension fund, which is not subject to

public control, was that the finances of the other departments were at that time too heavily burdened. Perhaps also the French Government did not wish ostensibly to support a man who had always been a thorn in the flesh of the German Embassy, and a man whose expulsion had so often been demanded. It is well known how and why my Royal Prussian friends had pestered the French Government with their demands. M. Guizot obstinately refused to expel me, and paid me my pension regularly every month without fail. He never asked the smallest service in return. When I waited upon him, soon after he had taken the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, and thanked him for having notified the continuance of my pension in spite of my radical complexion, he replied with melancholy kindness, "I am not the man to refuse a German poet living in exile a piece of bread." It was in November 1840, that M. Guizot said these words to me, and it was the first and last time in my life that I had the honour of speaking to him. I have given the Editor of the *Revue Retrospective* evidence to prove the truth of the foregoing declaration, and with the original documents which are accessible to him he should now make clear, as befits French loyalty, the meaning and origin of the pension in question.

HEINRICH HEINE.

PARIS, *May* 15, 1848.

These were my bare words in the aforesaid explanation: I called the thing by its most distressing name. Although I might well have indicated that the money granted me as an "*allocation annuelle d'une pension de secours*," could be regarded as a recognition of my literary reputation, notified in the most delicate manner, yet I did in fact attribute

the pension solely to national generosity, to political fraternal love, which was displayed on this occasion as touchingly and beautifully as ever the compassion of the evangelist. There were lofty fellows among my colleagues in exile who called every subsidy subvention: knights, beggarly proud they were, who hated all obligations, and called it a loan which they would one day pay back to the French with interest—but I bowed to necessity and gave the thing its right name.

By a decree of the Government of my native country not only were all my precious writings prohibited, but also everything that I might write in the future. My brain was confiscated and my poor innocent stomach was by this interdict deprived of every means of sustenance. At the same time my name was to be erased from the memory of man, and all the censors of my native country received strict injunctions to strike out every passage in the newspapers, and in pamphlets and books in which I was mentioned, whether favourably or unfavourably. Shortsighted fools! These resolutions and injunctions were powerless against an author whose spiritual interests issued victorious from every persecution, even if his finances were brought to utter ruin, so that even now I can trace the effects of their paltry malice. But I did not starve, although at that time I was pressed hard enough by grim want. Living in Paris is so expensive, especially if a man is married and has no children, for these dear little dolls while away the time for husband and wife, and they have no need to seek amusement away from home, where it costs so much. And then I never learned the art by which the hungry manage to live on mere words, the more so as nature has given me such a comfortable appearance that no one would believe in my

necessity. The poverty-stricken fellows who have had help from me laughed when I told them that in future I would have to starve myself. Was I not related to all sorts of millionaires? Had not the generalissimo of millionaires, had not the millionaireissimo called me his friend, his friend? I could never convince my clients that the great millionaireissimo called me his friend precisely because I did not ask money of him; had I done so, that would have been the end of his friendship! The days of David and Jonathan, of Orestes and Pylades, are gone. My poor necessitous idiots thought that it was quite easy to take money from the rich. They have never seen, as I have, with what fearful iron bars their great chests of gold are guarded.

Indeed it was my peculiar misfortune that no one would ever believe in my poverty.

So it was that calumny had an easy task in ascribing the motives which led me to accept the pension in question to anything but the most natural want and necessities.

The Editor of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* knew nothing about the French paper, before he printed his dirty article about corruption. Indeed the most cursory attention would have recorded the crafty malevolence of his correspondent, for he spoke of me side by side with men who were as remote and different from myself as a Cheshire cheese from the moon. In order to show how the Guizot Ministry had conducted its system of corruption not only in simony but in flat bribery, the French review had printed the aforesaid double entry accounts of the department, for which Guizot was responsible, and every year monstrous sums were set down in it for unnamed expenditure, and the accusing paper threatened later on to name the persons into whose pockets the money had flowed.

Owing to the sudden collapse of the paper the threat was never carried into execution: which was a pity for us, because then every one could have seen that we had never had any share in such secret munificence, which came straight from the Minister himself or his secretary, and was given in return for definite services. But there is a wide distinction between such so-called *Bons du ministre*, the real secret fund, and the pensions with which a Minister finds his treasury already charged in favour of certain persons to whom fixed sums are granted annually as a subsidy. It was a very ungenerous, I may say, a very un-French action on the part of the *Retrospective* pamphlet, after giving the various incomes and outgoings of the Foreign Office, to print also the names of those who enjoyed pensions by way of subsidy, and it is all the more blameworthy in that there appeared not only the names of men who had fallen upon evil days, men of the highest rank, but also those of great ladies, who were glad to conceal their fallen greatness under a few spangles and now had the grief of seeing their distinguished poverty revealed. With a more delicate tact the German will not follow the discourteous example of the French writer, and we now conceal the names of the noble and illustrious ladies whom we found on the list of the pension fund of Guizot's department. Among the men whom we found on that list as enjoying annual subsidies, were exiles from every quarter of the globe, refugees from Greece and San Domingo, Armenians and Bulgarians, Spain and Poland, high-sounding names of barons, generals, and ex-ministers, and even priests, forming as it were, an aristocracy of poverty; while on the lists of the treasuries of other departments were the names of poor devils of less distinction. The German poet need not in truth be ashamed of his company, and

he found himself in the society of celebrities of talent and misfortune whose destiny was declining. Next to my own name on the list of pensions, in the same rubric and the same category, I found the name of a man who once ruled an Empire greater than the Kingdom of Ahasuerus, who was king from Hauda to Kush, from India to Morocco, more than a hundred and twenty-seven countries; Godvi, the *Prince de la Paix*, the absolute favourite of Ferdinand VII. and his consort, who fell in love with his nose. I never saw a more ample electoral purple nose, and it must have cost poor Godvi more to fill it with snuff than his French annuity could stand. Another name that I saw was my own; one which filled me with emotion and respect was that of my friend and comrade in destiny, Augustus Thierry, as glorious as he was unhappy, the greatest historian of our time. But instead of giving my name in the company of such respectable people, the honest correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* fished out from the aforesaid lists, which contained also the names of pensioned diplomatic agents, two German names which belonged to men who might easily be better than their reputations, though the juxtaposition could not fail to injure my own.

The Editor of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* published the article on corruption and added a note in which he made the observation concerning my pension "that I could not have received it so much for what I wrote as for what I did *not* write."

This note was meant to save my honour, it was well meant but, being too wittily expressed, was very unhappy and was a regular *pavé*, a paving-stone, as the French journalists in their jargon call an unskilful defence which slays its object, like the bear in the fable who wanted to

frighten away a blue-bottle from the face of his sleeping friend and, taking a paving-stone to hurl at it, smashed in his comrade's head.

Time, place and circumstance, did not then permit of any further explanation, but now that every reason for discretion is gone I can explain the more effectively that I could not be bribed by the Guizot Ministry either for what I wrote or for what I did *not* write. Such retrospective justifications have a peculiar and melancholy charm for men who have done with life, and I give myself up to it with the insolence of the dreamer. It is as though I were fulfilling a pious obligation to one long dead. Anyhow, the following revelations concerning affairs in France at the time of the Guizot Ministry are apt.

The Ministry of the 29th November 1840 should not, as a matter of fact, be called the Guizot Ministry but the Soult Ministry, since Soult was President of the Ministerial Council. But Soult was only its titular President, very much as the reigning King of Hanover has the title of Rector of the University of Georgia-Augusta, while His Magnificence, the Pro-Rector for the time being, fulfils the actual duties of Rector. Talk was only of Guizot, who for several years was at the zenith of his popularity with the *bourgeoisie*, who had been frightened out of their wits by the bellicosity of his predecessor. It is easily understood that the successor of Thiers met with even greater sympathy on the other side of the Rhine. We Germans could never forgive Thiers for having drummed us out of our sleep, from our pleasant vegetating slumber, and we rubbed our eyes and cried "Long live Guizot!" Learned men, especially, sang his praises in Pindaric hymns, in which even the prosody, the ancient beat of the syllables, was

imitated, and a German Professor of Philosophy, who was passing through Paris, assured me that Guizot was just as great as Thiersch. Yes, just as great as my dear, humane friend, Thiersch, the writer of the best Greek Grammar! This enthusiasm for Guizot was excellently represented in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* by my colleague of the Mask of Venus, and my colleague of the Arrow. The first swung the censer with sacerdotal devotion, the other maintained his sweetness and charm even in his ecstasy. Both held out until the catastrophe.

For my part I had recognised and understood Guizot's remarkable qualities ever since I began to take a serious interest in French literature, and my writings testify to my respect for that world-famous man. I loved his rival, Thiers, more, but only on account of his personality, not for the temper of his mind, which was limited and national, so that he might almost be called a French Old German; while Guizot's cosmopolitan outlook was nearer akin to my own way of thinking. I loved in Thiers many faults which were in myself, while Guizot's virtues had an almost repelling effect upon me. I had often to find fault with Thiers, but always contrary to my inclination; if I were forced to praise Guizot, I did so only after careful sorting of the facts. Indeed I only spoke with independent love of truth of the man who was then the chief topic of conversation, and I always reported faithfully what I heard. It was a point of honour with me to set down unaltered in this book the reports in which the character and ideas of government (not the administrative acts) of the great statesman were most honoured, although they must give rise to much gossip. The gentle reader will observe that these conversations do not go further than about the end of the year 1843, when I gave up writing

political articles for the *Allgemeine Zeitung* and confined myself to giving the Editor friendly information in our private correspondence: only occasionally did I publish an article on science and the fine arts.

That is the silence; the *not*-writing of which the *Allgemeine Zeitung* speaks, and interprets as a sale of my freedom of speech. Is it not more likely that I was wavering in my faith to Guizot at that time, and had come to loggerheads with him? That was indeed the case; but I could not make such a confession in 1848. It would have been neither right nor proper. I had to confine myself to answering the perfidious insinuation, which ascribed my sudden silence to bribery, in the aforesaid explanation with the bare facts of my relation with the Guizot ministry. Before the 29th November, 1840, when M. Guizot took on the Ministry, I had never had the honour of seeing him. It was only a month later that I visited him to thank him for having given instructions to the treasury of his department to pay me my subsidy in monthly instalments as before. That visit was the first and last which I have ever paid to the illustrious man in my life. In the conversation with which he honoured me he spoke warmly and profoundly of his esteem of Germany, and this recognition of my Fatherland and the flattering words with which he spoke of my own literary efforts were the only coin with which he bribed me. It never occurred to him to ask any service of me. And certainly it never could have been in the mind of the proud man who longed for unpopularity, to ask of me a eulogy in the French press, or the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*; of me, a stranger, while persons of far more importance and reliability, such as Baron von Eckstein and the historian Capefigue, both of whom were contributors to the *Allgemeine*

Zeitung, had for years been on a most friendly footing with M. Guizot, and certainly deserved his intimate confidence. I never saw M. Guizot again after that interview: I never saw his secretary or anybody else that works in his office. I once learned by accident that M. Guizot was often urged by the German embassies to banish me from Paris. I could not help laughing at the thought of the vexation on the faces of those diplomats when they discovered that the Minister of whom they had demanded my expulsion was supporting me with a yearly subsidy. I needed no hint to understand how little he wanted his noble behaviour to be divulged; and my discreet friends, from whom I can conceal nothing, shared my pleasure in it.

I owe a great debt of gratitude to M. Guizot for this entertaining position, and for the generosity with which he treated me. But when I was shaken in my faith in his firmness towards the royal demands, and saw that he was dominated mischievously by the will of Louis Philippe, and understood the dreadful wrong-headedness of his autocratic obstinacy and morbid egoism, gratitude would have had no power to hold my words in check, and I should certainly have pointed out, respectfully but mournfully, the mistakes by which the too-yielding Ministry, or rather the crazy king, were leading the country and the world to ruin. But my pen was gagged by sheer physical incapacity. I am only able now to make public the real cause of my silence and *not*-writing.

Even if I had felt the desire to publish only a line in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* against the unholy system of government of Louis Philippe, it would have been impossible for me for the very simple reason that the prudent king had, before the 29th November, taken precautions

against such a possibility of attack by a correspondent, by securing his august self by making the then censor of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* at Augsburg not only a knight, but also an officer of the French Legion of Honour. However great then was my predisposition towards the king, the Augsburg censors found that I did not love him enough, and struck out every disparaging word and prevented the publication of many of my articles on the royal policy. But shortly after the February revolution, when my poor Louis Philippe had to go into exile, it was neither right nor proper for me to publish this fact, even if the Augsburg censor had set his imprimatur on it. . . .

But, unhappy poet, wast thou not as a naturalised Frenchman protected against such Ministerial caprice?

Ah; the answer to this question forces from me a confession from which perhaps prudence would bid me refrain. But Prudence and I parted company long ago; and I will now declare that I never became a naturalised Frenchman, and that my naturalisation, which has been a notorious fact, is for all that only a German fable. I know not what idle or mischievous brain begat it. Several of my fellow countrymen are supposed to have grubbed my naturalisation up from an authentic source. They reported it in German newspapers and I lent support to this erroneous belief by my silence. My dear literary and political opponents in Germany, and many of my influential enemies in Paris were led astray by it, and believed that I was protected by French citizenship against the many vexations and machinations by which a foreigner, who is subjected to an exceptional jurisdiction here, can so easily be persecuted. Through this profitable mistake I escaped much animosity and much plundering at the hands of commercial people who would have used their privilege

in business conflicts, for the position of the unnaturalised foreigner in Paris is difficult and in the long run expensive. He is browbeaten and put upon, and most of all by naturalised foreigners, who are most scurvily sharp in abusing the privileges they have just gained. Once, in dismay and anxiety, I carried out the formalities which imply no obligation and yet do place us in the position of gaining the rights of naturalisation without delay. But I always had a queer horror of the definite act. Through this cautiousness, and my deep-rooted disinclination for naturalisation, I fell into a false position which I must regard as the cause of all my troubles, sorrows and failures during my stay of three and twenty years in Paris. The income of a good poet would have covered amply my domestic expenses and the needs of a way of living not so much capricious as human and free: but without being naturalised I could not take a government post. My friends used to hold up to me enticingly high honours and fat sinecures, and there was no lack of the example of foreigners who had mounted the glittering stairs of power and honour in France. And I may say that I should have had to fight with native jealousy far less than others, for never had a German won to such a degree the sympathy of the French, not only in the literary world but also in society, and the most distinguished man in France sought my company, not as a patron but as a comrade. The chivalrous Prince, who was next the throne, and was not only a distinguished soldier and statesman, but also read the "Book of Songs" in the original, would have been only too glad to have seen me in the French services, and his influence would have been great enough to have set me on the road to such a career. I shall never forget the friendliness with which the great historian of the French Revolu-

tion and the Empire, who was then the omnipotent President of the Council, once took my arm in the garden of a Princess who was his friend, and, walking with me, urged me to tell him my heart's desire, so that he could see to it that it was granted. I can still hear the flattering sound of his voice; my nose still smells the scent of the great flowering magnolia which we passed, a tree reaching up to the blue sky, with its splendid flowers white as alabaster, glorious, proud as the heart of the German poet in the days of his happiness!

Yes; I have the word. It was the foolish arrogance of the German poet, which withheld me from becoming a Frenchman, even only *pro forma*. It was an idea, a whim, from which I could not free myself. I have ever been free in mind of what is usually called patriotism, but I could not away with a certain horror if I were to do anything which might appear in any degree to be a renunciation of the Fatherland. Even in the minds of the most enlightened there lurks always a remnant of the old superstition which cannot be expelled; one does not like to speak of it, but in the most secret crannies of his soul it lives on. My marriage with our dear Lady Germany, the blonde Bearskin, had never been happy. I remember lovely moonlight nights when she held me tenderly to her large bosom—but I cannot tell of those sentimental nights, and towards morning there was ever a boredom and a coldness, and then began the endless scolding. In the end we lived apart in both bed and board. But it never came to an actual breach. I have never been able to conquer my heart, or to renounce my domestic cross. I detest disloyalty of every kind, and I could never renounce a German cat or a German dog, however insupportable their fleas and loyalty might be to me. The smallest sucking-pig of my native country

cannot complain of me in this respect. In the midst of the distinguished and witty swine of Perigord, who nosed up truffles and battened on them, I did not calumniate the modest grunters who at home in the forest of Teutoburg feed on the fruit of the oak of the fatherland out of the wooden trough, as once their pious forbears did at the time when Arminius fought Varus. I have not lost a bristle of my Germanity, not a single frill of my German cap, and I have still the vigour to fix on to it the black, red and gold cockade. No; I have not exposed myself to such disgrace. Naturalisation may do for other people: a drunken lawyer, a visionary with a brow of iron and a nose of brass might, in order to snap up a schoolmaster's job, give up his Fatherland which knows nothing of him —but it is not fitting for a German poet, who has written the most beautiful of German songs. It would be a horrible, crazy idea for me if I had to say to myself: I am a German poet and at the same time a naturalised Frenchman. I should seem to myself like one of those abortions with two heads, whom one sees in booths at fairs. It would hamper me terribly in my writing if I were to think that one head was beginning to scan the most unnatural Alexandrines in French turkey-cock pathos, while the other was pouring out its sentiments in its true native metre in the German language. And oh! the verses, like the metre of the French, are insupportable to me, perfumed trifles. I can scarcely put up with their odourless poets. When I consider the so-called *Poésie lyrique* of the French, then I recognise the splendour of German poetry and then I can plume myself on having won my laurels in that realm. We will not give up a leaf of them, and the mason who has to adorn our last resting-place with an inscription will not have to expect any contradic-

tion when he carves there the words: "Here lies a German poet."

* * * * *

PARIS, *April* 15, 1849.

Certain German newspapers—the Berlin *Haude und Spenersche Zeitung*—have spread news concerning the state of my health and my economic affairs which need correction. I declare that whether or no my illness is called by its right name, whether it is a family illness (an illness for which one has to thank one's family), or is one of those private illnesses, from which a German who lives abroad usually suffers; whether it is a French *ramollissement de la moëlle épinière* or a German spinal disease, I know this much, that it is a very horrible illness which racks me night and day, and has considerably shaken not only my nervous system but my philosophy. Many a time, especially when the pains shift about agonisingly in my spinal column, I am twinged by the doubt whether man is really a two-legged god, as the late Professor Hegel assured me five and twenty years ago in Berlin. When the harvest moon was up last year I had to take to my bed and since then I have not risen from it. However, I will confess frankly that a great change has come over me. I am no longer a divine biped; I am no longer the "finest German since Goethe," as I was called in better days; I am no longer the great Heathen No. 2, who was compared with vine-crowned Dionysus, while my colleague No. 1 was given the title of a Grand Ducal Jupiter of Weimar; I am no longer a joyous Hellene sound in body, smiling gaily down on the melancholy Nazarenes—I am now only a poor sick Jew, an etching of sorrow, an

unhappy man! So much for the state of my health from an authentic source. As for my circumstances, they are, I confess, not exactly brilliant; though the reporters of the aforesaid newspaper overestimate my poverty, and they are altogether under a misapprehension in saying that my position has been made worse by the allowance given me by my late uncle Solomon Heine being withdrawn and reduced after his death. I will not bother about the genesis of this mistake to avoid explanations which might be as distressing for myself as tiresome for other people. But I must definitely contradict the mistake itself so that my silence may not on the one hand make my friends in Germany uneasy, and on the other give credence to an aspersion upon the most noble gentleness ever concealed with silent pride in human breast. In spite of my distaste for talking of personal matters, I think it proper to set out the following facts: The allowance in question has not been withdrawn or reduced since the death of my uncle Solomon Heine, of distinguished memory, and it was always paid to the last penny. The relation who is charged with these payments has also since my illness became worse given me an addition to the periodical payments, sufficient almost to double the income. The same relation has also, by a generous provision for my dear wife, who loses in me her earthly support, rid me of the bitterest trouble of my illness. Many inquiries and offers which have reached me from Germany expressed in very affectionate though incorrectly addressed letters should find their response in these confessions. Greeting and tears for the hearts that bleed in Germany!

* * * * *

ILLNESS

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *June* 1, 1850.

At a time when great revolutions were taking place in the outer world, and in my own inner world of the spirit there were not inconsiderable upheavals, what was written would have had to be launched at once upon the public, not because it would have lost interest for the public, but because I could not of my own free will publish it now, without committing a sin against the Holy Ghost, a betrayal of my own convictions, or in any event an equivocal action. I have not become a hypocrite, but I will not play tricks with God; as I deal honestly with men, so will I with God also, and in everything that was produced in my earlier period of blasphemy I have plucked out the fairest poisoned flowers with a firm hand, and in my physical blindness have perhaps at the same time thrown many an innocent flower that grew side by side with them into the fire. When they were crackling in the fire there were strange moods for me; I knew not whether I were hero or madman, and I heard the ironic consoling voice of some Mephistopheles whispering: "God will pay you for that more than Campe, and thou need'st not torture thyself with printing, or haggle with Campe before publication as for a pair of trousers." Ah, my dear Campe, I wish you believed in God, even though it were only for one day; your conscience would then tell you with what ingratitude you are treating me at a time when I am burdened with such horrible misfortune Write me your answer before it is too late. Tell me frankly if your neglect in writing arises from some politic hesitation or from commercial considerations, and I will leave due

instructions in case I give my blessing upon the temporal before the beginning of the publication of my collected edition. Do not be alarmed at the phrase "Blessing the temporal"; it is not pietistically meant. I do not mean that I shall endanger the temporal for the divine, for however near I may come to the Godhead, heaven is a long way from me; do not believe the rumours going about that I have become a pious lambkin. The religious upheaval which has taken place in me is purely spiritual, more an act of my thought than of holy feeling, and my sick bed has very little to do with it, as I am absolutely conscious of myself. I have come by great, exalted, and terrible thoughts, but they were thoughts, flashes of light, and not the phosphorescent vapours of spasms of faith. I tell you this especially to keep you from imagining that if I looked after the collected edition myself I should expurgate; *quod scripsi, scripsi.*

To Gustav Kolb.

Paris, *April* 21, 1851.

It is an age since I heard from you, and I always clung to the idea that some day you would come by the railway and stand in the early morning by my bedside. I am still bed-ridden, and have to lie on my sick bed in which dwell the most appalling pains, and what is told in public of my illness is only a little thing beside what I actually suffer. And I bear all this with religious patience. I say religious because I cannot deny what is said of my present belief in God. But I must assure you that there is much exaggeration in what is said, and that I am not in the least one of the so-called pious souls. The chief thing is that I long

ago revolted against German atheism, and felt much more convinced about the existence of God, and wanted to put off showing my convictions perhaps in order to take God by surprise. Impossible *gobemouches* have taken up certain of my fugitive expressions, and have set about the most imbecile talk about me. I scented the intentions of certain people who would gladly have canonised me as a succulent meat for heaven; care has been taken of that and my so-called conversion will not give those who are responsible for it a twinge of indigestion.

CHAPTER II
THE ROMANZERO

PARIS, *Sept.* 30, 1850.

I HAVE called this book "Romanzero" because the romantic note predominates in the poems collected in it. With a few exceptions they were written during the last three years under physical difficulties and agony. At the same time as the "Romanzero" I am publishing through the same house a little book entitled "Doctor Faust," a dance-poem, together with curious essays on "Devils, Witches and Poetry." I commend it to an honourable public which will be glad of instruction in such matters that does not entail any mental effort: it is a piece of gold work over which many a blacksmith will shake his head. My original intent was to incorporate it in the "Romanzero," but I abandoned it so as not to disturb the unity of mood which is in that book and in a way gives it its colour. I wrote the dance-poem in 1847, at a time when my illness was already far gone, but had not as yet cast its horrible shadow over my mind. I had flesh on my bones and paganism in my spirit and had not wasted away to the spiritual skeleton that I am now, waiting for my complete dissolution. But do I still

exist? My body is so shrunken that nothing is left but my voice, and my bed reminds me of the sounding grave of the Wizard Merlin, in the forest of Brozeliard in Brittany, under tall oaks, whose leaves wave to the Heavens like green flames. Ah! I envy you those trees with their brave rustling, colleague Merlin, for no green leaves murmur to me in my living tomb in Paris, where late and early I hear only the rustling of carriages, hammering, scolding and piano-strumming. A grave without peace, death without the privileges of the dead, who need spend no money nor write letters and books. It is a sad condition, I was long ago measured for my coffin and my obituary, but I am so slow in dying that it is almost as tiresome for myself as for my friends. But patience; everything has an end. You will one morning find the booth shut up where the puppet-shows of my humour often delighted you. . . .

Lying on one's death-bed one becomes very sensitive and sentimental and desirous of making peace with God and man. I confess that I have scratched and bitten and have been not exactly a lamb. But, believe me, those highly esteemed lambs of meekness would comport themselves less piously were they possessed with the teeth and claws of the tiger. I can boast that I have only rarely made use of those actual weapons. Since I myself stand in need of God's pity, I have granted an amnesty to all my enemies; many beautiful poems, which were directed against very exalted and very humble persons, have not been included in the present collection. Poems which contained only the barest aspersion upon the good God Himself have most scrupulously been consigned to the flames. It is better that the verses should burn than the versifier. Yes, I have made my peace with the creation

and the Creator to the great distress of my enlightened friends, who reproached me with this backsliding into the old superstitions, as they preferred to call my return to God. I was overcome by divine home-sickness and was driven by it through woods and valleys, over the most dizzy mountain paths of dialectics. On my way I found the God of the Pantheists, but I had no use for him, because he is not really a God, for the Pantheists are only Atheists ashamed, who are less afraid of the thing than the shadow which it casts on the wall—its name. In Germany during the time after the Restoration most people played the same fifteen years' comedy with God, as the Constitutional Royalists in France, being for the most part Republicans at heart, played with the kingdom. After the July Revolution the mask was removed on both sides of the Rhine!

The more decided a mind is, the more easily does it become the victim of such dilemmas. For my part I cannot preen myself on any separate advance in politics; I adhered to the same democratic principles to which I was devoted in my earliest youth, and for which I have glowed ever more ardently. In theology, on the other hand, I was guilty of retrogression for I returned to the old superstition of a personal God. It cannot be hushed up as many of my enlightened and well-meaning friends have attempted to do. But I must expressly contradict the rumour that my retrogression led me to the steps of any Church or to its bosom. No, my religious convictions and opinions have remained free from any Church; I was neither lured by the chime of bells nor dazzled by altar candles. I have neither played with symbolism nor renounced my reason. I have forsworn nothing, not even my old Pagan gods from whom I have indeed turned,

though we parted in love and friendship. It was in May 1848, on the day when I went out for the last time, that I took farewell of my dear idols, to which I prayed in the days of my happiness. I was hard put to it to crawl as far as the Louvre, and I almost broke down when I entered the great hall, where the blessed Goddess of Beauty, Our Dear Lady of Milo, stands on her pediment. At her feet I lay for a long time and wept so as to move a stone to pity. And the Goddess looked down on me so compassionately and yet so desolately as though she would say: "Seest thou not that I have no arms and therefore cannot help thee?"

Here I break off, for I am falling into a mournful tone, which may take the upper hand of me when I think that I must now take farewell of you, too, dear reader. I am overcome with a certain emotion at the thought, for I am unwilling to part from you. An author grows accustomed to his public, as though it were a creature of reason. And it seems to distress you that I must say farewell. You are moved, my dear reader, and precious pearls fall from your tear-ducts. But calm yourself, we shall see each other again in a better world, where I mean to write better books for you.

How our souls revolt from the idea of the cessation of our personalities and eternal annihilation! The *horror vacui*, which is ascribed to nature, is born rather of the human mind. Be comforted, dear reader, there is continuation after death.

And now farewell, and if I owe you anything, please send in your account.

* * * * *

But the day will come and the fire in my veins is put out: winter dwells in my breast, his white flakes hover

about my head, and his mists do veil my eyes. In their weather-worn graves are my friends and I alone am left, like a lonely sheaf of corn that the reaper has forgotten. A new generation has arisen, with new desires and new thoughts. Filled with admiration I hear new names and new songs, the old names have died away, and I myself am a thing of the past, perhaps still honoured by a few, despised by many, and loved by none. And rosy-cheeked boys come leaping to me, and press my old harp in my trembling hands, and say, as they laugh: "Thou has been long silent, thou lazy grey-beard; sing us again songs of the dreams of thy youth!"

Then I take the harp in my hands and awake the old joys and sorrows, and dispel the mists. Tears drop from my dead eyes once more, there is Spring again in my breast, sweet, melancholy notes quiver in the strings of the harp, I see once more the blue river, and the marble palaces, and the lovely faces of women and girls—and I sing a song of the flowers of Brenta.

It shall be my last song. The stars shall look down on me as in the nights of my youth, the amorous light of the moon kisses my cheeks again, the choirs of the spirits of dead nightingales flute from afar, heavy with sleep my eyes close, my soul dies away like the notes of my harp—in the scent of the flowers of Brenta.

A tree shall cast its shade over my gravestone. I would fain have a palm-tree, but it thrives not in the north. It shall be a lime-tree, and on summer evenings lovers shall sit there and kiss, the siskin mocking and listening in the branches is silenced, and my lime-tree rustles tenderly over them in their bliss, and they are so happy that they have not time even to read the date written on the white gravestone. But when the lover has lost his maid then he

comes to the friendly lime-tree and sobs and weeps, and looks at the grave-stone, long and often, and reads the inscription: He loved the flowers of Brenta.

* * * * *

Retrospect

In the kindly kitchen of the earth
I have smelt every smell, and know its worth.
I have drained the world's delight, full measure,
And like a king have had my pleasure.
I have drunk my coffee and eaten buns,
Have had dolls in plenty and pretty ones;
Worn silken vests and frock-coats grand,
And jingled my ducats with open hand.
Like Gellert I've ridden a charger high;
A house, and a castle as well, had I.
On Fortune's green meadow I lay; the sun
With a glance more golden has greeted none;
A garland of laurel crowned my head,
And odorous dreams sweet fragrance shed:
Of roses I dreamed and eternal May;
In an idle twilit trance I lay,
And into my mouth roast pigeons flew,
And dear little angels came and drew
Champagne from their pockets to quench my thirst . . .
Alas! for my dreams—the soap-bubbles burst—
And now I lie on the grass in the damp,
My joints are rheumatic and twisted with cramp;
My body is chilled to the bone, I am lame,
And my soul is burdened and bowed with shame.
Each joy, each pleasure, has cost me double
Its worth in vexation of spirit and trouble.
Of bitter woe my drink has been,
I have been stung by things unclean,
Harassed have been by gloomy sorrow,
Have had to lie, have had to borrow

From gilded fools, from filthy hags,
Have even had to beg in rags.
And now I'm tired of running round,—
Would fain be snoring underground.
My Christian brothers above, good-bye!
Of course we'll meet again on high.

The Anniversary

They will sing for me no masses,
Not a *kaddisch* will be said
In devout commemoration
Of the day my spirit fled.

But I shall not be forgotten;
If the weather is serene,
Frau Matilda may go walking
On Montmartre with Pauline.

And some immortelles she'll carry,
On my grave the wreath she'll set,
And she'll sigh, "Pauvre homme!" and sadly
Drop a tear of soft regret.

And alas! too high in Heaven
I shall be to give my sweet
Even a chair to sit and rest on,
Though she sways with weary feet.

Listen, plump and pretty darling;
Home afoot you must not go.
You will see outside the gateway
Hackney carriages arow.

To the Angels

'Tis Thanatos, the dread indeed!
He comes upon a pale white steed;

I know the trample of his horse;
He comes to ravish me by force.
He has me now! To leave Matilda so!—
My heart can scarcely conceive such utter woe.

She who was wife and child in one
Will orphan, widow, be anon,
When to the shadowy land I pass!
Here, in this world alone, alas!
I leave my wife, my child, who lay
Trusting and true upon my heart, her stay.

Ye angels, hearken from on high!
O hear my pleading, hear my cry!
The wife I love protect and save,
When I am in the dreary grave.
Guard her, for she is like you, pure and fair;
Take my poor child Matilda to your care!

By all the tears that, grieved in heaven,
To mortal sorrows ye have given,
By the dread word pronounced, when known,
In shuddering fear by priests alone,
By your own loveliness and mercy mild,
Ye angels, guard Matilda, guard my child!

Enfant Perdu

For thirty years, in Freedom's struggle glorious,
I've taken part in many a hope forlorn.
I knew that I could never be victorious,
But wounded must return, and battle-worn.

I waked by day and night—there was no sleeping
For me, as for the others in the tent—
(Their snores, good lads, did something towards keeping
Slumber away, maybe, when I was spent).

I have known terror in those watches weary—
(For only fools have never been afraid)—
Then I would whistle mocking tunes and cheery,
Until the fear that haunted me was laid.

Yes, I have stood on guard, alert and steady,
And, if a doubtful character was seen,
Have aimed, and the hot bullet that was ready
Has found in his vile paunch a billet mean.

Yet all the same, one cannot but confess it,
Such scurvy fellows often understood
The art of shooting—vain 'twere to suppress it—
My wounds are gaping—ebbing is my blood.

Wide gape the wounds—the vacant post's bespoken!
One falls, another fills his place and part.
But I have fallen unvanquished—sword unbroken—
The only thing that's broken is my heart.

CHAPTER III
THE WILL

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *Aug.* 21, 1851.

My state of health, or rather of illness, is just the same. I suffer very, very much and endure the pains of Prometheus, through the rancour of the gods, who have a grudge against me because I have given men a few night-lights and farthing dips. I say "The gods," because I wish to say nothing about *the* God. I know His Vultures now, and have every respect for them. My doctor gives me hope for the winter. If I were only transportable you would see me soon in Hamburg.

Paris, *Oct.* 15, 1851.

My literary anxieties have so monopolised my brain during the last week that I quite forgot that to-day is the day when the rent is paid and when Mademoiselle Pauline looked in my desk to see how much money there was, she found, fortunately, that there was enough to pay the rent and leave 33 sous over. Now let any one tell me that I am no poet!

To George Weerth.

Paris, *Nov.* 5, 1851.

I hope you will like my "Romanzero," and especially my "Faust." God knows that I do not attach much value to these books, and that I would not have let them see the light of day so soon, but that Campe set the thumb-screws on me. I am absolutely ignorant of the fate of my books, for when Campe has all that he needs he gives me no more news about them. If this letter finds you at Hamburg I shall perhaps hear something about them from you, if you will give me the pleasure of a letter.

I am so fuddled with opium, which I take repeatedly to deaden my pain, that I scarcely know what I am dictating. Besides that, I had a stupid devil of a fellow countryman with me this morning, who exchanged ideas with me in a long and tiresome conversation. Through this exchange of ideas I have perhaps retained his stupid ideas in my head and perhaps need a few days before I can be rid of them and again come by a reasonable thought.

What a fearful thing is exile! The most miserable trouble of all is that we fall into bad company through it, which we cannot avoid if we do not wish to be exposed to a coalition of all sorts of blackguards. . . .

* * * * *

Before the undersigned Notaries of Paris, Ferdinand Léon Ducloux and Charles Louis Emile Rousse, and in the presence of—

(1) M. Michel Jacot, Baker, living at Paris, Rue d'Amsterdam, No. 60, and

(2) M. Eugène Grouchy, Grocer, living at Paris, Rue d'Amsterdam, No. 52.

The which two witnesses meet the prescribed legal requirements as they have severally declared to the undersigned Notaries in answer to every question put to them.

And in the bedroom of the hereinafter named Herr Heine, situate in the second story of a house, Rue d'Amsterdam, No. 50; in the which bedroom, which is lighted by a window opening on to a courtyard, the aforesaid Notaries and Witnesses selected by the Testator have gathered together upon his express wish,

Appeared,

Herr Heinrich Heine, Writer and Doctor of Laws, living at Paris, Rue d'Amsterdam, No. 50;

Who, sick in body but of a sound mind, memory and understanding, as appeared to the aforesaid Notaries and Witnesses in conversation with him—having death in view, has dictated to the aforesaid M. Ducloux, in the presence of M. Rousse and the Witnesses, his Will in the following manner:

§ 1. I appoint Mathilde Crescence Heine, born Mirat, my lawful wife, with whom for many years I have spent my days of good and evil, and who has nursed me during my long and terrible illness, to be my universal legatee. I bequeath to her all my property whatsoever, and without condition or limitation everything that I possess and may die possessed of, and all my rights in any future possessions.

§ 2. At a time when I believed that I had an endowed future I parted with all my literary property on very moderate conditions, unfortunate events swallowed up the small fortune that I possessed, and my illness made me

unfit to improve my income in favour of my wife. The allowance which I received from my late uncle, Solomon Heine, and which was always the basis of my finances, is only in part assured to my wife. I myself wished it so. I feel at present the greatest compunction at not having made better provision for my wife's welfare after my death. The aforesaid allowance from my uncle represented the interest on a capital sum which my benefactor did not wish to place in the hands of such an unbusinesslike poet as myself, so as better to secure for me a lasting enjoyment of it. I counted on this income assured to me when I took to share my destiny a person whom my uncle esteemed highly, a person to whom he gave many a mark of affectionate regard. Although in his testamentary provisions he did not officially do anything for her, it is none the less to be accepted that such an omission is to be attributed to an unhappy accident rather than to the feelings of the deceased: he, whose generosity has enriched so many who were strangers to his family and to his heart, could not be guilty of such stinginess when it was a question of the wife of a nephew who had made his name famous. The smallest hint and word of a man who was generosity itself must be taken as generous. My cousin, Karl Heine, the worthy son of his father, met me in this sentiment and with a noble readiness he acceded to my request when I asked him to undertake a formal obligation to pay my wife as a life annuity half the allowance which was provided for by his late father. This undertaking was made on the 25th February 1847, and I am still touched by the memory of the noble reproaches which my cousin, in spite of our differences, made me upon my lack of confidence in his intentions with regard to my wife; when he gave me his hand as a pledge of his promise I pressed it to my poor

blind eyes and moistened it with tears. Since then my condition has grown worse, and my illness has made many, many sources of help run dry which I might have left to my wife. By these unforeseen chances and changes, and for other weighty reasons, I am compelled to turn once more to the justice and right feeling of my cousin. I do urge him not to reduce the aforesaid allowance to one half when he transfers it to my wife after my death, but to pay it to her without curtailment, as I drew it in the lifetime of my uncle. I say expressly, "as I drew it in the lifetime of my uncle," because my cousin, Karl Heine has for nigh on the last five years, since my illness grew so much worse, more than doubled the amount of my allowance, for the which generous attention I do give him much thanks. It is more than probable that there is no need for this appeal to my cousin's liberality, for I am convinced that, with the first shovelful of earth which, according to his right as my next of kin, he will throw into my grave if he is in Paris at the time of my demise, he will forget all those painful accusations which I so much regretted and have atoned for with being so long a-dying, he will then surely remember only our former friendship, that relationship and accordance of feeling which united us from our tender youth upward, and he will give the widow of his friend a true and kindly protection; but it is not without its uses for the peace of the one as of the other that the living should know what the dead demand of them.

§ 3. I desire that after my demise all my papers and letters should be carefully sealed up and kept for the disposal of my nephew—Ludwig von Embden, to whom I will give further instructions as to the use he is to make of them, without prejudice to the rights of property of my universal legatee.

§ 4. If I die before the collected edition of my works has appeared, and if I have not been able to undertake the supervision of that edition, or even if my death intervenes before it is complete, I desire my relative, Herr Doctor Rudolf Christiani, to replace me in the supervision of the publication, and that he shall adhere strictly to the prospectus which I have left with this end in view. If my friend, Herr Campe, the publisher of my works, should desire any alterations in the form in which I have arranged my several writings in the aforesaid prospectus, then I desire that no difficulties should be made since I have always fallen in with his requirements as a publisher. The main thing is not to include among my writings a single line which I have not expressly intended for publication, or that has been printed without the signature of my full name. An initial is not enough upon which to ascribe to me an article which has been published in some journal for the indication of an author by an initial always depended on the sub-editors, who never departed from the custom of making alterations in the matter or form of an article signed only with an initial. I expressly forbid any writing of any other author, however small, being appended on any pretext to my works, except it be a biographical note from the pen of one of my old friends whom I have expressly entrusted with such a work. I ask that my will should be loyally and fully carried out in this respect, that is, that my books should not serve to take in tow or circulate any piece of writing from another hand.

§ 5. I forbid that my body should be submitted to an autopsy after my death; only I think that as my illness has often resembled a cataleptic condition, that the precaution should be taken of opening a vein before my interment.

§ 6. If I am in Paris at the time of my decease, and am living not far from Montmartre, I desire to be buried in the churchyard of that name, for I have a preference for that quarter, where I have lived for many years.

§ 7. I ask that my funeral should be as simple as possible, and that the expenses of my interment should not exceed the amount of those of the smallest citizen. Although I belong to the Lutheran confession by the act of baptism, I do not desire that the ministers of that church should be invited to my burial; and I object to any other sort of priest officiating at my funeral. This objection does not spring from any sort of free-thinking prejudice. For the last four years I have renounced all pride of philosophy and returned to religious ideas and feelings. I die in faith in one God, the eternal Creator of the World, whose pity I beseech for my immortal soul. I regret having sometimes spoken of sacred things without due reverence in my writings, but I was led astray more by the spirit of the time than by my own inclination. If I have unwittingly offended against good morals and the morality which is the true essence of all monotheistic doctrines of faith, I do ask pardon of God and man. I forbid any speech being made at my grave-side either in German or French. At the same time, I express a wish that my fellow countrymen, however happily the destinies of our native country should shape themselves, should never carry my ashes to Germany. I have never cared to devote my personality to political mummery. It has been the great task of my life to work for a sincere understanding between Germany and France and to upset the plots of the enemies of democracy, who exploit international prejudices and animosities for their own ends. I believe that I have deserved well of my fellow countrymen and of the

French and the claims which I have upon their gratitude are no doubt the most valuable legacy which I can bequeath to my universal legatee.

§ 8. I appoint M. Maxime Joubert, Councillor of the Court of Cassation, to be my executor, and I thank him for the readiness with which he has undertaken this office.

The foregoing will was dictated by Herr Heinrich Heine and written down by M. Ducloux, one of the undersigned notaries, in his own hand, as the testator dictated, in the presence of the said notaries and of the witnesses, who have declared in answer to the question, that they are not related to the testator.

And after it was read aloud in the presence of the same to the testator, he declared that he approved of it as the exact expression of his will.

Drawn up and completed in Paris in the aforesaid bedroom of Herr Heine,

In the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, Thursday, the thirteenth of November, about six o'clock in the evening.

* * * * *

To Alfred Meissner.

Paris, *March* 1, 1852.

I cannot understand how I could write the "Romanzero" in my present condition of utter misery. You are right in saying that no book within the memory of a publisher, no collection of poems especially, has made such a success on its appearance. Two months after its appearance, a fourth impression (a stereotyped edition)

was made, and Campe tells me that he never prints less than 5000 to 6000 copies in each impression.

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *April* 6, 1852.

Every day the most touching marks of sympathy reach me from Germany; everybody wants to help me, but no one can do that. I am going, or rather I move as I lie still towards my grave. I have lately made a delightful discovery among my papers. I will tell you of it soon.

CHAPTER IV
CONFESSIONS

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *June* 7, 1852.

A book is shaping in my mind, which shall be the flower and fruit, the whole result of my inquiries during a quarter of a century in Paris, and will be received in German literature, if not as a book of history, at any rate as an anthology of good publicist prose. After the "Romanzero," so my friends assured me, people asked for prose from my pen, and I hope with God's help to fulfil this demand. I am still favoured by a series of remarkable accidents, I will write you definitely about it soon, for I have applied myself to the work in sheer joy and delight and henceforth shall thrust aside everything that might have the least distracting effect upon me. In my wretched state of health I have to take into account every sort of influence, if I am to devote myself to exacting work. But enough for to-day. I will only say that I hope to produce this year two volumes to form the conclusion of my literary labours and complete famously what has been accomplished so far.

I shall call the book "Miscellany of Heinrich Heine, in two parts."

The first part contains:

(1) "Confessions," covering eight or ten sheets, a piece of work which will appeal to you, because it is in a way a preface to my "Memoirs", which will be written in a popular and very picturesque style.

(2) "Poems," a new note altogether, the most individual that I have written, some six sheets.

(3) "The Gods in Exile," abridged so that together with an appendix called "The Goddess Diana," it will cover at most six sheets.

(4) Perhaps two sheets about the last political revolution and the Empire, which I wanted placed at the end of the second volume, but it would be too thick for me.

The second volume of the "Miscellany" contains in a jolly series the best essays which I wrote for the *Allgemeine Zeitung* during the short time of the Thiers Ministry and the beginning of the Guizot Ministry, so that I include the best period of the Parliamentary régime, and therefore a whole. My articles about the fine arts, the theatre, the "Salons," the musical seasons, the dancing halls, the life of the people, interleaved with portraits, and all, thank God, plentifully peppered with wit, relieve the monotony of the politics, and many appended passages, unpublished at the time, will delight you. I am calling the whole thing "Letters and Articles written at the time of the Parliamentary Régime." The book will, I hope, be an anthology of prose, and will be very helpful in the formation of style for popular subjects. That is my reward, but you will have the profit.

PARIS, *Aug.* 3, 1854.

The "Lutetia" has its own intrinsic interest, and it will certainly be criticised because the caricatures contained in it appear under their own names. Mediocrities leagued together will always spare their cronies; I do not belong to any such company of mutual support and admiration, and that is why the best men in Germany cannot appear or be taken into consideration. You must not be surprised if I have nothing to do with many people who might have been of use to my book at the moment, but would later have come upon me with all sorts of tiresome claims; and you must still less be surprised if my book suffers from the same quarter the same perfidious treatment, as we have already experienced before. A man must be true and honest with himself, and so in the end he wins his goal, though it may be a little later.

To GUSTAV KOLB.

PARIS, *March* 22, 1853.

I am writing to you to-day for this reason, that I have undertaken for the *Revue des deux Mondes* a piece of work, of which one part was published on April 1, it is called "Les Dieux en exil," and I am dealing in it with a favourite theme. I published a portion of the first part years ago in Germany in my "Salon," but two-thirds of the article are new, and I am in danger of being attacked by a German translator as soon as the *Revue des deux Mondes* appears. I must therefore publish at the same time in Germany a German version of what is new in the article.

I am not writing political stuff because things are in too much of a pother. In spite of my own disposition I should never dare to publish my present opinions in the *Allgemeine*. I am in the same wretched condition and pray to God every day to grant me my release.

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *Oct.* 5, 1854.

The "Gods in Exile" was a complete book in my head, but I did not write it because my publisher put me out of conceit with writing, and under necessity I gave a portion of it to the *Revue des deux Mondes*, because I could not finish so quickly a long poem which I had promised it. I am very ill and weighed down with pressure of business so that I should rather receive encouragement than obstruction at your hands.

Paris, *Sept.* 21, 1854.

I am at present more than usually ill and plagued with more misfortunes than usual, which arise partly from my change of lodging, partly from death. My reader's mother, who died of cholera, was buried to-day, and I have not been read to for a week. In contrast to all that I am enjoying a great triumph, my article in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, in spite of its abridgment, is causing a great furore, and, as the Editor of the Review told me yesterday, people are at present talking only of this article, and many who understand German are eagerly awaiting to read the whole of it in German. As the Director of

the Review told me, no essay has ever roused such interest and there was no comparison with the success of the "Gods in Exile."

To Alexandre Dumas.

Paris, *March* 18, 1854.

It is announced in your Journal that I am publishing a new poem, and the title of it is given. It is incorrect.

I have never written a poem which could have anything to do with such a title, and I ask you, my dear friend, to publish this correction in your paper.

I should not be angry if you felt disposed to tell your readers at the same time that in a short time I shall publish a complete edition of my poems translated from the German partly by myself and partly by friendly collaborators.

A few weeks ago you expressed your intention in your Journal of paying me a visit. That was a kind thought. But I must tell you that if you put off your visit any longer it may be no use for you would not find me any longer at my present lodging (*Rue d'Amsterdam No. 50*), and I should have gone away to another lodging which is so unknown to myself that I could not even leave my new address with the porter in case any kind friends ask after me. I have no great idea of my future residence; I only know that one goes to it through a dark and evil-smelling passage, and that this entry even now displeases me. And my wife weeps when I talk of this change of lodging.

Madame Heine remembers well all the kindnesses which you showed us so bountifully twelve or more years ago.

I have been bed-ridden for six years. In the worst hours of my illness, when I was in the greatest agony, my wife used to read aloud your romances, and that was the only thing that could make me forget my suffering.

I devoured them all, and as they were read aloud I used often to cry out: "What a gifted poet is this great boy called Alexandre Dumas!"

Truly, after Cervantes and Madame Schariar, known by the name of the Sultana Scheherezade, you are the most entertaining story-teller I know.

* * * * *

I first learned how difficult it is to understand the writings of Hegel, how easy it is to go astray, and to think one understands when one is only learning to construe dialectic formulæ, when I was engaged in translating those formulæ into French from the abstract school idiom into the mother tongue of sound reason and common sense. The interpreter has to be sure of what he has to say, and the most modest idea is compelled to throw down the walls of mysticism and show itself in its nakedness. I had made a proposal to compose a comprehensible statement of the whole Hegelian philosophy in order to incorporate it in a new edition of my book "De l'Allemagne," so as to make it complete. I was occupied with the work two years, and I was hard put to it to master the arid stuff and set out the most abstract parts of it as popularly as possible. But when at last the work was finished, I was seized by a curious horror at the sight of it, and it seemed to me as if the manuscript were looking at me with strange, malevolent eyes. I had fallen into a curious dilemma: author and writing no longer agreed. My mind had at that time already come under the influence of the afore-said repugnance from atheism, and, as I had to confess that

this Hegelian philosophy did most terribly advance all Godlessness it was most unpleasant and distasteful to me.

The expenses of representing a god who will not be shabby, and spares neither body nor purse, are terrible. Two things are indispensable for the right playing of such a part: much money and much health. Unfortunately, it happened one day—in February 1848—I was without these two requisites and my godliness came to a standstill. Happily, the honourable public was at that time occupied with such great, extraordinary and incredible affairs, that it was not able particularly to remark the change which was then going on in my own small person. Yet they were extraordinary and incredible, the events of that mad February, when the wisdom of the most prudent was thrust aside, and the elect of folly were borne upon the shield. The last were first, the lowest was the highest, things and ideas were reversed, the world was upside down.

Had I been a reasonable man in these crazy topsy-turvy days I should certainly have lost my head in those events, but being mad, as I then was, the opposite had to happen, and strange, in the days of general craziness I regained my reason. Like many other dethroned gods of that period of upheaval, I had sorrowfully to abdicate, and to retire once more into private life as a human. It was the wisest thing to do. I returned to the humble folds of God's creatures, and I paid homage to the power of a great Almighty Being, who controls the destinies of this world and should henceforth have the conduct of my own mundane affairs. These have become much confused during the time that I have managed them myself and I was glad to hand them over as it were to a divine agent, who has looked after them much better with his omniscience.

The existence of a God has since then been for me not only a source of health but a means of lifting me out of all these troublesome money matters, which I so much detest and I am indebted to it for the greatest economies. I need not trouble about others any more than about myself, and since I have been one of the pious I have given next to nothing for the support of those in need of help. I am too modest to tamper with the work of divine providence as I used to do. I am no more concerned with the community, I am no imitator of God, and I have informed my former clients with pious humility, that I am only a wretched creature, a miserable piece of creation, who has nothing to do with the ordering of the world, and that in their need and tribulation they must turn to the Lord God who dwells in Heaven.

After the above confession the gentle reader will easily perceive why I was no longer happy in my work on the Hegelian philosophy. I saw clearly that it would not be good either to the public or the author to publish it. I saw that the thinnest soup of Christian charity must be more life-giving for famishing humanity than the grey mess of cobwebs of Hegelian dialectics—yes, I will confess everything; I was filled at once with great fear of the everlasting fire—it is superstition, but I was afraid—and on a quiet winter's evening when a good fire was burning in my chimney, I made use of the opportunity and threw my manuscript on the Hegelian philosophy into the glowing coals; the burning pages flew up the chimney with a strange crackling.

Thank God, I was rid of them! Oh, if I could only destroy everything that I have published about German philosophy in the same way! I owe the resurrection of my religious feeling to the Bible, that holy book, and it was for

me as much a source of health as an occasion for pious admiration. Strange, after having passed the whole of my life in gliding about the dancing floors of philosophy, and abandoning myself to all the orgies of the intellect, and dallying with systems without ever being satisfied—I have suddenly arrived at the same point of view as Uncle Tom, taking my stand on the Bible and kneeling beside my black brother in prayer in the same act of devotion. . . .

There was a time when I did not like Moses over much, probably because the Hellenic spirit predominated in me, and I could not forgive the law-giver of the Jews his hatred of imagination and of plastic art. I did not see that Moses, in spite of his hostility to the arts, was nevertheless himself a great artist and had the real artistic temperament. Only this artistic temperament was in him, as in his Egyptian fellow countrymen, directed solely towards the colossal and indestructible. But unlike the Egyptians he did not fashion his works of art of bricks and granite but he builded pyramids of men, and carved obelisks of men; he took a poor shepherd tribe and created a people which should defy the centuries, a great eternal, holy people, a people of God, which should serve all peoples as a model, and all humanity as a prototype; he created Israel! With more right than the Roman poet, can that artist, the son of Amram and the wet-nurse Jochabed, boast of having raised himself a monument which shall outlive all the images of brass!

I have never spoken with due respect of the Master or of his work, the Jews, and this too was because of my Hellenic temperament which was repelled by Jewish asceticism. My preference for Hellas has since declined. I see now that the Greeks were only beautiful youths, but that the Jews have ever been men, strong, invincible

men, not only in old days, but even to this day, in spite of eighteen centuries of persecution and misery; I have learned to judge them better, and except that any pride of birth were a foolish contradiction in the champions of the Revolution and their democratic principles, the present writer might take pride in the fact that his ancestors belonged to the House of Israel, and that he is a descendant of those martyrs, who have given the world a God and a morality, and have fought and suffered on every battlefield of thought.

The history of the Middle Ages, and even of modern times, has surely written in its chronicles the names of these knights of the Holy Ghost, for they fought as a rule with closed vizors. The deeds of the Jews are as little known to the world as their real nature. People believe that they know them by their beards, but the rest has ever been kept out of sight: as in the Middle Ages, they are still in modern times a wandering mystery. The secret may be revealed on the day of which the prophet tells when there will still be a shepherd and a flock, and the just man who suffers for the good of humanity shall receive his glorious recognition.

It will be seen that I who used to quote Homer, now quote the Bible, like Uncle Tom. Indeed, I owe much to the Bible. As I have said, it roused the religious feeling in me again: and this re-birth of religious feeling satisfied the poet, who can dispense with positive dogmas of faith far more easily than other men. He has Grace, and the symbolism of heaven and earth is disclosed to his mind; he has no need therefore of the key of a church. The most crazy and contradictory rumours have been spread about me in this respect. Men of much piety, but no very great cleverness, have asked me if now that I am ill and

a believer, I am in greater sympathy than before with the Lutheran Evangelical faith, to which I belonged only officially. No, my dear friends, there has been no change in me in that respect, and if I have remained attached to the Evangelical faith, it is because it no longer incommodes me as it used to do. I do honestly confess that when I was in Prussia and Berlin, like many of my friends, I would have been glad to free myself from every ecclesiastical tie, if the authorities had not forbidden any man who did not profess any of the positive religions privileged by the State, to stay in Prussia or Berlin.

Now that so many changes have come to pass in me through the awakening of religious feeling, and through my physical suffering—does the Lutheran uniform of faith befit in some degree my innermost thoughts? How far does my official profession become truth? I will meet such questions with a direct response; they shall afford me an opportunity of declaring the services that Protestantism, as I see now, has done in the salvation of the world; and it may be gathered therefrom, how far it has gained in sympathy from myself.

Formerly, when philosophy had a preponderance of interest for me, I could only value Protestantism for the services, which it had rendered in the winning of Free Thought, which is the basis on which later on Leibniz, Kant and Hegel moved. Luther, the strong man with the axe, had to go before these warriors and prepare the way for them. I have regarded the Reformation as the beginning of German philosophy, and so justified my pugnacious siding with Protestantism. Now in my later and maturer days, when religious feeling has been roused in me overwhelmingly, and the skilled metaphysician clings to the Bible: now I honour Protestantism quite apart from the

services which it has rendered by the discovery and propagation of the holy book . . .

I leave the ocean of general religious, moral, historical considerations, and steer the ship of my thoughts modestly into the calm inland seas in which the author finds so faithfully reflected his own image.

I have already mentioned how Protestant voices from my native country put forward in very indiscreet questions the conjecture as to whether the awakening of religious feeling in myself was accompanied by an inclination towards the Church. I do not know how far I have made it clear that I am without enthusiasm for any dogma or any cult, and that in this respect I have remained as I have ever been. I am making this confession in order to correct the mistake into which some of my friends, who have very zealously allied themselves with the Roman Catholic Church, have fallen with regard to my present way of thinking. Strange! At the time when Protestantism in Germany is showing me the unmerited honour of giving me Evangelical enlightenment, there has spread a report that I have gone over to the Catholic faith; indeed many good souls declared that I had gone over many years ago, and they support their contention by giving most definite details, such as time and place, day and date, and describing by name the church in which I had forsworn the heresy of Protestantism, and had accepted the unification of soul of the Roman Catholic Apostolic Faith; the account only missed describing how many peals of bells and how many chimes at Mass were rung at the ceremony.

How this rumour gained in substance I perceive from the papers and letters which are sent to me, and I am brought almost to sorrow and despair when I see the true

affection which is so touchingly expressed in many of them. I am told by Germans sojourning in Paris that the salvation of my soul provides matter for pulpit eloquence. Young Catholic priests wish to dedicate their homiletic first writings to me as their patron. I am regarded as a future light of the church. I cannot laugh at it for the pious delusion is so honestly meant—and whatever may be said against the zealots of Catholicism, one thing is certain: they are not egoists: they do worry about their fellow men; sometimes, alas, a little too much. I cannot ascribe these false reports to malevolence but only to error: the most innocent facts have been distorted by circumstances. The time and place alleged were quite accurate: I was in fact in the said church on the said day, and the said church was actually a Jesuit Church, Saint Sulpice, and I did perform there a religious office.—But this office was not a detestable abjuration, but a very innocent conjugation: I had my marriage with my wife solemnised there after the civil ceremony, because my wife, coming of a Catholic family, believed that she would not be sufficiently married in the sight of God without such a ceremony. And I would not at any cost cause the dear creature any uneasiness or unhappiness with regard to the observances of her native religion.

Unbelief is besides very dangerous in marriage and however free-thinking I may have been there could never be spoken in my house one frivolous word. I lived like a respectable citizen in the middle of Paris, and therefore, when I married, I wished to be bound also by the church, although in this country the legally solemnised civil marriage has long been recognised by Society. My liberal friends therefore were wrathful with me, and overwhelmed me with reproaches, saying that I had made too

great a concession to clericalism. Their disgust at my weakness would have been much more violent had they known how much greater concessions I made there to the detested Priesthood. As a Protestant, marrying a Catholic, in order to be married by a Catholic priest in a church, I had to have a special dispensation from the Archbishop, who in such cases only grants it on condition that the husband gives a pledge in writing, that the children he may beget shall be brought up in their mother's religion. A written promise is drawn up to that effect, and however much the Protestant world may cry out upon such compulsion, it is my opinion that the Catholic Priesthood is altogether within its rights, for if a man asks for their guarantee of sanctification he must also fall in with their conditions. I fell in with them altogether *de bonne foi* and I should certainly have kept the letter of my bond.

I will set the crown on my profession of faith, by confessing that in order to gain the Archbishop's dispensation I would have pledged not only my children but myself also to the Catholic Church.—But the *Ogre de Rome*, who like the monster of the fairy tales demands the unborn child as the reward of his services, was satisfied with the poor children, who, as a matter of fact, were not born, and so I remained a Protestant just as before, and I protest against rumours, which without being slanderous may yet be spread to the injury of my good name.

I cannot be accused of fanatical hostility towards the Roman Catholic Church, for I have always lacked the narrow-mindedness which is necessary for such animosity. I am too well acquainted with my own spiritual stature not to know that I could not do much harm to a colossus like St. Peter's by a crazy assault; I could only be a modest hod-man in the slow dismantling of his stones, the which

business would take many centuries. I was too much of a historian not to know the gigantic size of that granite building:—call it, if you like, the Bastille of the Spirit, and maintain that it is only defended by invalids: but it is none the less true that the Bastille would not be so easily taken, and that many a young assailant of it will break his neck on its walls. As a thinker and metaphysician I had even to pay my tribute of admiration to the consistency of the Roman Catholic dogma: and I can pride myself on never having fought either dogma or rites with wit and satire, and I have been shown too much honour and dishonour in being called an intellectual kinsman of Voltaire. I have always been a poet, and therefore the poetry, which flowers and glows in the symbolism of the Catholic dogma and worship, has been more profoundly revealed to me than to other people, and in my youth I was not infrequently overwhelmed by the infinite sweetness, the mysterious and holy sentimentality and the horrible longing for death of that poetry: and often I was filled with enthusiasm for the blessed Queen of Heaven; I turned into stately rhymes the legends of her grace and goodness, and my first collected poems contain traces of that beautiful Madonna period, which I expunged with such absurd care in later collections.

* * * * *

I have, as they say, done nothing in this lovely world. I have become nothing, nothing but a poet.

No; I will not succumb to hypocritical humility and disparage that title. A man who is a poet is much, and much if he is a great lyric poet in Germany, in the nation which has surpassed all others in two things—philosophy and song. I will not deny my fame as a poet with false modesty, the invention of rascals. None of my

compatriots has won his laurels so easily as I, and if my colleague, Wolfgang Goethe, can complacently sing, "that the Chinese paints with trembling hand, Werther and Lotte on glass," I can, if it comes to boasting, set against his Chinese fame, a fame far more marvellous—Japanese. When I was staying here twelve years ago at the Hotel des Princes with my friend, H. Wöheman of Riga, he introduced me to a Dutchman who had just come from Japan, where he had spent thirty years at Nagasaki, and was eager to make my acquaintance. He was Dr. Bürger, who with the learned Seyboldt is now publishing at Leyden a great work on Japan. The Dutchman told me that he had taught a young Japanese German, and that he had later published my poems in a Japanese translation, and that it was the first European book which had appeared in the Japanese language. Also, that I should find a long article on this curious translation in the English Review of Calcutta. I sent at once to several *Cabinets de lecterne*, but none of these learned young women representing them could procure for me the Review of Calcutta, and I applied in vain to Julien and Panthier.

Since then I have not made any further inquiries for my fame in Japan. It is at present of as little concern to me as my fame in Finland. Ah! Fame, that gew-gaw once so sweet, sweet as pine-apples and flattery, has been spoiled for me for long enough; it is as bitter to me now as wormwood. I can say like Romeo: "I am Fortune's fool." I stand now before the great tureen, but I have no spoon. What does it boot me that my health is drunk in the best wines from golden goblets at banquets, when I myself, cut off from all the pleasures of the world, can only moisten my lips with a thin gruel? What does it boot me that enthusiastic young men and maidens crown my

marble bust with laurels, while the withered hands of an old waiting-woman rub cantharides on my real head behind my ears. What does it boot me that all the roses of Shiraz glow and give their scent so tenderly for me—ah! Shiraz is two thousand miles away from the Rue d'Amsterdam, where in the wearisome loneliness of my sick room I have nothing to smell but the perfumes of warmed napkins! Ah! God's mockery weighs heavy upon me. The great author of the universe, the Aristophanes of Heaven, wished to show the little German so-called Aristophanes of the earth, what wretched little jests are his weightiest sarcasms in comparison with His own, and how pitifully I lag behind Him in humour and the making of colossal jokes.

Yes, the biting contempt which the Master pours down upon me is horrible, and terribly cruel is his jest. Humbly do I acknowledge his superiority, and I bow before Him to the dust. But if I am lacking in such great creative force, there is in me the light of eternal reason, and I can bring the jest of God before that Court and submit it to respectful criticism. And I dare there express the most humble opinion that this cruel jest, with which the Master is chastising his wretched pupil, is too long drawn out; it has lasted already for six years, and is become tiresome. Then I should like to permit myself the deferential observation that the jest is not new, and that the great Aristophanes of Heaven has already made use of it on another occasion, and has therefore been guilty on High of self-plagiarism. In support of this contention I will quote a passage from the *Limberg Chronicle*. That *Chronicle* is very interesting for those who wish for information about the manners and customs of the Middle Ages in Germany. It describes,

like a fashion paper, the clothes, male and female, which were worn in each period. It tells also of the songs which were whistled and sung in each year, and the opening verses of many a favourite song of the day are given. It tells of the year 1480, that in that year there were whistled and sung throughout Germany songs sweeter and more lovely than any melody known before in German lands, and young and old, women as well, were gone quite crazy about them, so that they were sung from morn to night; but, says the *Chronicle*, these songs were composed by a young clerk who was a leper, and lived in solitude, hidden from all the world. You know, dear reader, what a terrible scourge leprosy was in the Middle Ages, and how the poor wretches, who had fallen a prey to such an incurable disease were cast out from every town and not allowed to come near a human creature. Men, dead and alive, wandered about, swathed from head to foot with cowls drawn down over their faces, and carrying a clapper in their hands, the Lazarus clapper, as they called it, with which they announced their approach so that people could get out of their way speedily. The poor clerk, of whose fame as a poet the aforesaid *Limberg Chronicle* has spoken, was a leper, and he sat mournfully in the wilderness of his misery while all Germany sang and whistled his songs with joy and delight! O, that fame of his was the contempt that we know, God's cruel mockery, which is the same now, although it does not appear in the romantic costume of the Middle Ages. The bored King of Judæa was right in saying: "There is nothing new under the sun." Perhaps the sun itself is an old jest warmed up, which, furbished up with new beams, now shines so impartially!

Often in my troubled dreams I think I see before me the

clerk of the *Limberg Chronicle*, my brother in song, and his sorrowful eyes glower strangely out from under his cowl; but in the same moment he steals away, and I hear the jarring sounds of his Lazarus clapper dying away like the echo of a dream.

CHAPTER V

LUTETIA

PARIS, *March* 30, 1855.

THIS book contains a series of letters which I wrote during the years 1840-1843 for the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. I published them some months ago for important reasons, with Hoffman and Campe with the title "Lutetia," and I am induced by motives not less important to publish the collection in French. These reasons and motives are as follows:—As these letters appeared in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* and not without considerable alterations and omissions, I had reason to fear that they would be published in this mutilated form after my death, or perhaps mixed up with letters which never came from my pen. In order to avoid any such posthumous mishap I have preferred myself to prepare an authentic edition of the letters. But in thus vindicating my style in my lifetime I have unfortunately furnished a weapon for malevolence to attack the character of my thought: the linguistic defects in the knowledge of the German language which one meets with even in the most educated French people have made it possible for some of my compatriots of both sexes to persuade many people that in my

book "Lutetia" I have slandered the whole of Paris and by my malicious jokes belittled the most estimable persons and things in Paris. It was morally necessary for me therefore to publish as quickly as possible a French translation of my book, and thus to give my beautiful and kind Lutetia an opportunity of judging how she had been handled in the book to which I had given her name. If I have unintentionally drawn upon myself her displeasure by some clumsy expression or some unhappy observation, she cannot accuse me of want of sympathy, but only of want of imagination and tact.

No, dear Lutetia, I would never do you an injustice, and if evil tongues do strive to make you believe the contrary, do not attach credence to any such calumny. Doubt not, my beautiful, the honesty of my tender love, which is absolutely unselfish. You are beautiful enough never to have to fear that you are loved for any other reason than for your beautiful eyes.

I count on the reader in common fairness to consider the difficulty of time and place with which the writer had to contend when he first published these letters. I accept full responsibility for the truth of the things I said, but not for the way in which they were said. If any man merely holds to the words he will easily discover in my letters—if he looks through them carefully—a number of contradictions, slips and an apparent lack of honest conviction. But any man who can perceive the spirit behind the words will recognise the strictest unity of thought and an unalterable adherence to the cause of humanity and the democratic idea of the Revolution. The difficulties of Place, of which I have spoken, lay in the censorship, a twofold censorship: for that exercised by the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* was even more disturbing

than the official censorship of the Bavarian authorities. I was often forced to hoist a pennant on the boat of my thoughts, the emblem of which was no true expression of my social and political opinions. But the journalistic smuggler was little concerned about the colour of the rags which hung at the masthead of his ships and fluttered in the breeze. I thought only of the good cargo that I had on board and wished to carry into the harbour of public opinion. I can pride myself on having been fortunate in these undertakings, and I must not be blamed for the means which I sometimes used to gain my end, knowing the traditions of the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*. I knew very well that it had set itself the task not only of bringing facts as quickly as possible to the knowledge of the world, but also of recording them in its pages as in a cosmopolitan archive. I had always to keep in mind therefore that I had to clothe everything that I wished to suggest to the public in the form of a fact; the event as well as the judgment that I passed upon it, in short, everything that I thought and felt; and with this in view I did not hesitate to put my opinion into the mouths of other men, or I used to give my ideas in the form of a parable. The Republicans who complain of my want of good-will have not taken into consideration that for twenty years in all my letters I defended them earnestly, as often as it was necessary, and have waxed eloquent in my book "Lutetia" about their moral superiority, while I continually exposed the ignoble and absurd egoism and the utter futility of the ruling *bourgeoisie*. They are a little wanting in perception, these honest republicans, of whom I used to have a better opinion. I used to believe as regards their intelligence that their intellectual limitations were only assumed, and that the Republic was playing the part of a

Junius Brutus in order to make the Royalist party more careless and short-sighted by simulating simplicity, and so one day to lead it into the trap. But I perceived my error after the February Revolution. I saw that the Republicans were in fact very honourable fellows, who did not understand the art of dissimulation, and were in fact what they seemed to be. If the Republicans provided the correspondent of the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, with very poor material, it was even more so with the Socialists, or to give the monster its right name, the Communists. And yet I succeeded in touching on this theme in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*. Many letters were suppressed by the Editor of the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* remembering the proverb, "Do not paint the devil on the wall." But he could not suppress all my letters and, as I have said, I found means of dealing in his prudent columns with a circumstance, the terrible importance of which was quite unrecognised at that time. I painted the devil on the wall of my paper, or, as a very witty person expressed it better; I gave him a good advertisement. The Communists, isolated and scattered over all the countries of Europe, and having no clear consciousness of their common tendencies, learned through the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* that they did in fact exist; they learned also upon this occasion their real name, which was quite unknown to more than one of these poor foundlings of the old social order. Through the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* the scattered members of the Communists received authentic news of the steady progress of their cause; they learned to their great surprise that they were not in the least a weak community, but were the strongest of all parties; they learned that their day was not yet come, but that to wait calmly was no loss of

time for men to whom the future belongs. This confession that the future belongs to the Communists was made in a tone of the utmost anxiety and uneasiness, and alas! it was no mask! Indeed, I can think only with fear and horror of the time when these dark iconoclasts will have gained power; with their horny hands they will ruthlessly smash the marble statues of beauty which are so dear to my heart; they will destroy all the fantastic toys and spangles of art which the poet loved so much; they will raze my grove of laurels and plant potatoes in its stead; they will tear from the soil of the social order the lilies that toil not nor spin, and are as wondrously arrayed as King Solomon in all his glory, because they will not take the distaff in their hands; the same fate will befall the roses, the idle brides of the nightingales; the nightingales, those useless singers will be driven out, and, oh! my "Book of Songs" will be used by the grocer to make the little paper bags in which he will wrap up coffee or snuff for the old women of the future! ah! all that I foresee, and am overcome by fury unspeakable when I think of the ruin with which the victorious proletariat threatens my verse, which will be lost with all the old romantic world. And yet, I do openly confess that this same Communism which is so inimical to all my interests and inclinations does have a charm for my soul which I cannot resist; two voices are raised in my breast in its favour, two voices, which will not be silenced and are perhaps after all only devilish enticements—but however that may be they dominate me and no power nor imagination can hold them in check.

For the first of these voices is that of Logic. "The Devil is a Logician," said Dante. I am ensnared by a terrible syllogism, and if I cannot controvert the premise, "that all men have the right to eat," I am forced to surrender to

all its consequences. When I begin to think of it I am in danger of losing my reason: I see all the demons of truth dancing about me in triumph and in the end despair takes possession of my heart and I cry aloud: "It has been judged and condemned for long, the old social order, let it meet its due! let it be destroyed, the old world, where cynicism flourished, and man was exploited by man! Let them be utterly destroyed, these whited sepulchres, where lies and injustice dwelt! And blessed be the grocer who one day will make paper bags of my poems, and will wrap up in them coffee and snuff for the poor honest old men, who in our unjust world of to-day have perhaps to do without these pleasures—*fiat justitia, pereat mundus.*

The second of those two tyrant voices which are my affliction is mightier and more daimonic than the first, for it is that of hatred, of the hatred which I have for the party, whose most terrible antagonist is Communism, the party which for this reason is our common foe. I mean the party of the professed representatives of nationalism in Germany, those sham patriots whose love for the Fatherland is only a foolish prejudice against foreigners and neighbouring peoples, and every day spits out its venom against France. Aye, these remnants or successors of the Teutomaniacs of 1815, who have modernised their old German fool's costumes, and stopped their ears—I have hated and combated them all my life, and now that my sword falls from my dying hand I find comfort in the conviction that Communism, which will find them its first enemies in the way, will give them the *coup de grâce.*

I am talking too much, or at least more than prudence and the pain in my throat, which has now attacked me will allow—therefore I will only add a few words in conclusion. I think I have clearly indicated the unfavourable

circumstances in which I wrote these letters on "Lutetia." Besides the difficulties of place, I had also, as I have said, to fight against difficulties of time. An intelligent reader will easily comprehend the difficulties which time placed in my way; he need only look to the date of my letter, and remember that at that time the National or Patriotic Party was in power in Germany. The July Revolution had thrust them into the back of the political stage, but the warlike fellows of the French Press of 1840 gave these Gallophobes an opportunity of thrusting their way to the front again: they sang then the song of the Free Rhine. At the time of the February Revolution this yelping was suppressed by more reasonable cries, which however were in their turn suppressed when the great European reaction set in. To-day the remains of the National Party and the rear-guard of 1815 are once more in power in Germany, and they howl by permission of the Burgomaster and the other high authorities of the country. Howl on! The day will come when you will be trampled under foot. With this conviction I can leave the world without uneasiness.

* * * * *

Yes it will be a splendid day when the sun of liberty makes the earth warmer and happier than all the stars of the aristocracy put together; a new generation will spring up begotten in freedom and love, not in constraint and the control of publicans and priests; born in freedom men will come into the world with thoughts and feelings so free, that we who are born slaves have no idea of them. Oh! they will little know how horrible was the night, in the darkness of which we had to live, and how cruelly we were forced to fight against hideous ghosts, and shrieking owls, and sanctimonious sinners! O, the poor struggling wretches that we are, compelled to waste our

lifetime in such a fight, so that we are weary and pale when the day of victory dawns! The glow of the sunrise will no longer colour our cheeks and our hearts will never more be kindled into warmth: we pass and die away like the waning moon. All too short is the way of man's pilgrimage, and at the end of it lies the inexorable grave.

I do not know if I deserve to have a wreath of laurel laid on my coffin. Though I love poetry much, it was never more than a sacred plaything, a means consecrated to a heavenly end. I have never held my fame as a poet of much account, and I care little whether my songs are praised or derided. But lay a sword upon my coffin, I pray you; for I have been a brave soldier in the wars of the liberty of mankind.

CHAPTER VI

FROM THE LIVING TOMB

Babylonian Sorrows

Death calls me—sweet, 'twere almost kind
To leave thee in some wood behind,
Some drear and lonely pinewood filled
With howling wolves, where vultures build,
And the wild sow with horrid snore
Grunts to her mate, the tawny boar.

Death calls me—O my wife, my child,
Better upon the ocean wild
To leave thee, where the great floods roll,
And maddened north winds from the Pole
Lash the loud waves, while, from the deep,
The monstrous things that hidden sleep—
The sharks and crocodiles—with grim
And gaping jaws come forth and swim!
Trust me, Matilda, child and wife,
The daunting wood is not so rife
With dangers, nor the angry foam
Of churning seas, as this our home.
Dread though the wolf and vulture be,
And sharks and monsters of the sea,
Far deadlier beasts are housed than they
In lovely Paris, brilliant, gay,

Where song and mirth and dancing dwell,
The heaven of fiends, the angels' hell.
To leave thee here! It is a thought
With fever and with madness fraught!

Black flies are whirling round me now;
They tease and buzz—on nose and brow
I feel them light—detested race!
They have an almost human face,
With elephants' trunks between their eyes,
Like India's god, Ganesa wise.—
There's some one packing up a box
Inside my head—how loud he knocks!
My reason will be gone, alas!
Ere I myself, so soon to pass.

AFFRONTENBURG

I see the ancient castle still—
The turret, and the battled wall,
The stupid folk about the place;
Though years have fled, I see it all.

I still can see the weather-cock
That on the roof went clanking round,
And drew from each a timid glance
Before he dared to make a sound.

None spoke till he had first inquired
In what direction blew the wind,
In case old growling Boreas rude
Might buffet him with breath unkind.

The wise ones simply held their peace,
For in that castle, well they knew,
There was an echo which gave back,
With venomed malice, false for true.

FROM THE LIVING TOMB

A marble fountain, sphinx-adorned,
Down, midway, in the garden stood.
'Twas always dry, though many a tear
Had fallen by its sealèd flood.

Accursèd garden! Every spot
Some memory of woe has kept.
At every turn my heart was torn,
And everywhere mine eyes have wept.

In truth there grew no single tree
Beneath whose boughs had not been flung
Some insult or abusive speech,
By voice refined, or vulgar tongue.

The toad that listened in the grass
Informed the rat, who, word for word,
Confided to her aunt the snake
The tale the toad had overheard.

The snake rehearsed it to the frog,
And so at once the gossip spread,
And all the filthy fry enjoyed
The insults heaped upon my head.

The garden's roses blossomed fair,
And sweetly lured with odorous breath,
But, victims of some poison strange,
Before their time they drooped to death.

The nightingale, the noble bird,
Who sang the roses in their bloom,
Has perished since, and I believe
The self-same poison wrought her doom.

Accursèd garden! Yes, a curse,
An evil spell upon it lay,
And often with a ghostly fear
I shuddered in the light of day.

I seemed to see a spectre green
That grinned and mocked me, and I heard
A horrid sound of sighs and groans
From out the yew copse, weirdly stirred.

Down at the garden's further end
A terrace high was built, and, under,
When tides were full, upon the rocks
The North Sea billows broke in thunder.

There, gazing o'er the waters wide,
I dreamed mad dreams of wild unrest,
A fury like the Ocean's own
Was foaming, seething in my breast :

A foaming, seething, surging rage,
Vain as the billows', shattered wan
Against the hard and ruthless cliff,
However proudly they came on.

The passing ships I envied sore :
They sailed away to happier lands ;
While to that castle I was bound,
A prisoner in accursèd bands.

How slowly Time, the horrid snail,
Seems on his tardy way to crawl,
While I, a prisoner to one spot,
Languish and cannot move at all !

No sunbeam, not a ray of hope
Reaches my cell to pierce the gloom
I know that for the grave alone
I shall exchange this hateful room.

Perhaps I have for long been dead,
These fancies may be only ghosts
That whirl by night within my head,
In rainbow-hued and airy hosts.

Yes, spectral forms they well may be,
Of the divine old pagan sort.
And a dead poet's skull like mine
Is just the place they'd choose for sport.

The orgies terrible and sweet,
The revels of that spectral horde,
Often the poet's poor dead hand
Strives on the morrow to record.

No maiden have I e'er misled
By tender words and flattering speech
And, if I knew a woman wed,
I counted her beyond my reach.

Were it not so, this name of mine
Would not deserve, for ever writ
In honour's book, to blaze and shine,
And in my face all men might spit.

"May he perish from remembrance!"
'Twas old Esther Wolff I heard
Thus exclaim; the malediction
I recorded, word for word.

To be blotted out for ever
From the memory of man—
"May he perish from remembrance!"—
So this gem of curses ran.

Heart, my heart, pour out the torrent
Of thy wrong and anguish grim!
May he perish from remembrance!—
Wherefore, whisper not of *him*.

May he perish from remembrance:
Live in neither book nor verse!
Dog obscure, entombed in darkness,
Thou shalt rot beneath my curse!

On the Resurrection morning,
When the awful trump shall blow
Sounding fanfares, and, arising,
All the dead to judgment go,

And the chosen names the Angel
Reads before the heavenly host,
May he perish from remembrance,
And be numbered with the lost!

I do not envy Fortune's sons
Their life—I envy sore
The swift and painless ease with which
They pass and are no more.

In splendid raiment, laugh on lip,
And on their head a crown,
While seated at the board of life
The sickle mows them down.

In festal garb, with roses decked
That had not time to fade,
These favourites of Fortune fall,
And reach the realms of shade.

Dead men of gallant mien are they,
Unwasted by decline.
To court they're bidden welcome by
Tzaritza Proserpine.

I envy them their happy lot!
For seven years have I
In anguish tossed upon the ground,
And yet I cannot die!

My days and nights were merry all the year,
And, when I used to strike my poet's lyre,
My folk rejoiced. My song was bliss and fire,
And fanned full many a lovely flame more clear.

FROM THE LIVING TOMB

Still blooms my summer, but with autumn's cheer
My barns are filled, and all that men require
I have—and now I must forsake my heart's desire,
And leave what makes the world so kind and dear!

The chords slip from my feeble hand; the glass
Breaks into atoms, which with heart aglow
A moment since to merry lips I prest.
O God! how bitter 'tis to die, to pass!
O God! how sweet it is to live below
Here, in the old, familiar earthly nest!

Now death draws near, and what unknown,
Pride counselled, should for ever be,
I will declare: for thee, for thee,
My heart has beat for thee alone.

My coffin's made, and to my bed
They lower me, that I may sleep.
But thou, Maria, thou wilt weep,
And think on me when I am dead.

Thy pretty hands thou'lt even wring.
Oh, grieve not—'tis the human lot:—
At last defiled in death must rot
Each good and great and lovely thing.

The Lotus-Flower

Indeed we're as queer a couple
As any one surely could name,
For weak on her legs was the loved one,
And the lover's completely lame.

No dog could be sicker than he is,
And a suffering cat is she;
I rather fancy that neither
Quite right in the head can be.

Poor thing! she's got hold of the notion
She's a lotus-flower in love;
And he, the poor pale fellow,
He thinks he's the moon above.

The lotus-flower in the moonlight
May unfold and yearn and long;
Instead of life, the renewer,
She can only receive a song.

I want to know this: when we perish
Where is it that our souls do go?
Where is the fire that's extinguished?
And where the wind that's ceased to blow?

Yonder where the stars are glowing
Must those joys for us be blowing,
Which on this earth we're denied;
Life in Death's cold arms is kindled,
Only in Death's arms, and dwindled
Light its dawn in night doth hide.

Where?

Where shall I, who wander weary,
Find the rest for which I pine?
Under palms mid deserts dreary?
Under lindens by the Rhine?

In some wilderness will strangers
Dig my grave with callous hand?
Shall I rest at last from dangers
By a sea, beneath the sand?

'Tis no matter! For God's heaven
Will be round me, there as here,
And the stars that swing at even,
Will be lamps above my bier.

CHAPTER VII
LAST YEARS

To Joseph Lehmann.

Paris, *Oct.* 5, 1854.

I am publishing my works in French with Michel Levy *frères*, who have been recommended to me as publishers. I had the choice between them and another publisher, who was once a *bonnetier*, that is, he was a manufacturer of cotton nightcaps, and I chose the first, perhaps because they were of the seed of Levi. I believe that M. Levy is none the less for that an honest man, and even if I were to make a fatal mistake, I should be the last to be influenced by the old prejudice against Jews. I believe that if one helps them to make money they are at least grateful, and will take advantage of one less than their Christian colleagues. The Jews have been left with a great instinctive civilisation through an unbroken tradition of two thousand years. I think they have been able to play such a part in European culture, just because they have had nothing to learn in the matter of feeling, and only needed to come by scholarship. But they know all that better than I, but it may serve you as a hint for the better understanding of what I have said in my "Confessions" . . .

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *Oct.* 12, 1854.

You were quite right; living on the ground-floor does not suit me, and to avoid being snuffed out by the cold and the damp I am making arrangements for a warmer lodging in the Champs Elysées, which I can take over before the end of the month. I cannot speak for inflammation of the throat. Thank God, I am cheerful through all suffering, and I have the jolliest thoughts in my head. In my sleepless nights my fancy plays me the prettiest comedies and farces, and fortunately my wife is very cheerful too.

* * * * *

I believe I have the right to regard my cousin Karl Heine as the natural protector of my widow. When he came to me in the winter of 1847 in order to adjust our differences himself, and not through an agent, he showed the most generous readiness to carry out my wishes with regard to my wife.

I asked him for a promise that he would transfer to my widow after my death as an allowance for life, half the allowance which his father had given me. My cousin Karl promised me this on his word of honour. I was happy enough to be reconciled with him. He would not have hesitated a moment to promise me the whole allowance for my widow had I given him the word. But I did not ask it, because I only wished to make good those claims to which any remonstrance would have been flat injustice. I suppressed prudently, and wilfully, the fact that I had other claims, just as just, just as notorious,

though without evidence to support them. And I thought, too, that a reduction of her allowance would not be a matter of very great importance for my widow. The aforesaid agreement with my cousin, Karl Heine, was made on the 25th February, 1847.

At that time my position, like the position of the world at large, was very different. My poor savings were swallowed up in the bankruptcy of the February Revolution; they were invested in the Bank of Gouin and similar establishments. There was in addition my illness which prevented my earning any considerable sum by hard work, while the expenses of it compelled me to exhaust my resources. Besides that I had transferred my literary property, my rights in my German writings, in consideration of a small sum to my Hamburg publisher, in order to avoid certain actions at law, the scandal of which would have offended my uncle, Solomon Heine, who was then alive, for, having promised to provide for my future in the provisions of his will, he had the right to expect that I would employ my talents as a poet in the aggrandisement of our name, and not merely to make money like a tradesman.

I confess that without the generosity and kindness of my cousin Karl, who paid me every year double the amount of my allowance, I should not have been able, whatever my efforts, to pay the expenses of my illness.

In my altered circumstances I will nevertheless importune my cousin Karl with a posthumous request, which I am so convinced that he will grant, that I thank him in advance for it. I ask him after my death to pay my wife not half my allowance, but the whole, without reduction, as it was paid me in his father's lifetime; my uncle always treated her with marked affection, and I think on that

account that I am justified in making this request. It is probably superfluous for me to make this appeal to my cousin's liberality, and so to anticipate his generosity . . .

To Julius Campe.

Paris, *May* 30, 1855.

Although I am utterly wretched and more blind than ever (for I can see nothing with my right eye now) I am writing to you to tell you that I am still alive and more friendly towards you than ever.

"Lutetia" has had an extraordinary success; all Paris talked of the book for four weeks. But what a labour it was! Ill as I was, in spite of my pain I worked for five or six hours a day at the French "Lutetia," and yet I could not give it the polish which is in the original.

Paris, *Nov.* 1, 1855.

I put off writing because I have been expecting my sister every day for months; she was to be accompanied by my brother, who is coming from Vienna by way of Hamburg for the exhibition. If she has not set out yet, she will convey or send any message from you to me.

To Alexandre Dumas.

Paris, *Aug.* 2, 1855.

I am still in the same condition; the pains in my chest are the same and prevent my dictating for long together.

The word "dictate" reminds me of the silly Bavarian, who was my servant at Munich. He had noticed that it was my habit to dictate for days together, and when one of his worthy compatriots asked him what my profession was, he replied: "My master is a dictator."

Adieu! I must end my dictation and hasten to send you a thousand friendly greetings.

* * * * *

To The *Mouche.*

I am very, very sorry that I have seen you so little lately. You made a very charming impression on me and I am longing to see you again. Come to-morrow if it is possible, but in any case come as soon as you can. I am ready to receive you at any hour, but preferably from four o'clock —as late as you like.

I am writing to you myself in spite of my weak eyes, because at present I have no secretary on whom I can rely. My ears are deafened with all sorts of horrid noises, and I have been in great pain the whole time.

I do not know why your dear sympathy does me so much good; I am a superstitious creature, and I imagine that a good fairy has visited me in my hour of travail. No, if the fairy was good, the hour was an hour of happiness. Or were you an evil fairy? I want to know.

———

My kind, delightful, charming *Mouche*, come and buzz about my nose with your little wings. I know a song of Mendelssohn with the refrain "Come soon!" The tune is for ever running in my head: "Come soon!"

I kiss your two dear little paws, not together, but one after another.

I have a great longing to see you again, you that are the last flower of my sad autumn days, my foolish beloved.

I thank you for our hours of sweetness. I am glad that you are well. I, alas am very ill, weak and peevish, and am often brought to tears by the most paltry prank of fortune. Every sick man is *ganache*. I should not like to see myself reduced to such a wretched condition. But I do want to hear my dear *Mouche* buzzing again.

Come soon—as soon as it please Your Excellency, as soon as possible. Come, my dear, my beloved vision of Suabia! I have scribbled the poem—pure Charenton poetry—a madman to a mad woman.

Jan. 1, 1856.

I am in great pain and sick unto death. My right eyelid has dropped and I can hardly write. But I do love you much, and think of you, my sweet! The novel did not bore me at all, and it raises hopes of the future; you are not so stupid as you look! You are pretty beyond compare, and I am delighted. Shall I see you to-morrow? I am in a mood to weep. My heart jumps. These *baillements* are intolerable. Would I were dead!

Deep, deep sorrow, thy name is

HEINRICH HEINE.

The Middle of January, 1856.

My headache is still rampant, and probably will not stop until to-morrow so that I shall not be able to see my

dear until the day after to-morrow. What misery! I am so ill! My brain is full of madness and my heart is full of sorrow! Never was a poet more wretched in the full tide of his fortune, that seems to mock him! Farewell!

* * * * *

Of Heine's last days his nurse, Catherine Bourlois, wrote to Gustave Heine: "Herr Heine had to spend whole nights sitting up in bed. I could not leave him for a moment, and sometimes I could only give him his medicine drop by drop. On Wednesday, the 13th February, my poor master worked for six hours at something that he had had to put aside for a whole week because of his weakness. I begged him to take a rest. He put me off with the words: 'Only a few more days' work, then my labours will be ended.' He never talked to me about literary matters. On Thursday he suffered from violent pains in the head. We thought it was his usual headache. Herr Heine reproached himself with not having written to his mother. 'I shall never be able to write to my dear mother again,' he cried. On Friday, the 15th February I had a horrible presentiment, and at nine o'clock in the morning I sent for the doctor. Dr. Gruby was not at home, and in the afternoon an old doctor was called in who lived in the neighbourhood. He ordered me to give the invalid half a cupful of orange blossom tea and Vichy water, and to add a drop of laudanum. He told me to say that I gave him the tea on my own idea so as not to offend Dr. Gruby. Doctor Gruby came in the evening, countermanded the tea and ordered other medicines, and an ice poultice on the stomach. I knew then that all hope was gone. There was an improvement but it was only temporary. Herr Heine said several times: 'I feel happy at having seen my dear sister once more, for, oh, Catherine, I

am a dead man." On Saturday he grew worse, and in the afternoon between four and five o'clock he whispered three times the word 'Write.' I did not understand but answered 'Yes.' Then he cried: 'Paper—Pencil. . . .' Those were his last words. His weakness increased and the pencil fell from his hand. . . . I picked it up. Convulsions set in. Terrible agony was revealed in his features, and the death struggle ended. Herr Heine maintained consciousness to the last moment."

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